THE

# ENGLISH READER:

OR,

# PIECES IN PROSE AND POETRY,

SELECTED FROM

## THE BEST WRITERS,

Designed to assist young Persons

TO READ WITH PROPRIETY AND EFFECT;

TO IMPROVE THEIR LANGUAGE AND SENTIMENTS;

AND TO INCULCATE

SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES OF PIETY AND VIRTUE.

With a few preliminary Observations

*ON THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.*

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SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DARTON AND HARVEY, GRACECHURCH-STREET; AND WILSON, SPENCE, AND MAWMAN, YORK.

1799.

EIGENTHUM DER STADT AUGSBURG

# PREFACE.

MANY ſelections of excellent matter have lately been made for the benefit of young perſons. Performances of this kind are of ſo great utility, that freſh productions of them, and new attempts to improve the young mind, will ſcarcely be deemed ſuperfluous, if the writer make his compilation inſtructive and intereſting, and ſufficiently diſtinct from others.

THE preſent work, as the title expreſſes, aims at the attainment of three objects: to improve youth in the art of reading; to meliorate their language and ſentiments; and to inculcate ſome of the moſt important principles of piety and virtue.

THE pieces ſelected, not only give exerciſe to a great variety of emotions, and the correſpondent tones and variations of voice, but contain ſentences and members of ſentences, which are diverſified, proportioned, and pointed with accuracy. Exerciſes of this nature are, it is preſumed, well calculated to teach youth to read with propriety and effect. A ſelection of ſentences, in which variety and proportion, with exact punctuation, have been carefully obſerved, in all their parts as well as with reſpect to one another, will probably have a much greater effect, in properly teaching the art of reading, than is commonly imagined.

In ſuch conſtructions, every thing is accommodated to the underſtanding and the voice; and the common difficulties in learning to read well, are obviated. When the learner has acquired a habit of reading ſuch ſentences, with juſtneſs and facility, he will readily apply that habit, and the improvements he has made, to ſentences more complicated and irregular, and of a conſtruction entirely different.

THE language of the pieces choſen for this collection, has been carefully regarded. Purity, propriety, perſpicuity, and, in many inſtances, elegance of diction, diſtinguiſh them. They are extracted from the works of the moſt correct and elegant writers. From the ſources whence the ſentiments are drawn, the reader may expect to find them connected and regular, ſufficiently important and impreſsive, and diveſted of every thing that is either trite or eccentric. The frequent peruſal of ſuch compoſition, naturally tends to infuſe a taſte for this ſpecies of excellence; and to produce a habit of thinking, and of compoſing, with judgment and accuracy*.

THAT this collection may alſo ſerve the purpoſe of promoting piety and virtue, the Compiler has intro-

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* The Grammatical Student, in his progreſs through this work, will meet with numerous inſtances of compoſition, in ſtrict conformity to the rules for promoting perſpicuous and elegant writing contained in the Appendix to the Author's Engliſh Grammar. By occaſionally examining this conformity, he will be confirmed in the utility of thoſe rules; and be enabled to apply them with eaſe and dexterity.

duced many extracts, which place religion in the moſt amiable light; and which recommend a great variety of moral duties, by the excellence of their nature, and the happy effects which they produce. Theſe ſubjects are exhibited in a ſtyle and manner, which are calculated to arreſt the attention of youth; and to make ſtrong and durable impreſsions on their minds *.

The Compiler has been careful to avoid every expreſsion and ſentiment, that might gratify a corrupt mind, or, in the leaſt degree, offend the eye or ear of innocence. This he conceives to be peculiarly incumbent on every perſon who writes for the benefit of youth. It would, indeed, be a great and happy improvement in education, if no writings were allowed to come under their notice, but ſuch as are perfectly innocent; and if, on all proper occaſions, they were encouraged to peruſe thoſe which tend to inſpire a due reverence for virtue, and an abhorrence of vice, as well as to animate them with ſentiments of piety and goodneſs. Such impreſsions deeply engraven on their minds, and connected with all their attainments, could ſcarcely fail of attending them through life; and of producing a ſolidity of principle and character, that would be able to reſiſt the danger ariſing from future intercourſe with the world.

The Author has endeavoured to relieve the grave and ſerious parts of his collection, by the occaſional

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* In ſome of the pieces, the Compiler has made a few alterations, chiefly verbal, to adapt them the better to the deſign of his work.

admiſsion of pieces which amuſe as well as inſtruct. If, however, any of his readers ſhould think it contains too great a proportion of the former, it may be ſome apology, to obſerve that, in the exiſting publications deſigned for the peruſal of young perſons, the preponderance is greatly on the ſide of gay and amuſing productions. Too much attention may be paid to this medium of improvement. When the imagination, of youth eſpecially, is much entertained, the ſober dictates of the underſtanding are regarded with indifference; and the influence of the good affections, is either feeble, or tranſient. A temperate uſe of ſuch entertainment ſeems therefore requiſite, to afford proper ſcope for the operations of the underſtanding and the heart.

The reader will perceive, that the Compiler has been ſolicitous to recommend to young perſons, the peruſal of the ſacred Scriptures, by interſperſing through his work, ſome of the moſt beautiful and intereſting paſsages of thoſe invaluable writings. To excite an early taſte and veneration for this great rule of life, is a point of ſo high importance, as to warrant the attempt to promote it on every proper occaſion.

To improve the young mind, and to afford ſome aſſiſtance to tutors, in the arduous and important work of education, were the motives which led to this production. If the Author ſhould be ſo ſucceſsful as to accompliſh theſe ends, even in a ſmall degree, he will think his time and pains well employed, and himſelf amply rewarded.

# *INTRODUCTION.*

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.

TO read with propriety is a pleaſing and important attainment; productive of improvement both to the underſtanding and the heart. It is eſsential to a complete reader, that he minutely perceive the ideas, and enter into the feelings of the author, whoſe ſentiments he profeſses to repeat: for how is it poſsible to repreſent clearly to others, what we have but faint or inaccurate conceptions of ourſelves? If there were no other benefits reſulting from the art of reading well, than the neceſsity it lays us under, of preciſely aſcertaining the meaning of what we read; and the habit thence acquired, of doing this with facility, both when reading ſilently and aloud, they would conſtitute a ſufficient compenſation for all the labour we can beſtow upon the ſubject. But the pleaſure derived to ourſelves and others, from a clear communication of ideas and feelings; and the ſtrong and durable impreſsions made thereby on the minds of the reader and the audience, are conſiderations, which give additional importance to the ſtudy of this neceſsary and uſeful art. The perfect attain-

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*NOTE.*

For many of the obſervations contained in this preliminary tract, the Author is indebted to the writings of Dr. Blair, and to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

ment of it doubtleſs requires great attention and practice, joined to extraordinary natural powers: but as there are many degrees of excellence in the art, the ſtudent whoſe aims fall ſhort of perfection, will find himſelf amply rewarded for every exertion he may think proper to make.

To give rules for the management of the voice in reading, by which the neceſsary pauſes, emphaſis, and tones, may be diſcovered and put in practice, is not poſsible. After all the directions that can be offered on theſe points, much will remain to be taught by the living inſtructer: much will be attainable by no other means, than the force of example influencing the imitative powers of the learner. Some rules and principles on theſe heads will, however, be found uſeful, to prevent erroneous and vicious modes of utterance; to give the young reader ſome taſte of the ſubject; and to aſsiſt him in acquiring a juſt and accurate mode of delivery. The obſervations which we have to make, for theſe purpoſes, may be compriſed under the following heads: PROPER LOUDNESS OF VOICE; DISTINCTNESS; SLOWNESS; PROPRIETY OF PRONUNCIATION; EMPHASIS; TONES; PAUSES; and MODE OF READING VERSE.

## SECTION I.

### *Proper Loudneſs of Voice.*

THE firſt attention of every perſon who reads to others, doubtleſs, muſt be, to make himſelf be heard by all thoſe to whom he reads. He muſt endeavour to fill with his voice the ſpace occupied by the company. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is, in a good meaſure, the gift of nature; but it may receive conſiderable aſsiſtance from art. Much depends, for this pur-

poſe, on the proper pitch and management of the voice. Every perſon has three pitches in his voice; the HIGH, the MIDDLE, and the LOW one. The high, is that which he uſes in calling aloud to ſome perſon at a diſtance. The low is, when he approaches to a whiſper. The middle is, that which he employs in common converſation, and which he ſhould generally uſe in reading to others. For it is a great miſtake, to imagine that one muſt take the higheſt pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard in a large company. This is confounding two things which are different, loudneſs or ſtrength of ſound, with the key or note on which we ſpeak. There is a variety of ſound within the compaſs of each key. A ſpeaker may therefore render his voice louder, without altering the key: and we ſhall always be able to give moſt body, moſt perſevering force of ſound, to that pitch of voice, to which in converſation we are accuſtomed. Whereas, by ſetting out on our higheſt pitch or key, we certainly allow ourſelves leſs compaſs, and are likely to ſtrain our voice before we have done. We ſhall fatigue ourſelves, and read with pain; and whenever a perſon ſpeaks with pain to himſelf, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Let us therefore give the voice full ſtrength and ſwell of ſound; but always pitch it on our ordinary ſpeaking key. It ſhould be a conſtant rule, never to utter a greater quantity of voice, than we can afford without pain to ourſelves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as we keep within theſe bounds, the other organs of ſpeech will be at liberty to diſcharge their ſeveral offices with eaſe; and we ſhall always have our voice under command. But whenever we tranſgreſs theſe bounds, we give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is a uſeful rule too, in order to be well heard, to caſt

our eye on ſome of the moſt diſtant perſons in the company, and to conſider ourſelves as reading to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with ſuch a degree of ſtrength, as to make ourſelves be heard by the perſon whom we addreſs, provided he is within the reach of our voice. As this is the caſe in converſation, it will hold alſo in reading to others. But let us remember, that in reading, as well as in converſation, it is poſsible to offend by ſpeaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling indiſtinct maſses.

By the habit of reading, when young, in a loud and vehement manner, the voice becomes fixed in a ſtrained and unnatural key; and is rendered incapable of that variety of elevation and depreſsion which conſtitutes the true harmony of utterance, and affords eaſe to the reader, and pleaſure to the audience. This unnatural pitch of the voice, and diſagreeable monotony, are moſt obſervable in perſons who were taught to read in large rooms; who were accuſtomed to ſtand at too great diſtance, when reading to their teachers; whoſe inſtructers were very imperfect in their hearing; or who were taught by perſons, that conſidered loud expreſsion as the chief requiſite in forming a good reader. Theſe are circumſtances which demand the ſerious attention of every one to whom the education of youth is committed.

## SECTION II.

### *Diſtinctneſs.*

In the next place, to being well heard and clearly underſtood, diſtinctneſs of articulation contributes more than mere loudneſs of ſound. The quantity of ſound neceſsary to fill even a large ſpace, is ſmaller than is commonly imagined;

and, with distinct articulation, a person with a weak voice will make it reach farther, than the strongest voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every reader ought to pay great attention. He must give every sound which he utters, its due proportion; and make every syllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces, be heard distinctly; without slurring, whispering, or suppressing any of the proper sounds.

An accurate knowledge of the simple, elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in expressing them, are so necessary to distinctness of expression, that if the learner's attainments are, in this respect, imperfect, (and many there are in this situation,) it will be incumbent on his teacher, to carry him back to these primary articulations; and to suspend his progress, till he become perfectly master of them. It will be in vain to press him forward, with the hope of forming a good reader, if he cannot completely articulate every elementary sound of the language.

## *SECTION III.*

### *Due Degree of Slowness.*

In order to express ourselves distinctly, moderation is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that there may be also an extreme on the opposite side. It is obvious that a lifeless drawling manner of reading, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every such performance insipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of reading too fast is much more common; and requires the more to be guarded against, because, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of

ſlowneſs, and with full and clear articulation, is neceſsary to be ſtudied by all, who wiſh to become good readers; and it cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to the ſubject. It is a great aſsiſtance to the voice, by the pauſes and reſts which it allows it more eaſily to make; and it enables the reader to ſwell all his ſounds, both with more force and more harmony.

## SECTION IV.

### *Propriety of Pronunciation.*

After the fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to diſtinct articulation, and to a proper degree of ſlowneſs of ſpeech, what the young reader muſt, in the next place, ſtudy, is propriety of pronunciation; or, giving to every word which he utters, that ſound which the beſt uſage of the language appropriates to it; in oppoſition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requiſite both for reading intelligibly, and for reading with correctneſs and eaſe. Inſtructions concerning this article may beſt be given by the living teacher. But there is one obſervation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the Engliſh language, every word which conſiſts of more ſyllables than one, has one accented ſyllable. The accent reſts ſometimes on the vowel, ſometimes on the conſonant. The genius of the language, requires the voice to mark that ſyllable by a ſtronger percuſsion, and to paſs more ſlightly over the reſt. Now, after we have learned the proper ſeats of theſe accents, it is an important rule, to give every word juſt the ſame accent in reading, as in common diſcourſe. Many perſons err in this reſpect. When they

read to others, and with ſolemnity, they pronounce the ſyllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them; they multiply accents on the ſame word; from a miſtaken notion, that it gives gravity and importance to their ſubject, and adds to the energy of their delivery. Whereas this is one of the greateſt faults that can be committed in pronunciation: it makes what is called a pompous or mouthing manner; and gives an artificial affected air to reading, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableneſs, and its impreſsion.

Sheridan and Walker have publiſhed dictionaries, for aſcertaining the true and beſt pronunciation of the words of our language. By attentively conſulting them, particularly "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary," the young reader will be much aſsiſted, in his endeavours to attain a correct pronunciation of the words belonging to the Engliſh language.

## *SECTION V.*

### *Emphaſis.*

By Emphaſis is meant a ſtronger and fuller ſound of voice, by which we diſtinguiſh ſome word or words, on which we deſign to lay particular ſtreſs, and to ſhow how they affect the reſt of the ſentence. Sometimes the emphatic words muſt be diſtinguiſhed by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a particular ſtreſs. On the right management of the emphaſis depends the life of pronunciation. If no emphaſis be placed on any words, not only is diſcourſe rendered heavy and lifeleſs, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphaſis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly.

Emphaſis may be divided into the SUPERIOR and the INFERIOR emphaſis. The ſuperior emphaſis determines the meaning of a ſentence, with reference to ſomething ſaid before, preſuppoſed by the author as general knowledge, or removes an ambiguity, where a paſsage may have more ſenſes than one. The inferior emphaſis *enforces*, *graces*, and *enlivens*, but does not *fix*, the meaning of any paſsage. The words to which this latter emphaſis is given, are, in general, ſuch as ſeem the moſt important in the ſentence, or, on other accounts, to merit this diſtinction. The following paſsage will ſerve to exemplify the ſuperior emphaſis.

" Of man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
" Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
" Brought death into the world, and all our wo," &c.
" Sing heav'nly Muſe !"

Suppoſing that originally other beings, beſides men, had diſobeyed the commands of the Almighty, and that the circumſtance were well known to us, there would fall an emphaſis upon the word *man's* in the firſt line ; and hence it would be read thus :

" Of *man's* firſt diſobedience, and the fruit," &c.

But if it were a notorious truth, that mankind had tranſgreſsed in a peculiar manner more than once, the emphaſis would fall on *firſt* ; and the line be read,

" Of man's *firſt* diſobedience," &c.

Again, admitting death (as was really the caſe) to have been an unheard-of and dreadful puniſhment, brought upon man in conſequence of his tranſgreſsion ; on that ſuppoſition the third line would be read,

" Brought *death* into the world," &c.

But if we were to ſuppoſe, that mankind knew there was ſuch an evil as death in other regions, though the place they inhabited had been free from it till their tranſgreſsion, the line would run thus:

" Brought death into the *world*," &c.

The ſuperior emphaſis finds place in the following ſhort ſentence, which admits of four diſtinct meanings, each of which is aſcertained by the emphaſis only.

" Do you ride to town to-day?"

The following examples illuſtrate the nature and uſe of the inferior emphaſis.

" Many perſons miſtake the *love*, for the *practice* of " virtue."

" Shall I reward his ſervices with *falſehood!* Shall I for- " get *him* who cannot forget *me!*"

" If his principles are *falſe*, no apology from *himſelf* can " make them *right*: if founded in *truth*, no cenſure from " *others* can make them *wrong*."

" Though *deep*, yet *clear*; though *gentle*, yet not *dull*; " *Strong*, without *rage*; without *o'erflowing*, *full*."

" A *friend* exaggerates a man's *virtues*; an *enemy*, his " *crimes*."

" The *wiſe man* is happy, when he gains his *own* appro- " bation; the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*."

The ſuperior emphaſis, in reading as in ſpeaking, muſt be determined entirely by the *ſenſe* of the paſsage, and always made *alike*: but as to the inferior emphaſis, *taſte* alone ſeems to have the right of fixing its ſituation and quantity.

Among a number of perſons, who have had proper opportunities of learning to read, in the beſt manner it is now taught, very few could be ſelected, who, in a given in-

ſtance, would uſe the inferior emphaſis alike, either as to place or quantity. Some perſons, indeed, uſe ſcarcely any degree of it: and others do not ſcruple to carry it much beyond any thing to be found in common diſcourſe; and even ſometimes throw it upon words ſo very trifling in themſelves, that it is evidently done with no other view, than to give greater variety to the modulation*. Notwithſtanding this diverſity of practice, there are certainly proper boundaries, within which this emphaſis muſt be reſtrained, in order to make it meet the approbation of ſound judgment and correct taſte. It will doubtleſs have different degrees of exertion, according to the greater or leſs degree of importance of the words upon which it operates; and there may be very properly ſome variety in the uſe of it: but its application is not arbitrary, depending on the caprice of readers.

As emphaſis often falls on words in different parts of the ſame ſentence, ſo it is frequently required to be continued, with a little variation, on two, and ſometimes more words together. The following ſentences exemplify both the parts of this poſition: "If you ſeek to make one *rich*, ſtudy not "to *increaſe his ſtores*, but to *diminiſh his deſires*." "The "Mexican figures, or picture-writing, repreſent *things* not "*words*: they exhibit *images to the eye*, not *ideas to the* "*underſtanding*."

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* By modulation is meant that pleaſing variety of voice, which is perceived in uttering a ſentence, and which, in its nature, is perfectly diſtinct from emphaſis, and the tones of emotion and paſſion. The young reader ſhould be careful to render his modulation correct and eaſy; and, for this purpoſe, ſhould form it upon the model of the moſt judicious and accurate ſpeakers.

Some ſentences are ſo full and comprehenſive, that almoſt every word is emphatical: as, "Ye hills and dales, ye "rivers, woods, and plains!" or, as that pathetic expoſtulation in the prophecy of Ezekiel, "Why will ye die!"

Emphaſis, beſides its other offices, is the great regulator of quantity. Though the quantity of our ſyllables is fixed, in words ſeparately pronounced, yet it is mutable, when theſe words are ranged in ſentences; the long being changed into ſhort, the ſhort into long, according to the importance of the words with regard to meaning. Emphaſis alſo, in particular caſes, alters the ſeat of the accent. This is demonſtrable from the following examples. "He ſhall "*in*creaſe, but I ſhall *de*creaſe." "There is a difference "between giving and *for*giving." "In this ſpecies of com-"poſition, *plaus*ibility is much more eſſential than *prob*abi-"lity." In theſe examples, the emphaſis requires the accent to be placed on ſyllables, to which it does not commonly belong.

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphaſis, the great rule to be given, is, that the reader ſtudy to attain a juſt conception of the force and ſpirit of the ſentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphaſis with exact propriety, is a conſtant exerciſe of good ſenſe and attention. It is far from being an inconſiderable attainment. It is one of the moſt deciſive trials of a true and juſt taſte; and muſt ariſe from feeling delicately ourſelves, and from judging accurately of what is fitteſt to ſtrike the feelings of others.

There is one error, againſt which it is particularly proper to caution the learner; namely, that of multiplying emphatical words too much, and uſing the emphaſis indiſcriminately. It is only by a prudent reſerve and diſtinc-

tion in the uſe of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a reader attempts to render every thing he expreſſes of high importance, by a multitude of ſtrong emphaſes, we ſoon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every ſentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with Italic characters; which, as to the effect, is juſt the ſame as to uſe no ſuch diſtinctions at all.

## *SECTION VI.*

### *Tones.*

TONES are different both from emphaſis and pauſes; conſiſting in the notes or variations of ſound which we employ, in the expreſſion of our ſentiments. Emphaſis affects particular words and phraſes, with a degree of tone or inflexion of voice; but tones, peculiarly ſo called, affect ſentences, paragraphs, and ſometimes even the whole of a diſcourſe.

To ſhow the uſe and neceſſity of tones, we need only obſerve, that the mind, in communicating its ideas, is in a conſtant ſtate of activity, emotion, or agitation, from the different effects which thoſe ideas produce in the ſpeaker. Now the end of ſuch communication being, not merely to lay open the ideas, but alſo the different feelings which they excite in him who utters them, there muſt be other ſigns than words, to manifeſt thoſe feelings; as words uttered in a monotonous manner, can repreſent only a ſimilar ſtate of mind, perfectly free from all activity or emotion. As the communication of theſe internal feelings, was of much more conſequence in our ſocial intercourſe, than the mere conveyance of ideas, the Author of our being did not,

as in that conveyance, leave the invention of the language of emotion, to man; but impreſsed it himſelf upon our nature, in the ſame manner as he has done with regard to the reſt of the animal world; all of which expreſs their various feelings, by various tones. Ours, indeed, from the ſuperior rank that we hold, are in a high degree more comprehenſive; as there is not an act of the mind, an exertion of the fancy, or an emotion of the heart, which has not its peculiar tone, or note of the voice, by which it is to be expreſsed; and which is ſuited exactly to the degree of internal feeling. It is chiefly in the proper uſe of theſe tones, that the life, ſpirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery conſiſt.

The limits of this introduction, do not admit of examples, to illuſtrate the variety of tones belonging to the different paſsions and emotions. We ſhall, however, ſelect one, which is extracted from the beautiful lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, and which will, in ſome degree, elucidate what has been ſaid on this ſubject. "The beauty of Iſrael is ſlain upon thy high places: how "are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath; publiſh it "not in the ſtreets of Aſkelon: leſt the daughters of the "Philiſtines rejoice; leſt the daughters of the uncircumciſed "triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew "nor rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the "ſhield of the mighty was vilely caſt away; the ſhield of "Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oyl." The firſt of theſe diviſions expreſses ſorrow and lamentation; therefore the note is low. The next contains a ſpirited command, and ſhould be pronounced much higher. The other ſentence, in which he makes a pathetic addreſs to the mountains where his friends had been ſlain, muſt be ex-

preſsed in a note quite different from the two former; not ſo low as the firſt, nor ſo high as the ſecond, in a manly, firm, and yet plaintive tone.

The correct and natural language of the emotions, is not ſo difficult to be attained, as moſt readers ſeem to imagine. If we enter into the ſpirit of the author's ſentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, we ſhall not fail to deliver the words in properly varied tones. For there are few people, who ſpeak Engliſh without a provincial note, that have not an accurate uſe of tones, when they utter their ſentiments in earneſt diſcourſe. And the reaſon that they have not the ſame uſe of them, in reading aloud the ſentiments of others, may be traced to the very defective and erroneous method, in which the art of reading is taught; whereby all the various, natural, expreſſive tones of ſpeech, are ſuppreſsed; and a few artificial, unmeaning reading notes, are ſubſtituted for them.

But when we recommend to readers, an attention to the tone and language of emotions, we muſt be underſtood to do it with proper limitation. Moderation is neceſſary in this point, as it is in other things. For when reading becomes ſtrictly imitative, it aſſumes a theatrical manner, and muſt be highly improper, as well as give offence to the hearers; becauſe it is inconſiſtent with that delicacy and modeſty, which are indiſpenſable on ſuch occaſions. The ſpeaker who delivers his own emotions, muſt be ſuppoſed to be more vivid and animated, than would be proper in the perſon who relates them at ſecond hand.

We ſhall conclude this ſection with the following rule, for the tones that indicate the paſsions and emotions.

" In reading, let all your tones of expreſsion be borrowed " from thoſe of common ſpeech, but, in ſome degree, more

" faintly characterized. Let thoſe tones which ſignify any
" diſagreeable paſsion of the mind, be ſtill more faint than
" thoſe which indicate agreeable emotions: and, on all oc-
" caſions, preſerve yourſelves ſo far from being affected
" with the ſubject, as to be able to proceed through it,
" with that eaſy and maſterly manner, which has its good
" effects in this, as well as in every other art."

## SECTION VII.

### *Pauſes.*

PAUSES or reſts, in ſpeaking or reading, are a total ceſsation of the voice, during a perceptible, and, in many caſes, a meaſurable ſpace of time. Pauſes are equally neceſsary to the ſpeaker, and the hearer. To the ſpeaker, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery; and that he may, by theſe temporary reſts, relieve the organs of ſpeech, which otherwiſe would be ſoon tired by continued action: to the hearer, that the ear alſo may be relieved from the fatigue, which it would otherwiſe endure from a continuity of ſound; and that the underſtanding may have ſufficient time to mark the diſtinction of ſentences, and their ſeveral members.

There are two kinds of pauſes; firſt, emphatical pauſes; and next, ſuch as mark the diſtinctions of ſenſe. An emphatical pauſe is generally made, *after* ſomething has been ſaid of peculiar moment, and on which we deſire to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, *before* ſuch a thing is ſaid, we uſher it in with a pauſe of this nature. Such pauſes have the ſame effect as a ſtrong emphaſis; and are ſubject to the ſame rules; eſpecially to the caution, of not repeating them too frequently. For as they excite uncommon attention,

and of courſe raiſe expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully anſwerable to ſuch expectation, they occaſion diſappointment and diſguſt.

But the moſt frequent and the principal uſe of pauſes, is, to mark the diviſions of the ſenſe, and at the ſame time to allow the reader to draw his breath; and the proper and delicate adjuſtment of ſuch pauſes, is one of the moſt nice and difficult articles of delivery. In all reading, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, ſo as not to oblige us to divide words from one another, which have ſo intimate a connexion, that they ought to be pronounced with the ſame breath, and without the leaſt ſeparation. Many a ſentence is miſerably mangled, and the force of the emphaſis totally loſt, by diviſions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is reading, ſhould be very careful to provide a full ſupply of breath, for what he is to utter. It is a great miſtake to imagine, that the breath muſt be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may eaſily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is ſuſpended only for a moment; and, by this management, one may always have a ſufficient ſtock for carrying on the longeſt ſentence, without improper interruptions.

Pauſes in reading muſt generally be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourſelves in ordinary, ſenſible converſation; and not upon the ſtiff artificial manner, which is acquired from reading books according to the common punctuation. It will by no means be ſufficient to attend to the points uſed in printing; for theſe are far from marking all the pauſes, which ought to be made in reading. A mechanical attention to theſe reſting places, has perhaps been

one cauſe of monotony, by leading the reader to a ſimilar tone at every ſtop, and a uniform cadence at every period. The primary uſe of points, is to aſsiſt the reader in diſcerning the grammatical conſtruction; and it is only as a ſecondary object, that they regulate his pronunciation. On this head, the following direction may be of uſe: "Though in reading "great attention ſhould be paid to the ſtops, yet a greater "ſhould be given to the ſenſe; and their correſpondent "times occaſionally lengthened beyond what is uſual in "common ſpeech."

To render pauſes pleaſing and expreſsive, they muſt not only be made in the right place, but alſo accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of theſe pauſes is intimated; much more than by the length of them, which can ſeldom be exactly meaſured. Sometimes it is only a ſlight and ſimple ſuſpenſion of voice that is proper; ſometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and ſometimes that peculiar tone and cadence which denote the ſentence to be finiſhed. In all theſe caſes, we are to regulate ourſelves by attending to the manner in which Nature teaches us to ſpeak, when engaged in real and earneſt diſcourſe with others. The following ſentence exemplifies the *ſuſpending* and the *cloſing* pauſes: "Hope, the balm "of life, ſooths us under every misfortune." The firſt and ſecond pauſes are accompanied by an inflection of voice, that gives the hearer an expectation of ſomething further to complete the ſenſe: the inflection attending the third pauſe, ſignifies that the ſenſe is completed.

The preceding example is an illuſtration of the ſuſpending pauſe, in its ſimple ſtate: the following inſtance exhibits that pauſe with a degree of cadence in the voice: "If "content cannot remove the diſquietudes of mankind, "it will at leaſt alleviate them."

The ſuſpending pauſe is often, in the ſame ſentence, attended with both the riſing and the falling inflection of voice; as will be ſeen in this example: "Moderate exer-"ciſe', and habitual temperance', ſtrengthen the conſtitu-"tion *."

As the ſuſpending pauſe may be thus attended with both the riſing and the falling inflection, it is the ſame with regard to the cloſing pauſe: it admits of both. The falling inflection generally accompanies it; but it is not unfrequently connected with the riſing inflection. Interrogative ſentences, for inſtance, are often terminated in this manner: as, "Am I ungrateful'?" "Is he in earneſt'?"

But where a ſentence is begun by an interrogative pronoun or adverb, it is commonly terminated by the falling inflection: as, "What has he gained by his folly`?" "Who "will aſsiſt him`?" "Where is the meſsenger`?" "When "did he arrive`?"

Where two queſtions are united in one ſentence, and connected by the conjunction *or*, the firſt takes the riſing, the ſecond the falling inflection: as, "Does his conduct "ſupport diſcipline', or deſtroy it`?"

The riſing and falling inflections muſt not be confounded with emphaſis. Though they may often coincide, they are, in their nature, perfectly diſtinct. Emphaſis ſometimes controls thoſe inflections.

The regular application of the riſing and falling inflections, confers ſo much beauty on expreſsion, and is ſo neceſsary to be ſtudied by the young reader, that we ſhall inſert a few more examples to induce him to pay greater at-

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* The riſing inflection is denoted by the acute, the falling, by the grave accent.

tention to the ſubject. In theſe inſtances, all the inflections are not marked. Such only are diſtinguiſhed as are moſt ſtriking, and will beſt ſerve to ſhow the reader their utility and importance.

"Manufactures`, trade`, and agriculture', naturally "employ more than nineteen parts in twenty, of the hu-"man ſpecies."

"He who reſigns the world, has no temptation to envy', "hatred`, malice`, anger'; but is in conſtant poſſeſſion "of a ſerene mind: he who follows the pleaſures of it, "which are in their very nature diſappointing, is in conſtant "ſearch of care`, ſolicitude', remorſe', and confuſion`."

"To adviſe the ignorant`, relieve the needy`, comfort "the afflicted', are duties that fall in our way almoſt every "day of our lives."

"Thoſe evil ſpirits, who, by long cuſtom, have contracted "in the body habits of luſt' and ſenſuality`; malice' "and revenge`; an averſion to every thing that is good`, "juſt`, and laudable', are naturally ſeaſoned and prepared "for pain and miſery."

"I am perſwaded, that neither death', nor life`; nor "angels', nor principalities', nor powers`; nor things pre-"ſent', nor things to come`; nor height', nor depth`; "nor any other creature', ſhall be able to ſeparate us from "the love of God`."

The reader who would wiſh to ſee a minute and ingenious inveſtigation of the nature of theſe inflections, and the rules by which they are governed, may conſult the firſt volume of Walker's Elements of Elocution.

## SECTION VIII.

### *Manner of reading Verſe.*

WHEN we are reading verſe, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauſes juſtly. The difficulty ariſes from the melody of verſe, which dictates to the ear pauſes or reſts of its own; and to adjuſt and compound theſe properly with the pauſes of the ſenſe, ſo as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the underſtanding, is ſo very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we ſo ſeldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauſes that belong to the melody of verſe: one is, the pauſe at the end of the line; and the other, the cæſural pauſe in or near the middle of it. With regard to the pauſe at the end of the line, which marks that ſtrain or verſe to be finiſhed, rhyme renders this always ſenſible; and in ſome meaſure compels us to obſerve it in our pronunciation. In reſpect to blank verſe, we ought alſo to read it ſo as to make every line ſenſible to the ear: for, what is the uſe of melody, or for what end has the poet compoſed in verſe, if, in reading his lines, we ſuppreſs his numbers, by omitting the final pauſe; and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere proſe? At the ſame time that we attend to this pauſe, every appearance of ſing-ſong and tone muſt be carefully guarded againſt. The cloſe of the line, where it makes no pauſe in the meaning, ought not to be marked by ſuch a tone as is uſed in finiſhing a ſentence; but, without either fall or elevation of the voice, it ſhould be denoted only by ſuch a ſlight ſuſpenſion of ſound, as may diſtinguiſh the paſsage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

The other kind of melodious pauſe, is that which falls

ſomewhere about the middle of the verſe, and divides it into two hemiſtichs; a pauſe, not ſo great as that which belongs to the cloſe of the line, but ſtill ſenſible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the cæſural pauſe, may fall, in Engliſh heroic verſe, after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th ſyllables in the line. Where the verſe is ſo conſtructed, that this cæſural pauſe coincides with the ſlighteſt pauſe or diviſion in the ſenſe, the line can be read eaſily; as in the two firſt verſes of Pope's Meſsiah:

"Ye nymphs of Solyma"! begin the ſong;
"To heav'nly themes", ſublimer ſtrains belong."

But if it ſhall happen that words which have ſuch a ſtrict and intimate connexion, as not to bear even a momentary ſeparation, are divided from one another by this cæſural pauſe, we then feel a ſort of ſtruggle between the ſenſe and the ſound, which renders it difficult to read ſuch lines harmoniouſly. The rule of proper pronunciation in ſuch caſes, is to regard only the pauſe which the ſenſe forms; and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the cæſural pauſe may make the line ſound ſomewhat unharmoniouſly; but the effect would be much worſe, if the ſenſe were ſacrificed to the ſound. For inſtance, in the following line of Milton,

——— "What in me is dark,
"Illumine; what is low, raiſe and ſupport."

the ſenſe clearly dictates the pauſe after *illumine*, at the end of the third ſyllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, *illumine* ſhould be connected with what follows,

and the pauſe not made till the fourth or ſixth ſyllable. So in the following line of Pope's Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

"I ſit, with ſad civility I read."

The ear plainly points out the cæſural pauſe as falling after *ſad*, the fourth ſyllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pauſe there, ſo as to ſeparate *ſad* and *civility*. The ſenſe admits of no other pauſe than after the ſecond ſyllable *ſit*, which therefore muſt be the only pauſe made in reading this part of the ſentence.

There is another mode of dividing ſome verſes, by introducing what may be called demi-cæſuras, which require very ſlight pauſes; and which the reader ſhould manage with judgment, or he will be apt to fall into an affected ſing-ſong mode of pronouncing verſes of this kind. The following lines exemplify the demi-cæſura.

"Warms' in the ſun", refreſhes' in the breeze,
"Glows' in the ſtars", and bloſſoms' in the trees;
"Lives' through all life", extends' through all extent,
"Spreads' undivided", operates' unſpent."

Before the concluſion of this introduction, the Compiler takes the liberty to recommend to thoſe teachers, who may favour his compilation, to exerciſe their pupils in diſcovering and explaining the emphatic words, and the proper tones and pauſes, of every portion aſsigned them to read, previouſly to their being called out to the performance. Theſe preparatory leſſons, in which they ſhould be regularly examined, will improve their judgment and taſte; prevent the practice of reading without attention to the ſubject; and eſtabliſh a habit of readily diſcovering the meaning, force, and beauty, of every ſentence they peruſe.

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# THE ENGLISH READER.

## *PART I.*

## *PIECES IN PROSE.*

### CHAPTER I.

### SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

#### *SECTION 1.*

DILIGENCE, induſtry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

The acquiſition of knowledge is one of the moſt honourable occupations of youth.

#### *NOTE.*

In the firſt chapter, the Compiler has exhibited ſentences in a great variety of conſtruction, and in all the diverſity of Punctuation. If well practiſed upon, he preſumes they will fully prepare the young reader for the various pauſes, inflections, and modulations of voice, which the ſucceeding pieces require. The Author's "Engliſh Exerciſes," under the head of Punctuation, will afford the learner additional ſcope for improving himſelf in reading ſentences and paragraphs variouſly conſtructed.

Whatever uſeful or engaging endowments we poſſeſs, virtue is a neceſſary requiſite, in order to their ſhining with proper luſtre.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accompliſhed and flouriſhing manhood.

Sincerity and truth form the baſis of every virtue.

Truth and error, virtue and vice, are things of immutable nature.

Change and alteration form the very eſſence of the world.

True happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noiſe.

In order to acquire a capacity for happineſs, it muſt be our firſt ſtudy to rectify inward diſorders.

Whatever purifies, fortifies alſo the heart.

From our eagerneſs to graſp, we ſtrangle and deſtroy pleaſure.

A temperate ſpirit, and moderate expectations, are the beſt ſafeguard of the mind, in this uncertain and changing ſtate.

There is nothing, except ſimplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can ſtand the teſt of near approach and ſtrict examination.

The value of any poſſeſſion is to be chiefly eſtimated, by the relief which it can bring us in the time of our greateſt need.

No perſon who has once yielded up the government of his mind, and given looſe rein to his deſires and paſsions, can tell how far theſe may carry him.

Tranquillity of mind is always moſt likely to be attained, when the buſineſs of the world is tempered with thoughtful and ſerious retreat.

He who would act like a wiſe man, and build his houſe on the rock, and not on the ſand, ſhould contemplate human life, not only in the ſunſhine, but in the ſhade.

Let uſefulneſs and beneficence, not oſtentation and vanity, direct the train of your purſuits.

To maintain a ſteady and unbroken mind, amidſt all the ſhocks of the world, marks a great and noble ſpirit.

Patience, by preſerving compoſure within, reſiſts the impreſsion which trouble makes from without.

Compaſsionate affections, even when they draw tears from our eyes for human miſery, convey ſatisfaction to the heart.

They who have nothing to give, can often afford relief to others, by imparting what they feel.

Our ignorance of what is to come, and of what is really good or evil, ſhould correct anxiety about worldly ſucceſs.

The veil which covers from our ſight the events of ſucceeding years, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy.

The beſt preparation for all the uncertainties of futurity, conſiſts in a well-ordered mind, a good conſcience, and a cheerful ſubmiſsion to the will of Heaven.

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## *SECTION II.*

THE chief misfortunes that befal us in life, can be traced to ſome vices or follies which we have committed.

Were we to ſurvey the chambers of ſickneſs and diſtreſs, we ſhould often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and ſenſuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and ſloth.

To be wiſe in our own eyes, to be wiſe in the opinion of the world, and to be wiſe in the ſight of our Creator, are three things ſo very different, as rarely to coincide.

Man, in his higheſt earthly glory, is but a reed floating on the ſtream of time, and forced to follow every new direction of the current.

The corrupted temper, and the guilty paſsions of the bad, fruſtrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.

The external misfortunes of life, diſappointments, poverty, and ſickneſs, are nothing in compariſon of thoſe inward diſtreſses of mind, occaſioned by folly, by paſsion, and by guilt.

No ſtation is ſo high, no power ſo great, no character ſo unblemiſhed, as to exempt men from being attacked by raſhneſs, malice, or envy.

Moral and religious inſtruction derives its efficacy, not ſo much from what men are taught to know, as from what they are brought to feel.

He who pretends to great ſenſibility towards men, and yet has no feeling for the high objects of religion, no heart to admire and adore the great Father of the univerſe, has reaſon to diſtruſt the truth and delicacy of his ſenſibility.

When, upon rational and ſober inquiry, we have eſtabliſhed our principles, let us not ſuffer them to be ſhaken by the ſcoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the ſceptical.

When we obſerve any tendency to treat religion or morals with diſreſpect and levity, let us hold it to be a ſure indication of a perverted underſtanding, or a depraved heart.

Every degree of guilt incurred by yielding to temptation, tends to debaſe the mind, and to weaken the generous and benevolent principles of human nature.

Luxury, pride, and vanity, have frequently as much influence in corrupting the ſentiments of the great, as ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice, have in miſleading the opinions of the multitude.

Mixed as the preſent ſtate is, reaſon and religion pronounce, that generally, if not always, there is more happineſs than miſery, more pleaſure than pain, in the condition of man.

Society, when formed, requires diſtinctions of property, diverſity of conditions, ſubordination of ranks, and a multiplicity of occupations, in order to advance the general good.

That the temper, the ſentiments, the morality, and, in general, the whole conduct and character of men, are influenced by the example and diſpoſition of the perſons with whom they aſsociate, is a reflection which has long ſince paſsed into a proverb, and been ranked among the ſtanding maxims of human wiſdom, in all ages of the world.

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## SECTION III.

THE deſire of improvement diſcovers a liberal mind; and is connected with many accompliſhments, and many virtues.

Innocence confers eaſe and freedom on the mind; and leaves it open to every pleaſing ſenſation.

Moderate and ſimple pleaſures reliſh high with the temperate: in the midſt of his ſtudied refinements, the voluptuary languiſhes.

Gentleneſs corrects whatever is offenſive in our manners; and, by a conſtant train of humane attentions, ſtudies to alleviate the burden of common miſery.

That gentleneſs which is the characteriſtic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its ſeat in the heart: and, let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleaſing.

Virtue, to become either vigorous or uſeful, muſt be habitually active: not breaking forth occaſionally with a tranſient luſtre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day: not like the aromatic gale, which ſometimes feaſts the ſenſe; but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

The happineſs of every man depends more upon the ſtate of his own mind, than upon any one external circumſtance: nay, more than upon all external things put together.

In no ſtation, in no period, let us think ourſelves ſecure from the dangers which ſpring from our paſſions. Every age, and every ſtation they beſet; from youth to grey hairs, and from the peaſant to the prince.

Riches and pleaſures are the chief temptations to criminal deeds. Yet thoſe riches, when obtained, may very poſsibly overwhelm us with unforeſeen miſeries. Thoſe pleaſures may cut ſhort our health and life.

He who is accuſtomed to turn aſide from the world, and commune with himſelf in retirement, will, ſometimes at leaſt, hear the truths which the multitude do not tell him. A more ſound inſtructer will lift his voice, and awaken within the heart thoſe latent ſuggeſtions, which the world had overpowered and ſuppreſsed.

Nothing can be more amiable than a conſtant deſire to pleaſe; and an unwillingneſs to offend or hurt.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wiſhes; and regret, in the laſt hour, his uſeleſs intentions and barren zeal.

The ſpirit of true religion breathes mildneſs and affability. It gives a native, unaffected eaſe to the behaviour. It is ſocial, kind, and cheerful, far removed from that gloomy and illiberal ſuperſtition, which clouds the brow, ſharpens the temper, dejects the ſpirit, and teaches men to fit themſelves for another world by neglecting the concerns of this.

Reveal none of the ſecrets of thy friend. Be faithful to his intereſts. Forſake him not in danger. Abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice.

Man, always proſperous, would be giddy and inſolent; always afflicted, would be ſullen or deſpondent. Hopes and fears, joy and ſorrow, are, therefore, ſo blended in his life, as both to give room for worldly purſuits, and to recal, from time to time, the admonitions of conſcience.

## SECTION IV.

TIME once paſt never returns; the moment which is loſt, is loſt for ever.

There is nothing on earth ſo ſtable, as to aſsure us of undiſturbed reſt; nor ſo powerful, as to afford us conſtant protèction.

The houſe of feaſting too often becomes an avenue to the houſe of mourning. Short, to the licentious, is the interval between them.

It is of great importance to us, to form a proper eſtimate of human life; without either loading it with imaginary evils, or expecting from it greater advantages than it is able to yield.

Among all our corrupt paſsions, there is a ſtrong and intimate connexion. When any one of them is adopted into our family, it ſeldom quits us until it has fathered upon us all its kindred.

Charity, like the ſun, brightens every object on which it ſhines: a cenſorious diſpoſition caſts every character into the darkeſt ſhade it will bear.

Many men miſtake the love, for the practice of virtue; and are not ſo much good men, as the friends of goodneſs.

Genuine virtue has a language that ſpeaks to every heart throughout the world. It is a language which is underſtood by all. In every region, every clime, the homage paid to it is the ſame. In no one ſentiment were ever mankind more generally agreed.

The appearances of our ſecurity are frequently deceitful. When our ſky ſeems moſt ſettled and ſerene, in ſome unobſerved quarter gathers the little black

cloud, in which the tempeſt ferments, and prepares to diſcharge itſelf on our head.

The man of true fortitude may be compared to the caſtle built on a rock, which defies the attacks of ſurrounding waters: the man of a feeble and timorous ſpirit, to a hut placed on the ſhore, which every wind ſhakes, and every wave overflows.

Nothing is ſo inconſiſtent with ſelf-poſſeſsion as violent anger. It overpowers reaſon; confounds our ideas; diſtorts the appearance, and blackens the colour of every object. By the ſtorm which it raiſes within, and by the miſchiefs which it occaſions without, it generally brings on the paſsionate and revengeful man, greater miſery than he can bring on the object of his reſentment.

The palace of virtue has, in all ages, been repreſented as placed on the ſummit of a hill; in the aſcent of which, labour is requiſite, and difficulties are to be ſurmounted; and where a conductor is needed, to direct our way, and to aid our ſteps.

In judging of others, let us always think the beſt, and employ the ſpirit of charity and candour. But in judging of ourſelves, we ought to be exact and ſevere.

Let him that deſires to ſee others happy, make haſte to give while his gift can be enjoyed; and remember, that every moment of delay, takes away ſomething from the value of his benefaction. And let him who propoſes his own happineſs reflect, that while he forms his purpoſe, the day rolls on, and "the night cometh, when no man can work."

To ſenſual perſons, hardly any thing is what it appears to be: and what flatters moſt, is always fartheſt from reality. There are voices which ſing around

them; but whoſe ſtrains allure to ruin. There is a banquet ſpread, where poiſon is in every diſh. There is a couch which invites them to repoſe; but to ſlumber upon it, is death.

If we would judge whether a man is really happy, it is not ſolely to his houſes and lands, to his equipage and his retinue, we are to look. Unleſs we could ſee farther, and diſcern what joy, or what bitterneſs, his heart feels, we can pronounce nothing concerning him.

The book is well written; and I have peruſed it with pleaſure and profit. It ſhows, firſt, that true devotion is rational and well founded; next, that it is of the higheſt importance to every other part of religion and virtue; and, laſtly, that it is moſt conducive to our happineſs.

There is certainly no greater felicity, than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed; to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence, by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. It ought therefore to be the care of thoſe who wiſh to paſs the laſt hours with comfort, to lay up ſuch a treaſure of pleaſing ideas, as ſhall ſupport the expenſes of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

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### *SECTION V.*

WHAT avails the ſhow of external liberty, to one who has loſt the government of himſelf?

He that cannot live well to-day, (ſays Martial,) will be leſs qualified to live well to-morrow.

Can we eſteem that man proſperous, who is raiſed

to a ſituation which flatters his paſsions, but which corrupts his principles, diſorders his temper, and, finally, overſets his virtue?

What miſery does the vicious man ſecretly endure!—Adverſity! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver, in compariſon with thoſe of guilt!

When we have no pleaſure in goodneſs, we may with certainty conclude the reaſon to be, that our pleaſure is all derived from an oppoſite quarter.

How ſtrangely are the opinions of men altered, by a change in their condition!

How many have had reaſon to be thankful, for being diſappointed in deſigns which they earneſtly purſued, but which, if ſucceſsfully accompliſhed, they have afterwards ſeen, would have occaſioned their ruin?

What are the actions which afford in the remembrance a rational ſatisfaction? Are they the purſuits of ſenſual pleaſure, the riots of jollity, or the diſplays of ſhow and vanity? No: I appeal to your hearts, my friends, if what you recollect with moſt pleaſure, are not the innocent, the virtuous, the honourable parts of your paſt life.

The preſent employment of time ſhould frequently be an object of thought. About what are we now buſied? What is the ultimate ſcope of our preſent purſuits and cares? Can we juſtify them to ourſelves? Are they likely to produce any thing that will ſurvive the moment, and bring forth ſome fruit for futurity?

Is it not ſtrange, (ſays an ingenious writer,) that ſome perſons ſhould be ſo delicate as not to bear a diſagreeable picture in the houſe, and yet, by their behaviour, force every face they ſee about them, to wear the gloom of uneaſineſs and diſcontent?

If we are now in health, peace, and ſafety; without any particular or uncommon evils to afflict our condition; what more can we reaſonably look for in this vain and uncertain world? How little can the greateſt proſperity add to ſuch a ſtate? Will any future ſituation ever make us happy, if now, with ſo few cauſes of grief, we imagine ourſelves miſerable? The evil lies in the ſtate of our mind, not in our condition of fortune; and by no alteration of circumſtances is likely to be remedied.

When the love of unwarrantable pleaſures, and of vicious companions, is allowed to amuſe young perſons, to ingroſs their time, and to ſtir up their paſsions; the day of ruin,—let them take heed, and beware!—the day of irrecoverable ruin, begins to draw nigh. Fortune is ſquandered; health is broken; friends are offended, affronted, eſtranged; aged parents, perhaps, ſent afflicted and mourning, to the duſt.

On whom does time hang ſo heavily, as on the ſlothful and lazy? To whom are the hours ſo lingering? Who are ſo often devoured with ſpleen, and obliged to fly to every expedient, which can help them to get rid of themſelves? Inſtead of producing tranquillity, indolence produces a fretful reſtleſsneſs of mind; gives riſe to cravings which are never ſatisfied; nouriſhes a ſickly effeminate delicacy, which ſours and corrupts every pleaſure.

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## *SECTION VI.*

We have ſeen the huſbandman ſcattering his ſeed upon the furrowed ground! It ſprings up, is gathered

into his barns, and crowns his labours with joy and plenty.—Thus the man who diſtributes his fortune with generoſity and prudence, is amply repaid by the gratitude of thoſe whom he obliges; by the approbation of his own mind; and by the favour of Heaven.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happineſs: intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in miſery.

Title and anceſtry render a good man more illuſtrious; but an ill one, more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honourable, though in a peaſant.

An elevated genius, employed in little things, appears (to uſe the ſimile of Longinus) like the ſun in his evening declination: he remits his ſplendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleaſes more, though he dazzles leſs.

If envious people were to aſk themſelves, whether they would exchange their entire ſituations with the perſons envied, (I mean their minds, paſsions, notions, as well as their perſons, fortunes, and dignities,)—I preſume the ſelf-love common to human nature, would generally make them prefer their own condition.

We have obliged ſome perſons:—very well!—what would we have more? Is not the conſciouſneſs of doing good, a ſufficient reward?

Do not hurt yourſelves or others, by the purſuit of pleaſure. Conſult your whole nature. Conſider yourſelves not only as ſenſitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but ſocial; not only as ſocial, but immortal.

Art thou poor?—Show thyſelf active and induſtrious, peaceable and contented. Art thou wealthy?—Show

thyſelf beneficent and charitable, condeſcending and humane.

Though religion removes not all the evils of life, though it promiſes no continuance of undiſturbed proſperity, (which indeed it were not ſalutary for man always to enjoy,) yet, if it mitigates the evils which neceſſarily belong to our ſtate, it may juſtly be ſaid to give "reſt to them who labour and are heavy laden."

What a ſmiling aſpect does the love of parents and children, of brothers and ſiſters, of friends and relations, give to every ſurrounding object, and every returning day! With what a luſtre does it gild even the ſmall habitation, where ſuch placid intercourſe dwells! where ſuch ſcenes of heartfelt ſatisfaction ſucceed uninterruptedly to one another!

How many clear marks of benevolent intention appear every where around us! What a profuſion of beauty and ornament is poured forth on the face of nature! What a magnificent ſpectacle preſented to the view of man! What ſupply contrived for his wants! What a variety of objects ſet before him, to gratify his ſenſes, to employ his underſtanding, to entertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his heart!

The hope of future happineſs is a perpetual ſource of conſolation to good men. Under trouble, it ſooths their minds; amidſt temptation, it ſupports their virtue; and, in their dying moments, enables them to ſay "O death! where is thy ſting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

*SECTION VII.*

AGESILAUS, king of Sparta, being aſked, "What things he thought moſt proper for boys to learn," anſwered, "Thoſe which they ought to practiſe when they come to be men." A wiſer than Ageſilaus has inculcated the ſame ſentiment: "Train up a child in the way he ſhould go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

An Italian philoſopher expreſsed in his motto, "that "time was his eſtate." An eſtate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation; but which will always abundantly repay the labours of induſtry, and ſatisfy the moſt extenſive deſires, if no part of it be ſuffered to lie waſte by negligence; to be over-run with noxious plants; or laid out for ſhow, rather than uſe.

When Ariſtotle was aſked, "What a man could gain by telling a falſehood," he replied, "Not to be credited when he ſpeaks the truth."

L'Eſtrange, in his Fables, tells us, that a number of frolickſome boys were one day watching frogs, at the ſide of a pond; and that, as any of them put their heads above the water, they pelted them down again with ſtones. One of the frogs, appealing to the humanity of the boys, made this ſtriking obſervation: "Children, you do not conſider, that though this may be ſport to you, it is death to us."

Sully, the great ſtateſman of France, always retained at his table, in his moſt proſperous days, the ſame frugality to which he had been accuſtomed in early life. He was frequently reproached, by the courtiers, for this ſimplicity; but he uſed to reply to them, in the words

of an ancient philoſopher: "If the gueſts are men of ſenſe, there is ſufficient for them: if they are not, I can very well diſpenſe with their company."

Socrates, though primarily attentive to the culture of his mind, was not negligent of his external appearance. His cleanlineſs reſulted from thoſe ideas of order and decency, which governed all his actions; and the care which he took of his health, from his deſire to preſerve his mind free and tranquil.

Eminently pleaſing and honourable was the friendſhip between David and Jonathan. "I am diſtreſsed for thee, my brother Jonathan," ſaid the plaintive and ſurviving David; "very pleaſant haſt thou been to me: thy love for me was wonderful; paſsing the love of women."

Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, was wounded by a muſket-ball, which broke the bone of his thigh. He was carried about a mile and a half, to the camp; and being faint with the loſs of blood, and probably parched with thirſt through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was immediately brought to him: but, as he was putting the veſsel to his mouth, a poor wounded ſoldier, who happened at that inſtant to be carried by him, looked up to it with wiſhful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth, and delivered it to the ſoldier, ſaying, "Thy neceſsity is yet greater than mine."

Alexander the Great demanded of a pirate whom he had taken, by what right he infeſted the ſeas? "By the ſame right," replied he, "that Alexander enſlaves the world. But I am called a robber, becauſe I have one ſmall veſsel; and he is ſtyled a conqueror, be-

cauſe he commands great fleets and armies." We too often judge of men by the ſplendour, and not by the merit of their actions.

Antoninus Pius, the Roman Emperour, was an amiable and good man. When any of his courtiers attempted to inflame him with a paſsion for military glory, he uſed to anſwer: "That he more deſired the preſervation of one ſubject, than the deſtruction of a thouſand enemies."

Men are too often ingenious in making themſelves miſerable, by aggravating to their own fancy, beyond bounds, all the evils which they endure. They compare themſelves with none but thoſe whom they imagine to be more happy; and complain, that upon them alone has fallen the whole load of human ſorrows. Would they look with a more impartial eye on the world, they would ſee themſelves ſurrounded with ſufferers; and find that they are only drinking out of that mixed cup, which Providence has prepared for all.—"I will reſtore thy daughter again to life," ſaid the eaſtern ſage, to a prince who grieved immoderately for the loſs of a beloved child, "provided thou art able to engrave on her tomb, the names of three perſons who have never mourned." The prince made inquiry after ſuch perſons; but found the inquiry vain, and was ſilent.

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## *SECTION VIII.*

He that hath no rule over his own ſpirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a ſtalled ox and hatred therewith.

A ſoft anſwer turneth away wrath; but grievous words ſtir up anger.

Pride goeth before deſtruction; and a haughty ſpirit before a fall.

Hear counſel, and receive inſtruction, that thou mayſt be truly wiſe.

He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord: that which he hath given, will he pay him again.

The ſluggard will not plough by reaſon of the cold; he ſhall therefore beg in harveſt, and have nothing.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kiſſes of an enemy are deceitful. Open rebuke is better than ſecret love.

He that is ſlow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his ſpirit, than he that taketh a city.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirſty, give him water to drink.

Seeſt thou a man wiſe in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.

It is better to be a door-keeper in the houſe of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of wickedneſs.

He that planted the ear, ſhall he not hear? He that formed the eye, ſhall he not ſee?

I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I never ſeen the righteous forſaken, nor his ſeed begging bread.

I have ſeen the wicked in great power; and ſpreading himſelf like a green bay-tree. Yet he paſſed away: I ſought him, but he could not be found.

Happy is the man that findeth wiſdom. Length of days is in her right-hand; and in her left-hand, riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.

How good and how pleaſant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like precious ointment—Like the dew of Hermon, and the dew that deſcended upon the mountains of Zion.

I went by the field of the ſlothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of underſtanding: and lo! it was all grown over with thorns; nettles had covered its face; and the ſtone-wall was broken down. Then I ſaw, and conſidered it well: I looked upon it, and received inſtruction.

Honourable age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time; nor that which is meaſured by number of years:—But wiſdom is the grey hair to man; and an unſpotted life is old age.

Solomon, my ſon, know thou the God of thy fathers; and ſerve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind.—If thou ſeek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forſake him, he will caſt thee off for ever.

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## SECTION IX.

THAT every day has its pains and ſorrows, is univerſally experienced, and almoſt univerſally confeſsed.—But let us not attend only to mournful truths: if we look impartially about us, we ſhall find, that every day has likewiſe its pleaſures and its joys.

We ſhould cheriſh ſentiments of charity towards all men. The Author of all good nouriſhes much piety and virtue in hearts that are unknown to us; and beholds repentance ready to ſpring up among many, whom we conſider as reprobates.

No one ought to conſider himſelf as inſignificant in the ſight of his Creator. In our ſeveral ſtations, we are all ſent forth to be labourers in the vineyard of our heavenly Father. Every man has his work allotted, his talent committed to him; by the due improvement of which he may, in one way or other, ſerve God, promote virtue, and be uſeful in the world.

The love of praiſe ſhould be preſerved under proper ſubordination to the principle of duty. In itſelf, it is a uſeful motive to action; but when allowed to extend its influence too far, it corrupts the whole character and produces guilt, diſgrace, and miſery. To be entirely deſtitute of it, is a defect. To be governed by it, is depravity. The proper adjuſtment of the ſeveral principles of action in human nature, is a matter that deſerves our higheſt attention. For when any one of them becomes either too weak or too ſtrong, it endangers both our virtue and our happineſs.

The deſires and paſsions of a vicious man, having once obtained an unlimited ſway, trample him under their feet. They make him feel that he is ſubject to various, contradictory, and imperious maſters, who often pull him different ways. His ſoul is rendered the receptacle of many repugnant and jarring diſpoſitions; and reſembles ſome barbarous country, cantoned out into different principalities, which are continually waging war on one another.

Diſeaſes, poverty, diſappointment, and ſhame, are far from being, in every inſtance, the unavoidable doom of man. They are much more frequently the offspring of his own miſguided choice. Intemperance engenders diſeaſe, ſloth produces poverty, pride creates diſappointments, and diſhoneſty expoſes to ſhame.

The ungoverned paſſions of men betray them into a thouſand follies; their follies into crimes; and their crimes into misfortunes.

When we reflect on the many diſtreſses which abound in human life; on the ſcanty proportion of happineſs which any man is here allowed to enjoy; on the ſmall difference which the diverſity of fortune makes on that ſcanty proportion; it is ſurpriſing, that envy ſhould ever have been a prevalent paſsion among men, much more that it ſhould have prevailed among Chriſtians. Where ſo much is ſuffered in common, little room is left for envy. There is more occaſion for pity and ſympathy, and inclination to aſsiſt each other.

At our firſt ſetting out in life, when yet unacquainted with the world and its ſnares, when every pleaſure enchants with its ſmile, and every object ſhines with the gloſs of novelty; let us beware of the ſeducing appearances which ſurround us; and recollect what others have ſuffered from the power of headſtrong deſire. If we allow any paſsion, even though it be eſteemed innocent, to acquire an abſolute aſcendant, our inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, take early poſſeſsion of our mind, we may date, from that moment, the ruin of our tranquillity.

Every man has ſome darling paſsion, which generally affords the firſt introduction to vice. The irregular gratifications into which it occaſionally ſeduces him, appear under the form of venial weakneſses; and are indulged, in the beginning, with ſcrupuloufneſs and reſerve. But, by longer practice, theſe reſtraints weaken, and the power of habit grows. One vice brings in another to its aid. By a ſort of natural

affinity they connect and entwine themſelves together; till their roots come to be ſpread wide and deep over all the ſoul.

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## SECTION X.

WHENCE ariſes the miſery of this preſent world? It is not owing to our cloudy atmoſphere, our changing ſeaſons, and inclement ſkies. It is not owing to the debility of our bodies, or to the unequal diſtribution of the goods of fortune. Amidſt all diſadvantages of this kind, a pure, a ſtedfaſt, and enlightened mind, poſſeſsed of ſtrong virtue, could enjoy itſelf in peace, and ſmile at the impotent aſsaults of fortune and the elements. It is within ourſelves that miſery has fixed its ſeat. Our diſordered hearts, our guilty paſsions, our violent prejudices, and miſplaced deſires, are the inſtruments of the trouble which we endure. Theſe ſharpen the darts which adverſity would otherwiſe point in vain againſt us.

While the vain and the licentious are revelling in the midſt of extravagance and riot, how little do they think of thoſe ſcenes of ſore diſtreſs which are paſsing at that moment throughout the world; multitudes ſtruggling for a poor ſubſiſtence, to ſupport the wife and the children whom they love, and who look up to them with eager eyes for that bread which they can hardly procure; multitudes groaning under ſickneſs in deſolate cottages, untended and unmourned; many, apparently in a better ſituation of life, pining away in ſecret with concealed griefs; families weeping over the beloved friends whom they have loſt, or, in all the bitterneſs

of anguiſh, bidding thoſe who are juſt expiring the laſt adieu.

Never adventure on too near an approach to what is evil. Familiariſe not yourſelves with it, in the ſlighteſt inſtances, without fear. Liſten with reverence to every reprehenſion of conſcience; and preſerve the moſt quick and accurate ſenſibility to right and wrong. If ever your moral impreſsions begin to decay, and your natural abhorrence of guilt to leſsen, you have ground to dread that the ruin of virtue is faſt approaching.

By diſappointments and trials the violence of our paſsions is tamed, and our minds are formed to ſobriety and reflection. In the varieties of life, occaſioned by the viciſsitudes of worldly fortune, we are inured to habits both of the active and the ſuffering virtues. How much ſoever we complain of the vanity of the world, facts plainly ſhow, that if its vanity were leſs, it could not anſwer the purpoſe of ſalutary diſcipline. Unſatisfactory as it is, its pleaſures are ſtill too apt to corrupt our hearts. How fatal then muſt the conſequences have been, had it yielded us more complete enjoyment? If, with all its troubles, we are in danger of being too much attached to it, how entirely would it have ſeduced our affections, if no troubles had been mingled with its pleaſures?

In ſeaſons of diſtreſs or difficulty, to abandon ourſelves to dejection, carries no mark of a great or a worthy mind. Inſtead of ſinking under trouble, and declaring "that his ſoul is weary of life," it becomes a wiſe and a good man, in the evil day, with firmneſs to maintain his poſt; to bear up againſt the ſtorm; to have recourſe to thoſe advantages which, in the worſt

of times, are always left to integrity and virtue; and never to give up the hope that better days may yet arise.

How many young persons have at first set out in the world with excellent dispositions of heart; generous, charitable, and humane; kind to their friends, and amiable among all with whom they had intercourse! And yet, how often have we seen all those fair appearances unhappily blasted in the progress of life, merely through the influence of loose and corrupting pleasures; and those very persons, who promised once to be blessings to the world, sunk down, in the end, to be the burden and nuisance of society!

The most common propensity of mankind, is, to store futurity with whatever is agreeable to them; especially in those periods of life, when imagination is lively, and hope is ardent. Looking forward to the year now beginning, they are ready to promise themselves much, from the foundations of prosperity which they have laid; from the friendships and connexions which they have secured; and from the plans of conduct which they have formed. Alas! how deceitful do all these dreams of happiness often prove! While many are saying in secret to their hearts, "To-morrow shall be as this day, and more abundantly," we are obliged in return to say to them; "Boast not yourselves of to-morrow, for you know not what a day may bring forth!"

# CHAPTER II.

## NARRATIVE PIECES.

### SECTION I.

*No Rank or Poſſeſsions can make the guilty Mind happy.*

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, was far from being happy, though he poſseſsed great riches, and all the pleaſures which wealth and power could procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, deceived by theſe ſpecious appearances of happineſs, took occaſion to compliment him on the extent of his power, his treaſures, and royal magnificence; and declared that no monarch had ever been greater or happier than Dionyſius. "Haſt thou a mind, Damocles," ſays the King, "to taſte this happineſs; and to know, by experience, what the enjoyments are, of which thou haſt ſo high an idea?" Damocles, with joy, accepted the offer. The King ordered that a royal banquet ſhould be prepared, and a gilded ſofa, covered with rich embroidery, placed for his favourite. Side-boards, loaded with gold and ſilver plate of immenſe value, were arranged in the apartment. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to attend his table, and to obey his commands with the utmoſt readineſs, and the moſt profound ſubmiſsion. Fragrant ointments, chaplets of flowers, and rich perfumes, were added to the entertainment. The table was loaded with the moſt exquiſite delicacies of every kind. Damocles, intoxicated with pleaſure, fancied

himſelf amongſt ſuperior beings. But in the midſt of all this happineſs, as he lay indulging himſelf in ſtate, he ſees let down from the ceiling, exactly over his head, a glittering ſword hung by a ſingle hair. The ſight of impending deſtruction put a ſpeedy end to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, the glitter of the carved plate, and the delicacy of the viands, ceaſe to afford him any pleaſure. He dreads to ſtretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the garland of roſes. He haſtens to remove from his dangerous ſituation; and earneſtly entreats the king to reſtore him to his former humble condition, having no deſire to enjoy any longer a happineſs ſo terrible.

By this device, Dionyſius intimated to Damocles, how miſerable he was in the midſt of all his treaſures; and in poſſeſſion of all the honours and enjoyments which royalty could beſtow. CICERO.

## SECTION II.

### *Change of external Condition often adverſe to Virtue.*

In the days of Joram, King of Iſrael, flouriſhed the prophet Eliſha. His character was ſo eminent, and his fame ſo widely ſpread, that Benhadad the King of Syria, though an idolater, ſent to conſult him, concerning the iſſue of a diſtemper which threatened his life. The meſſenger employed on this occaſion was Hazael, who appears to have been one of the princes, or chief men, of the Syrian court. Charged with rich gifts from the king, he preſents himſelf before the prophet; and accoſts him in terms of the higheſt reſpect. During the conference which they held together, Eliſha fixed his eye

ſtedfaſtly on the countenance of Hazael; and diſcerning, by a prophetic ſpirit, his future tyranny and cruelty, he could not contain himſelf from burſting into a flood of tears. When Hazael, in ſurpriſe, inquired into the cauſe of this ſudden emotion, the prophet plainly informed him of the crimes and barbarities, which he foreſaw that he would afterwards commit. The ſoul of Hazael abhorred, at this time, the thoughts of cruelty. Uncorrupted, as yet, by ambition or greatneſs, his indignation roſe at being thought capable of ſuch ſavage actions, as the prophet had mentioned; and, with much warmth, he replies; "But what? is thy ſervant a dog, that he ſhould do this great thing?" Eliſha makes no return, but to point out a remarkable change, which was to take place in his condition; "The Lord hath ſhown me that thou ſhalt be king over Syria." In courſe of time, all that had been predicted came to paſs. Hazael aſcended the throne, and ambition took poſſeſſion of his heart. "He ſmote the children of Iſrael in all their coaſts. He oppreſſed them during all the days of king Jehoahaz:" and, from what is left on record of his actions, he plainly appears to have proved, what the prophet foreſaw him to be, a man of violence, cruelty, and blood.

In this paſſage of hiſtory, an object is preſented, which deſerves our ſerious attention. We behold a man who, in one ſtate of life, could not look upon certain crimes without ſurpriſe and horror; who knew ſo little of himſelf, as to believe it impoſſible for him ever to be concerned in committing them; that ſame man, by a change of condition, and an unguarded ſtate of mind, transformed in all his ſentiments; and as he roſe in greatneſs riſing alſo in guilt; till at laſt he com-

pleted that whole character of iniquity, which he once deteſted. BLAIR.

## SECTION III.

### *HAMAN; or, The Miſery of Pride.*

AHASUERUS, who is ſuppoſed to be the prince known among the Greek hiſtorians by the name of Artaxerxes, had advanced to the chief dignity in his kingdom, Haman, an Amalekite, who inherited all the ancient enmity of his race to the Jewiſh nation. He appears, from what is recorded of him, to have been a very wicked miniſter. Raiſed to greatneſs without merit, he employed his power ſolely for the gratification of his paſsions. As the honours which he poſseſsed were next to royal, his pride was every day fed with that ſervile homage, which is peculiar to Aſiatic courts; and all the ſervants of the king proſtrated themſelves before him. In the midſt of this general adulation, one perſon only ſtooped not to Haman. This was Mordecai the Jew; who, knowing this Amalekite to be an enemy to the people of God, and, with virtuous indignation, deſpiſing that inſolence of proſperity with which he ſaw him lifted up, "bowed not, nor did him reverence." On this appearance of diſreſpect from Mordecai, Haman "was full of wrath: but he thought ſcorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone." Perſonal revenge was not ſufficient to ſatisfy him. So violent and black were his paſſions, that he reſolved to exterminate the whole nation to which Mordecai belonged. Abuſing, for this cruel purpoſe, the favour of his credulous ſovereign, he obtained a decree to be ſent forth, that, againſt a certain

day, all the Jews throughout the Perſian dominions ſhould be put to the ſword. Meanwhile, confident of ſucceſs, and blind to approaching ruin, he continued exulting in his proſperity. Invited by Ahaſuerus to a royal banquet, which Eſther the queen had prepared, "he went forth that day joyful, and with a glad heart." But behold how ſlight an incident was ſufficient to poiſon his joy! As he went forth, he ſaw Mordecai in the king's gate; and obſerved, that he ſtill refuſed to do him homage: "He ſtood not up, nor was moved for him;" although he well knew the formidable deſigns, which Haman was preparing to execute. One private man, who deſpiſed his greatneſs, and diſdained ſubmiſsion, while a whole kingdom trembled before him; one ſpirit, which the utmoſt ſtretch of his power could neither ſubdue nor humble, blaſted his triumphs. His whole ſoul was ſhaken with a ſtorm of paſsion. Wrath, pride, and deſire of revenge, roſe into fury. With difficulty he reſtrained himſelf in public; but as ſoon as he came to his own houſe, he was forced to diſcloſe the agony of his mind. He gathered together his friends and family, with Zereſh his wife. "He told them of the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and of all the things wherein the king had promoted him; and how he had advanced him above the princes and ſervants of the king. He ſaid, moreover, Yea, Eſther the queen ſuffered no man to come in with the king, to the banquet that ſhe had prepared, but myſelf; and to-morrow alſo am I invited to her with the king." After all this preamble, what is the concluſion?—"Yet all this availeth me nothing, ſo long as I ſee Mordecai the Jew ſitting at the king's gate."

The ſequel of Haman's hiſtory I ſhall not now purſue. It might afford matter for much inſtruction, by the conſpicuous juſtice of God in his fall and puniſhment. But contemplating only the ſingular ſituation, in which the expreſsions juſt quoted preſent him, and the violent agitation of his mind which they diſplay, the following reflections naturally ariſe: how miſerable is vice, when one guilty paſsion creates ſo much torment! how unavailing is proſperity, when, in the height of it, a ſingle diſappointment can deſtroy the reliſh of all its pleaſures! how weak is human nature, which, in the abſence of real, is thus prone to form to itſelf imaginary woes! BLAIR.

## SECTION IV.

### *ORTOGRUL; or, the Vanity of Riches.*

As Ortogrul of Baſra was one day wandering along the ſtreets of Bagdat, muſing on the varieties of merchandiſe which the ſhops offered to his view; and obſerving the different occupations which buſied the multitudes on every ſide, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation, by a crowd that obſtructed his paſsage. He raiſed his eyes, and ſaw the chief vizier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants; and being ſuppoſed to have ſome petition for the vizier, was permitted to enter. He ſurveyed the ſpaciouſneſs of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapeſtry, and the floors covered with ſilken carpets; and deſpiſed the ſimple neatneſs of his own little habitation.

"Surely," ſaid he to himſelf, "this palace is the ſeat of happineſs; where pleaſure ſucceeds to pleaſure, and diſcontent and ſorrow can have no admiſsion. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of ſenſe, is here ſpread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the maſter of this palace has not obtained? The diſhes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and ſleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He ſpeaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wiſhes, and his wiſh is gratified; all whom he ſees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unſatisfied deſire; and who haſt no amuſement in thy power, that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wiſe; but what does wiſdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wiſe have very little power of flattering themſelves. That man is ſurely the moſt wretched of the ſons of wretchedneſs, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him; and who has none to reconcile him to himſelf by praiſe and veneration. I have long ſought content, and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavour to be rich."

Full of his new reſolution, he ſhut himſelf in his chamber for ſix months, to deliberate how he ſhould grow rich. He ſometimes purpoſed to offer himſelf as a counſellor to one of the kings in India; and ſometimes reſolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after ſome hours paſsed in violent fluctuation of opinion, ſleep inſenſibly ſeized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a deſert

country, in ſearch of ſome one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he ſtood on the top of a hill, ſhaded with cypreſs, in doubt whither to direct his ſteps, his father appeared on a ſudden ſtanding before him. "Ortogrul," ſaid the old man, "I know thy perplexity; liſten to thy father; turn thine eye on the oppoſite mountain." Ortogrul looked, and ſaw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noiſe of thunder, and ſcattering its foam on the impending woods. "Now," ſaid his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." Ortogrul looked, and eſpied a little well, out of which iſſued a ſmall rivulet. "Tell me now," ſaid his father, "doſt thou wiſh for ſudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain-torrent; or for a ſlow and gradual increaſe, reſembling the rill gliding from the well?" "Let me be quickly rich," ſaid Ortogrul; "let the golden ſtream be quick and violent." "Look round thee," ſaid his father, "once again." Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and duſty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the ſupply, ſlow and conſtant, kept always full. He awoke, and determined to grow rich by ſilent profit, and perſevering induſtry.

Having ſold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandiſe; and in twenty years purchaſed lands, on which he raiſed a houſe, equal in ſumptuouſneſs to that of the vizier, to which he invited all the miniſters of Pleaſure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leiſure ſoon made him weary of himſelf, and he longed to be perſuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of plea-

ſing him, and all who ſhould pleaſe him, hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praiſe was tried, and every ſource of adulatory fiction was exhauſted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, becauſe he found himſelf unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties; his own underſtanding reproached him with his faults. "How long," ſaid he, with a deep ſigh, "have I been labouring in vain to amaſs wealth, which at laſt is uſeleſs! Let no man hereafter wiſh to be rich, who is already too wiſe to be flattered!"

DR. JOHNSON.

## SECTION V.

### *Lady Jane Grey.*

THIS excellent perſonage was deſcended from the Royal Line of England by both her parents.

She was carefully educated in the principles of the Reformation; and her wiſdom and virtue rendered her a ſhining example to her ſex. But it was her lot to continue only a ſhort period on this ſtage of being; for, in early life, ſhe fell a ſacrifice to the wild ambition of the Duke of Northumberland; who promoted a marriage between her and his ſon, Lord Guilford Dudley; and raiſed her to the throne of England, in oppoſition to the rights of Mary and Elizabeth. At the time of their marriage, ſhe was only about eighteen years of age, and her huſband was alſo very young: a ſeaſon of life very unequal to oppoſe the intereſted views of artful and aſpiring men; who, inſtead of expoſing them to danger, ſhould have been the protectors of their innocence and youth.

This extraordinary young perſon, beſides the ſolid endowments of piety and virtue, poſſeſsed the moſt engaging diſpoſition, the moſt accompliſhed parts; and being of an equal age with King Edward VI., ſhe had received all her education with him, and ſeemed even to poſſeſs a greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and claſsical literature. She had attained a knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, as well as of ſeveral modern tongues; had paſsed moſt of her time in an application to learning; and expreſsed a great indifference for other occupations and amuſements uſual with her ſex and ſtation. Roger Aſcham, tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, having at one time paid her a viſit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the reſt of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park; and upon his admiring the ſingularity of her choice, ſhe told him, that ſhe "received more pleaſure from that author, than the others could reap from all their ſport and gaiety."—Her heart, replete with this love of literature and ſerious ſtudies, and with tenderneſs towards her huſband, who was deſerving of her affection, had never opened itſelf to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the information of her advancement to the throne was by no means agreeable to her. She even refuſed to accept of the crown; pleaded the preferable right of the two princeſses; expreſsed her dread of the conſequences attending an enterpriſe ſo dangerous, not to ſay ſo criminal; and deſired to remain in that private ſtation in which ſhe was born. Overcome at laſt with the entreaties, rather than reaſons, of her father and father-in-law, and, above all, of her huſband, ſhe ſubmitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquiſh

her own judgment. But this honour was of very ſhort continuance. The nation declared for Queen Mary; and the Lady Jane, after wearing the vain pageantry of a crown during ten days, returned to a private life, with much more ſatisfaction than ſhe felt when the royalty was tendered to her.

Queen Mary, who appears to have been incapable of generoſity or clemency, determined to remove every perſon, from whom the leaſt danger could be apprehended. Warning was, therefore, given the Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which ſhe had expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which ſhe had been expoſed, rendered no unwelcome news to her. The Queen's bigotted zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the priſoner's ſoul, induced her to ſend prieſts, who moleſted her with perpetual diſputation; and even a reprieve of three days was granted her, in hopes that ſhe would be perſuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely converſion to Popery, ſome regard to her eternal welfare. The Lady Jane had preſence of mind, in thoſe melancholy circumſtances, not only to defend her religion by ſolid arguments, but alſo to write a letter to her ſiſter, in the Greek language; in which, beſides ſending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, ſhe exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like ſteady perſeverance. On the day of her execution, her huſband, Lord Guilford, deſired permiſsion to ſee her; but ſhe refuſed her conſent, and ſent him word, that the tenderneſs of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both; and would too much unbend their minds from that conſtancy, which their approaching end required of them.—Their ſeparation, ſhe ſaid, would be

only for a moment; and they would ſoon rejoin each other in a ſcene, where their affections would be for ever united; and where death, diſappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have acceſs to them, or diſturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and Lord Guilford together on the ſame ſcaffold, at Tower-hill; but the council, dreading the compaſsion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that ſhe ſhould be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She ſaw her huſband led to execution; and having given him from the window ſome token of her remembrance, ſhe waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour ſhould bring her to a like fate. She even ſaw his headleſs body carried back in a cart; and found herſelf more confirmed by the reports, which ſhe heard of the conſtancy of his end, than ſhaken by ſo tender and melancholy a ſpectacle. Sir John Gage, conſtable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, deſired her to beſtow on him ſome ſmall preſent, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table-book, in which ſhe had juſt written three ſentences, on ſeeing her huſband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in Engliſh. The purport of them was, "that human juſtice was againſt his body, but the Divine Mercy would be favourable to his ſoul: and that if her fault deſerved puniſhment, her youth, at leaſt, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuſe; and that God and poſterity, ſhe truſted, would ſhow her favour." On the ſcaffold, ſhe made a ſpeech to the bye-ſtanders, in which the mildneſs of her diſpoſition led her to take the blame

entirely on herſelf, without uttering one complaint againſt the ſeverity with which ſhe had been treated. She ſaid, that her offence was, not having laid her hand upon the crown, but not rejecting it with ſufficient conſtancy: that ſhe had leſs erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom ſhe had been taught to reſpect and obey: that ſhe willingly received death, as the only ſatisfaction which ſhe could now make to the injured ſtate; and though her infringement of the laws had been conſtrained, ſhe would ſhow, by her voluntary ſubmiſsion to their ſentence, that ſhe was deſirous to atone for that diſobedience, into which too much filial piety had betrayed her: that ſhe had juſtly deſerved this puniſhment for being made the inſtrument, though the unwilling inſtrument, of the ambition of others: and that the ſtory of her life, ſhe hoped, might at leaſt be uſeful, by proving that innocence excuſes not great miſdeeds, if they tend any way to the deſtruction of the commonwealth.——After uttering theſe words, ſhe cauſed herſelf to be diſrobed by her women, and with a ſteady, ſerene countenance ſubmitted herſelf to the executioner. HUME.

### SECTION VI.

## *The Hill of Science.*

In that ſeaſon of the year, when the ſerenity of the ſky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the diſcoloured foliage of the trees, and all the ſweet, but fading graces of inſpiring autumn, open the mind to

benevolence, and disposse it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to wearinesss; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss; where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom presed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructer suddenly appeared: "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and

irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain; and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progreſs was unequal, and interrupted by a thouſand caprices. When Pleaſure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made ſo many excurſions from the road, that his feebler companions often outſtripped him. I obſerved that the Muſes beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aſide her face. While Genius was thus waſting his ſtrength in eccentric flights, I ſaw a perſon of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a ſlow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every ſtone that obſtructed his way, till he ſaw moſt of thoſe below him, who had at firſt derided his ſlow and toilſome progreſs. Indeed, there were few who aſcended the hill with equal, and uninterrupted ſteadineſs; for, beſide the difficulties of the way, they were continually ſolicited to turn aſide, by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Paſſions, and Pleaſures, whoſe importunity, when once complied with, they became leſs and leſs able to reſiſt: and though they often returned to the path, the aſperities of the road were more ſeverely felt; the hill appeared more ſteep and rugged; the fruits which were wholeſome and refreſhing, ſeemed harſh and ill-taſted; their ſight grew dim; and their feet tript at every little obſtruction.

I ſaw, with ſome ſurpriſe, that the Muſes, whoſe buſineſs was to cheer and encourage thoſe who were

toiling up the aſcent, would often ſing in the bowers of Pleaſure, and accompany thoſe who were enticed away at the call of the Paſsions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way; and always forſook them when they loſt ſight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives; and led them away, without reſiſtance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the manſions of Miſery. Amongſt the innumerable ſeducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, ſo little formidable in her appearance, and ſo gentle and languid in her attempts, that I ſhould ſcarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers ſhe had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for ſo ſhe was called,) far from proceeding to open hoſtilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herſelf with retarding their progreſs; and the purpoſe ſhe could not force them to abandon, ſhe perſuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the ſtrength of thoſe who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives ſtill turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground ſeemed to ſlide from beneath their feet, and they found themſelves at the bottom, before they ſuſpected they had changed their place. The placid ſerenity, which at firſt appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the ſtream of Inſignificance; a dark and ſluggiſh water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead ſea, where ſtartled paſsengers are awakened by the ſhock, and the next ment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deſerters from the paths of Science, none ſeemed leſs able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Paſſion could often ſeize the moment when their tyrants were languid or aſleep, to eſcape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was conſtant and unremitted; and ſeldom reſiſted, till reſiſtance was in vain.

After contemplating theſe things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path ſhaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science ſeemed to ſhed a glory round her votaries. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are permitted to aſcend the mountain!—But while I was pronouncing this exclamation, with uncommon ardour, I ſaw, ſtanding beſide me, a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. "Happier," ſaid ſhe, "are they whom Virtue conducts to the manſions of Content!" "What," ſaid I, "does Virtue then reſide in the vale?" "I am found," ſaid ſhe, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inſpire the ſage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bleſs the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wiſhes for me, I am already preſent. Science may raiſe thee to eminence, but I alone can guide thee to felicity!"—While Virtue was thus ſpeaking, I ſtretched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my ſlumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the ſhades of evening ſtretched over the landſcape. I haſtened homeward; and reſigned the night to ſilence and meditation.

AIKIN.

## SECTION VII.

### *The Journey of a day; a Picture of Human Life.*

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſsed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe; he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices. He ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling; but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road; and was pleaſed, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſsion of his ardour, except that he was ſome-

times tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, which the heat had aſsembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt, the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect; he turned aſide to every caſcade; and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements, the hours paſſed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds; the day vaniſhed from before him; and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his

head. He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove; and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſsed, and try to find ſome iſsue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſsed on with reſolution. The beaſts of the deſert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him: the winds roared in the woods; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſsed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length, not fear, but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſsion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me," ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw a man before."—Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," ſaid the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the direct road of piety towards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time, we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end. We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance; but rely upon our own conſtancy, and venture to approach what we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure. We approach them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to paſs through them without loſing the road of virtue, which, for a while, we keep in our ſight, and to which we purpoſe to return. But temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By de-

grees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us; and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made: that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

DR. JOHNSON.

# CHAPTER III.

## DIDACTIC PIECES.

### SECTION I.

### *The Importance of a good Education.*

I CONSIDER a human ſoul, without education, like marble in the quarry; which ſhows none of its inherent beauties, until the ſkill of the poliſher fetches out the colours, makes the ſurface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental cloud, ſpot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without ſuch helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the alluſion ſo ſoon upon him, I ſhall make uſe of the ſame inſtance to illuſtrate the force of education, which Ariſtotle has brought to explain his doctrine of ſubſtantial forms, when he tells us, that a ſtatue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the ſtatuary only clears away the ſuperfluous matter, and removes the rubbiſh. The figure is in the ſtone, and the ſculptor only finds it. What ſculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human ſoul. The philoſopher, the ſaint, or the hero, the wiſe, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have diſinterred, and have

brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of ſavage nations; and with contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated: to ſee courage exerting itſelf in fierceneſs, reſolution in obſtinacy, wiſdom in cunning, patience in ſullenneſs and deſpair.

Men's paſsions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and ſwayed by reaſon. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, as it ſometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreſses itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul, which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuſe can there be, for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies; that we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the proſpects of happineſs in another world, as well as in this; and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

It is therefore an unſpeakable bleſsing, to be born in thoſe parts of the world where wiſdom and knowledge flouriſh; though, it muſt be confeſsed, there are, even in theſe parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed perſons, who are but little above the inhabitants of thoſe nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, riſe

above one another by ſeveral different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our ſtatue in the block of marble, we ſee it ſometimes only begun to be chipped, ſometimes rough-hewn, and but juſt ſketched into a human figure; ſometimes, we ſee the man appearing diſtinctly in all his limbs and features; ſometimes, we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but ſeldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give ſeveral nice touches and finiſhings. ADDISON.

## SECTION II.

### *On Gratitude.*

THERE is not a more pleaſing exerciſe of the mind, than gratitude. It is accompanied with ſuch inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not, like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much pleaſure, that were there no poſitive command which enjoined it, nor any recompenſe laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification which it affords.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker?—The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even thoſe benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleſsing we enjoy, by what means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleaſing ſenſation in the mind

of a grateful man, it exalts the ſoul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already poſſeſs, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for. ADDISON.

## SECTION III.

### *On Forgiveneſs.*

THE moſt plain and natural ſentiments of equity concur with divine authority, to enforce the duty of forgiveneſs. Let him who has never in his life done wrong, be allowed the privilege of remaining inexorable. But let ſuch as are conſcious of frailties and crimes, conſider forgiveneſs as a debt which they owe to others. Common failings are the ſtrongeſt leſſon of mutual forbearance. Were this virtue unknown among men, order and comfort, peace and repoſe, would be ſtrangers to human life. Injuries retaliated according to the exorbitant meaſure which paſſion preſcribes, would excite reſentment in return. The injured perſon would become the injurer; and thus wrongs, retaliations, and freſh injuries, would circulate in endleſs ſucceſſion, till the world was rendered a field of blood. Of all the paſſions which invade the human breaſt, revenge is the moſt direful. When allowed to reign with full dominion, it is more than ſufficient to poiſon the few pleaſures which remain to man in his preſent ſtate. How much ſoever a perſon may ſuffer from injuſtice, he is always in hazard of ſuffering more from the proſecution of revenge. The violence of an enemy cannot inflict what is equal to the

torment he creates to himſelf, by means of the fierce and deſperate paſsions which he allows to rage in his ſoul.

Thoſe evil ſpirits who inhabit the regions of miſery, are repreſented as delighting in revenge and cruelty. But all that is great and good in the univerſe, is on the ſide of clemency and mercy. The almighty Ruler of the world, though for ages offended by the unrighteouſneſs, and inſulted by the impiety of men, is "long-ſuffering and ſlow to anger." His Son, when he appeared in our nature, exhibited, both in his life, and his death, the moſt illuſtrious example of forgiveneſs which the world ever beheld. If we look into the hiſtory of mankind, we ſhall find that, in every age, they who have been reſpected as worthy, or admired as great, have been diſtinguiſhed for this virtue. Revenge dwells in little minds. A noble and magnanimous ſpirit is always ſuperior to it. It ſuffers not from the injuries of men thoſe ſevere ſhocks which others feel. Collected within itſelf, it ſtands unmoved by their impotent aſsaults; and with generous pity, rather than with anger, looks down on their unworthy conduct.— It has been truly ſaid, that the greateſt man on earth can no ſooner commit an injury, than a good man can make himſelf greater, by forgiving it. BLAIR.

## *SECTION IV.*

### *Motives to the practice of Gentleneſs.*

To promote the virtue of gentleneſs, we ought to view our character with an impartial eye; and to learn, from our own failings, to give that indulgence

which in our turn we claim. It is pride which fills the world with ſo much harſhneſs and ſeverity. In the fulneſs of ſelf-eſtimation, we forget what we are. We claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended; unfeeling to diſtreſs, as if we knew not what it was to ſuffer. From thoſe airy regions of pride and folly, let us deſcend to our proper level. Let us ſurvey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences, be inſufficient to prompt humanity, let us at leaſt remember what we are in the ſight of our Creator. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all ſo earneſtly intreat from heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleneſs from our Judge, when we are ſo backward to ſhow it to our own brethren?

Let us alſo accuſtom ourſelves, to reflect on the ſmall moment of thoſe things, which are the uſual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a falſe medium. The moſt inconſiderable point of intereſt, or honour, ſwells into a momentous object; and the ſlighteſt attack ſeems to threaten immediate ruin. But after paſsion or pride has ſubſided, we look around in vain for the mighty miſchiefs we dreaded. The fabric, which our diſturbed imagination had reared, totally diſappears. But though the cauſe of contention has dwindled away, its conſequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have embittered an enemy; we have ſown the ſeeds of future ſuſpicion, malevolence, or diſguſt.—Let us ſuſpend our violence

for a moment, when cauſes of diſcord occur. Let us anticipate that period of coolneſs, which, of itſelf, will ſoon arrive. Let us reflect how little we have any proſpect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happineſs of life we are certain of throwing away. Eaſily, and from the ſmalleſt chink, the bitter waters of ſtrife are let forth; but their courſe cannot be foreſeen; and he ſeldom fails of ſuffering moſt from their poiſonous effect, who firſt allowed them to flow. BLAIR.

## SECTION V.

### *A ſuſpicious Temper the Source of Miſery to its Poſſeſſor.*

As a ſuſpicious ſpirit is the ſource of many crimes and calamities in the world, ſo it is the ſpring of certain miſery to the perſon who indulges it. His friends will be few; and ſmall will be his comfort in thoſe whom he poſſeſſes. Believing others to be his enemies, he will of courſe make them ſuch. Let his caution be ever ſo great, the aſperity of his thoughts will often break out in his behaviour; and in return for ſuſpecting and hating, he will incur ſuſpicion and hatred. Beſides the external evils which he draws upon himſelf, ariſing from alienated friendſhip, broken confidence, and open enmity, the ſuſpicious temper itſelf is one of the worſt evils which any man can ſuffer. If "in all fear there is torment," how miſerable muſt be his ſtate who, by living in perpetual jealouſy, lives in perpetual dread? Looking upon himſelf to be ſurrounded with ſpies, enemies, and deſigning men, he is a ſtranger to reliance and truſt. He knows not to whom to open

himſelf. He dreſses his countenance in forced ſmiles, while his heart throbs within from apprehenſions of ſecret treachery. Hence fretfulneſs and ill-humour, diſguſt at the world, and all the painful ſenſations of an irritated and embittered mind.

So numerous and great are the evils ariſing from a ſuſpicious diſpoſition, that, of the two extremes, it is more eligible to expoſe ourſelves to occaſional diſadvantage from thinking too well of others, than to ſuffer continual miſery by thinking always ill of them. It is better to be ſometimes impoſed upon, than never to truſt. Safety is purchaſed at too dear a rate, when, in order to ſecure it, we are obliged to be always clad in armour, and to live in perpetual hoſtility with our fellows. This is, for the ſake of living, to deprive ourſelves of the comfort of life. The man of candour enjoys his ſituation, whatever it is, with cheerfulneſs and peace. Prudence directs his intercourſe with the world; but no black ſuſpicions haunt his hours of reſt. Accuſtomed to view the characters of his neighbours in the moſt favourable light, he is like one who dwells amidſt thoſe beautiful ſcenes of nature, on which the eye reſts with pleaſure. Whereas the ſuſpicious man, having his imagination filled with all the ſhocking forms of human falſehood, deceit, and treachery, reſembles the traveller in the wilderneſs, who diſcerns no objects around him but ſuch as are either dreary or terrible; caverns that open, ſerpents that hiſs, and beaſts of prey that howl.

BLAIR.

## SECTION VI.

### *Comforts of Religion.*

THERE are many who have paſsed the age of youth and beauty; who have reſigned the pleaſures of that ſmiling ſeaſon; who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depreſsed in their fortunes, ſtript of their friends, their children, and perhaps ſtill more tender connexions. What reſource can this world afford them? It preſents a dark and dreary waſte, through which there does not iſsue a ſingle ray of comfort. Every deluſive proſpect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous ſoul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almoſt inacceſsible to new friendſhips. The principal ſources of activity are taken away, when thoſe for whom we labour are cut off from us; thoſe who animated, and thoſe who ſweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the ſoul find refuge, but in the boſom of Religion? There ſhe is admitted to thoſe proſpects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I ſpeak here of ſuch as retain the feelings of humanity; whom misfortunes have ſoftened, and perhaps rendered more delicately ſenſible: not of ſuch as poſseſs that ſtupid inſenſibility, which ſome are pleaſed to dignify with the name of Philoſophy.

It might therefore be expected, that thoſe philoſophers, who think they ſtand in no need themſelves of the aſsiſtance of religion to ſupport their virtue, and who never feel the want of its conſolations, would yet

have the humanity to conſider the very different ſituation of the reſt of mankind; and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at leaſt, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made neceſsary to their morals, and to their happineſs. It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the laſt retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or reſentment; and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to ſome, by relieving them from reſtraint upon their pleaſures; and may render others very miſerable, by making them doubt thoſe truths, in which they were moſt deeply intereſted; but it can convey real good and happineſs to no one individual. GREGORY.

## SECTION VII.

### *Diffidence of our Abilities, a Mark of Wiſdom.*

It is a ſure indication of good ſenſe, to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wiſe, when we begin to diſcern how weak and unwiſe we are. An abſolute perfection of underſtanding, is impoſſible: he makes the neareſt approaches to it, who has the ſenſe to diſcern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modeſty always ſits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the luſtre of every virtue which it ſeems to hide: the perfections of men being like thoſe flowers which appear more beautiful, when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are

full blown, and diſplay themſelves, without any reſerve, to the view.

We are ſome of us very fond of knowledge, and apt to value ourſelves upon any proficiency in the ſciences: one ſcience, however, there is, worth more than all the reſt, and that is, the ſcience of living well; which ſhall remain, when "tongues ſhall ceaſe," and, "knowledge ſhall vaniſh away." As to new notions, and new doctrines, of which this age is very fruitful, the time will come, when we ſhall have no pleaſure in them: nay, the time ſhall come, when they ſhall be exploded, and would have been forgotten, if they had not been preſerved in thoſe excellent books, which contain a confutation of them; like inſects preſerved for ages in amber, which otherwiſe would ſoon have returned to the common maſs of things. But a firm belief of Chriſtianity, and a practice ſuitable to it, will ſupport and invigorate the mind to the laſt; and moſt of all, at laſt, at that important hour, which muſt decide our hopes and apprehenſions: and the wiſdom, which, like our Saviour, cometh from above, will, through his merits, bring us thither. All our other ſtudies and purſuits, however different, ought to be ſubſervient to, and centre in, this grand point, the purſuit of eternal happineſs, by being good in ourſelves, and uſeful to the world. SEED.

## SECTION VIII.

### *On the Importance of Order in the Diſtribution of our Time.*

TIME we ought to conſider as a ſacred truſt committed to us by God; of which we are now the de-

poſitaries, and are to render account at the laſt. That portion of it which he has allotted us, is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for thoſe of the next. Let each of theſe occupy, in the diſtribution of our time, that ſpace which properly belongs to it. Let not the hours of hoſpitality and pleaſure interfere with the diſcharge of our neceſsary affairs; and let not what we call neceſsary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a ſeaſon, and a time for every purpoſe under the heaven. If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along ſmoothly. He who every morning plans the tranſactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the moſt buſy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itſelf through all his affairs. But, where no plan is laid, where the diſpoſal of time is ſurrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of diſtribution nor review.

The firſt requiſite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impreſsed with a juſt ſenſe of its value. Let us conſider well how much depends upon it, and how faſt it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconſiſtent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it, as the meaſure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greateſt anxiety ſeek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in ſeparate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and ſquan-

der it with inconſiderate profuſion. While they complain that life is ſhort, they are often wiſhing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other poſſeſſion, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be maſter of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to conſume it. Among thoſe who are ſo careleſs of time, it is not to be expected that order ſhould be obſerved in its diſtribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of ſevere and laſting regret are they laying up in ſtore for themſelves! The time which they ſuffer to paſs away in the midſt of confuſion, bitter repentance ſeeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, ariſes to be the torment of ſome future ſeaſon. Manhood is diſgraced by the conſequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppreſſed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the cloſe of life, the dying man beholds with anguiſh that his days are finiſhing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a diſorderly waſte of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of ſuch perſons is miſplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due ſeaſon.

But he who is orderly in the diſtribution of his time, takes the proper method of eſcaping thoſe manifold evils. He is juſtly ſaid to redeem the time. By proper management, he prolongs it. He lives much in little ſpace; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own ſoul, and at the ſame time attend to all the lawful intereſts of the preſent world. He looks back on the paſt, and pro-

vides for the future. He catches and arreſts the hours as they fly. They are marked down for uſeful purpoſes, and their memory remains. Whereas thoſe hours fleet by the man of confuſion like a ſhadow. His days and years are either blanks of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with ſuch a confuſed and irregular ſucceſsion of unfiniſhed tranſactions, that though he remembers he has been buſy, yet he can give no account of the buſineſs which has employed him. BLAIR.

## SECTION IX.

### *The Dignity of Virtue amidſt corrupt Examples.*

THE moſt excellent and honourable character which can adorn a man and a Chriſtian, is acquired by reſiſting the torrent of vice, and adhering to the cauſe of God and virtue againſt a corrupted multitude. It will be found to hold in general, that all thoſe, who, in any of the great lines of life, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves for thinking profoundly, and acting nobly, have deſpiſed popular prejudices; and departed, in ſeveral things, from the common ways of the world. On no occaſion is this more requiſite for true honour, than where religion and morality are concerned. In times of prevailing licentiouſneſs, to maintain unblemiſhed virtue, and uncorrupted integrity; in a public or a private cauſe, to ſtand firm by what is fair and juſt, amidſt diſcouragements and oppoſition; deſpiſing groundleſs cenſure and reproach; diſdaining all compliance with public manners, when they are vicious and unlawful; and never aſhamed of the punctual

discharge of every duty towards God and man;—this is what shows true greatness of spirit, and will force approbation even from the degenerate multitude themselves. "This is the man," (their conscience will oblige them to acknowledge,) "whom we are unable to bend to mean condescensions. We see it in vain either to flatter or to threaten him; he rests on a principle within, which we cannot shake. To this man we may, on any occasion, safely commit our cause. He is incapable of betraying his trust, or deserting his friend, or denying his faith."

It is, accordingly, this steady inflexible virtue, this regard to principle, superior to all custom and opinion, which peculiarly marked the characters of those in any age, who have shone with distinguished lustre; and has consecrated their memory to all posterity. It was this that obtained to ancient Enoch the most singular testimony of honour from heaven. He continued to "walk with God," when the world apostatised from him. He pleased God, and was beloved of him; so that living among sinners, he was translated to heaven without seeing death; "Yea, speedily was he taken away, lest wickedness should have altered his understanding, or deceit beguiled his soul." When Sodom could not furnish ten righteous men to save it, Lot remained unspotted amidst the contagion. He lived like an angel among spirits of darkness; and the destroying flame was not permitted to go forth, till the good man was called away by a heavenly messenger from his devoted city. When "all flesh had corrupted their way upon the earth," then lived Noah, a righteous man, and a preacher of righteousness. He stood alone, and was scoffed by the profane crew. But they by

the deluge were ſwept away; while on him, Providence conferred the immortal honour, of being the reſtorer of a better race, and the father of a new world. Such examples as theſe, and ſuch honours conferred by God on them who withſtood the multitude of evil doers, ſhould often be preſent to our minds. Let us oppoſe them to the numbers of low and corrupt examples, which we behold around us; and when we are in hazard of being ſwayed by ſuch, let us fortify our virtue, by thinking of thoſe who, in former times, ſhone like ſtars in the midſt of ſurrounding darkneſs, and are now ſhining in the kingdom of heaven, as the brightneſs of the firmament, for ever and ever.

BLAIR.

## SECTION X.

### *The Mortifications of Vice greater than thoſe of Virtue.*

THOUGH no condition of human life is free from uneaſineſs, yet it muſt be allowed, that the uneaſineſs belonging to a ſinful courſe, is far greater, than what attends a courſe of well-doing. If we are weary of the labours of virtue, we may be aſsured, that the world, whenever we try the exchange, will lay upon us a much heavier load. It is the outſide, only, of a licentious life, which is gay and ſmiling. Within, it conceals toil, and trouble, and deadly ſorrow. For vice poiſons human happineſs in the ſpring, by introducing diſorder into the heart. Thoſe paſsions which it ſeems to indulge, it only feeds with imperfect gratifications; and thereby ſtrengthens them for preying, in the end, on their unhappy victims.

It is a great miſtake to imagine, that the pain of ſelf-denial is confined to virtue. He who follows the world, as much as he who follows Chriſt, muſt "take up his croſs;" and to him aſsuredly, it will prove a more oppreſsive burden. Vice allows all our paſsions to range uncontrolled; and where each claims to be ſuperior, it is impoſsible to gratify all. The predominant deſire can only be indulged at the expenſe of its rival. No mortifications which virtue exacts, are more ſevere than thoſe, which ambition impoſes upon the love of eaſe, pride upon intereſt, and covetouſneſs upon vanity. Self-denial, therefore, belongs, in common, to vice and virtue; but with this remarkable difference, that the paſsions which virtue requires us to mortify, it tends to weaken; whereas, thoſe which vice obliges us to deny, it, at the ſame time, ſtrengthens. The one diminiſhes the pain of ſelf-denial, by moderating the demand of paſsion; the other increaſes it, by rendering thoſe demands imperious and violent. What diſtreſses, that occur in the calm life of virtue, can be compared to thoſe tortures, which remorſe of conſcience inflicts on the wicked; to thoſe ſevere humiliations, ariſing from guilt combined with misfortunes, which ſink them to the duſt; to thoſe violent agitations of ſhame and diſappointment, which ſometimes drive them to the moſt fatal extremities, and make them abhor their exiſtence? How often, in the midſt of thoſe diſaſtrous ſituations, into which their crimes have brought them, have they execrated the ſeductions of vice; and, with bitter regret, looked back to the day on which they firſt forſook the path of innocence! BLAIR.

## SECTION XI.

### *On Contentment.*

CONTENTMENT produces, in ſome meaſure, all thoſe effects which the alchymiſt uſually aſcribes to what he calls the philoſopher's ſtone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the ſame thing by baniſhing the deſire of them. If it cannot remove the diſquietudes ariſing from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him eaſy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the ſoul of man, in reſpect of every being to whom he ſtands related. It extinguiſhes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude, towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It deſtroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives ſweetneſs to his converſation, and a perpetual ſerenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made uſe of for acquiring this virtue, I ſhall mention only the two following. Firſt of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants; and ſecondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

Firſt, a man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the reply which Ariſtippus made to one, who condoled him upon the loſs of a farm: "Why," ſaid he, "I have three farms ſtill, and you have but one; ſo that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me." On the contrary, fooliſh men are more apt to conſider what they have loſt, than what they poſſeſs;

and to fix their eyes upon thoſe who are richer than themſelves, rather than on thoſe who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleaſures and conveniencies of life lie in a narrow compaſs; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward; and ſtraining after one who has got the ſtart of them in wealth and honour. For this reaſon, as none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations, but among the middle ſort of people, who keep their wiſhes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Perſons of a higher rank live in a kind of ſplendid poverty; and are perpetually wanting, becauſe, inſtead of acquieſcing in the ſolid pleaſures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in ſhadows and appearances. Men of ſenſe have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this ſilly game that is playing over their heads; and, by contracting their deſires, enjoy all that ſecret ſatisfaction which others are always in queſt of. The truth is, this ridiculous chaſe after imaginary pleaſures, cannot be ſufficiently expoſed, as it is the great ſource of thoſe evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's eſtate be what it may, he is a poor man, if he does not live within it; and naturally ſets himſelf to ſale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good eſtate, was offered a great ſum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindneſs; but told him, he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In ſhort, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth,"

ſays Socrates; to which I ſhall add, Luxury is artificial poverty. I ſhall therefore recommend to the conſideration of thoſe, who are always aiming at ſuperfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and who will not be at the trouble of contracting their deſires, an excellent ſaying of Bion the philoſopher, namely, "That no man has ſo much care, as he who endeavours after the moſt happineſs."

In the ſecond place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be, than he really is.—The former conſideration took in all thoſe, who are ſufficiently provided with the means to make themſelves eaſy; this regards ſuch as actually lie under ſome preſſure or misfortune. Theſe may receive great alleviation, from ſuch a compariſon as the unhappy perſon may make between himſelf and others; or between the misfortune which he ſuffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the ſtory of the honeſt Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the main-maſt, told the ſtanders by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, ſince I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the ſaying of an old philoſopher, who, after having invited ſome of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by a perſon that came into the room in a paſſion, and threw down the table that ſtood before them: "Every one," ſays he, "has his calamity; and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an inſtance to the ſame purpoſe, in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Biſhop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of diſtempers, when he had got the gout upon him, he uſed to thank God that it was not the ſtone; and when he had

the ſtone, that he had not both theſe diſtempers on him at the ſame time.

I cannot conclude this eſsay without obſerving, that there never was any ſyſtem beſides that of Chriſtianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto ſpeaking of. In order to make us contented with our condition, many of the preſent philoſophers tell us, that our diſcontent only hurts ourſelves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumſtances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal neceſsity, to which ſuperior beings themſelves are ſubject; while others, very gravely, tell the man who is miſerable, that it is neceſsary he ſhould be ſo, to keep up the harmony of the univerſe; and that the ſcheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted, were he otherwiſe. Theſe, and the like conſiderations, rather ſilence than ſatisfy a man. They may ſhow him that his diſcontent is unreaſonable, but they are by no means ſufficient to relieve it. They rather give deſpair than conſolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of theſe comforters, as Auguſtus did to his friend, who adviſed him not to grieve for the death of a perſon whom he loved, becauſe his grief could not fetch him again: "It is for that very reaſon," ſaid the emperour, "that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It preſcribes to every miſerable man the means of bettering his condition: nay, it ſhows him, that bearing his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them. It makes him eaſy here, becauſe it can make him happy hereafter. ADDISON.

## SECTION XII.

### *Rank and Riches afford no Ground for Envy.*

Of all the grounds of envy among men, ſuperiority in rank and fortune is the moſt general. Hence, the malignity which the poor commonly bear to the rich, as engroſsing to themſelves all the comforts of life. Hence, the evil eye with which perſons of inferior ſtation ſcrutiniſe thoſe who are above them in rank; and if they approach to that rank, their envy is generally ſtrongeſt againſt ſuch as are juſt one ſtep higher than themſelves.—Alas! my friends, all this envious diſquietude, which agitates the world, ariſes from a deceitful figure which impoſes on the public view. Falſe colours are hung out: the real ſtate of men is not what it ſeems to be. The order of ſociety requires a diſtinction of ranks to take place; but in point of happineſs, all men come much nearer to equality than is commonly imagined; and the circumſtances, which form any material difference of happineſs among them, are not of that nature which renders them grounds of envy. The poor man poſſeſses not, it is true, ſome of the conveniences and pleaſures of the rich; but, in return, he is free from many embarraſsments to which they are ſubject. By the ſimplicity and uniformity of his life, he is delivered from that variety of cares, which perplex thoſe who have great affairs to manage, intricate plans to purſue, many enemies, perhaps, to encounter in the purſuit. In the tranquillity of his ſmall habitation, and private family, he enjoys a peace which is often unknown at courts. The gratifications of nature, which are always the moſt ſatisfactory, are poſſeſsed by him

to their full extent; and if he be a ſtranger to the refined pleaſures of the wealthy, he is unacquainted alſo with the deſire of them, and by conſequence, feels no want. His plain meal ſatisfies his appetite, with a reliſh, probably, higher than that of the rich man, who ſits down to his luxurious banquet. His ſleep is more ſound; his health more firm; he knows not what ſpleen, languor, and liſtleſsneſs are. His accuſtomed employments or labours are not more oppreſsive to him, than the labour of attendance on courts and the great, the labours of dreſs, the fatigue of amuſements, the very weight of idleneſs, frequently are to the rich. In the mean time, all the beauty of the face of nature, all the enjoyments of domeſtic ſociety, all the gaiety and cheerfulneſs of an eaſy mind, are as open to him as to thoſe of the higheſt rank. The ſplendour of retinue, the ſound of titles, the appearances of high reſpect, are indeed ſoothing, for a ſhort time, to the great. But, become familiar, they are ſoon forgotten. Cuſtom effaces their impreſsion. They ſink into the rank of thoſe ordinary things, which daily recur, without raiſing any ſenſation of joy.—Let us ceaſe, therefore, from looking up with diſcontent and envy to thoſe, whom birth or fortune has placed above us. Let us adjuſt the balance of happineſs fairly. When we think of the enjoyments we want, we ſhould think alſo of the troubles from which we are free. If we allow their juſt value to the comforts we poſſeſs, we ſhall find reaſon to reſt ſatisfied, with a very moderate, though not an opulent and ſplendid, condition of fortune. Often, did we know the whole, we ſhould be inclined to pity the ſtate of thoſe whom we now envy.

BLAIR.

## SECTION XIII.

### *Patience under Provocations our Intereſt as well as Duty.*

THE wide circle of human ſociety is diverſified by an endleſs variety of characters, diſpoſitions, and paſſions. Uniformity is, in no reſpect, the genius of the world. Every man is marked by ſome peculiarity which diſtinguiſhes him from another: and no where can two individuals be found, who are exactly, and in all reſpects, alike. Where ſo much diverſity obtains, it cannot but happen, that, in the intercourſe which men are obliged to maintain, their tempers ſhall often be ill adjuſted to that intercourſe; ſhall jar, and interfere with each other. Hence, in every ſtation, the higheſt as well as the loweſt, and in every condition of life, public, private, and domeſtic, occaſions of irritation frequently ariſe. We are provoked, ſometimes, by the folly and levity of thoſe with whom we are connected; ſometimes, by their indifference or neglect; by the incivility of a friend, the haughtineſs of a ſuperior, or the inſolent behaviour of one in lower ſtation. Hardly a day paſſes, without ſomewhat or other occurring, which ſerves to ruffle the man of impatient ſpirit. Of courſe, ſuch a man lives in a continual ſtorm. He knows not what it is to enjoy a train of good humour. Servants, neighbours, friends, ſpouſe, and children, all, through the unreſtrained violence of his temper, become ſources of diſturbance and vexation to him. In vain is affluence; in vain are health and proſperity. The leaſt trifle is ſufficient to diſcompoſe his mind, and poiſon his pleaſures. His very amuſements are mixed with turbulence and paſſion.

I would beſeech this man to conſider, of what ſmall moment the provocations which he receives, or at leaſt imagines himſelf to receive, are really in themſelves; but of what great moment he makes them, by ſuffering them to deprive him of the poſſeſsion of himſelf. I would beſeech him, to conſider, how many hours of happineſs he throws away, which a little more patience would allow him to enjoy; and how much he puts it in the power of the moſt inſignificant perſons to render him miſerable. "But who can expect," we hear him exclaim, "that he is to poſſeſs the inſenſibility of a ſtone? How is it poſsible for human nature to endure ſo many repeated provocations? or to bear calmly with ſuch unreaſonable behaviour?"—My brother! if thou canſt bear with no inſtances of unreaſonable behaviour, withdraw thyſelf from the world. Thou art no longer fit to live in it. Leave the intercourſe of men. Retreat to the mountain, and the deſert; or ſhut thyſelf up in a cell. For here, in the midſt of ſociety, *offences muſt come*. We might as well expect, when we beheld a calm atmoſphere, and a clear ſky, that no clouds were ever to riſe, and no winds to blow, as that our life was long to proceed, without receiving provocations from human frailty. The careleſs and the imprudent, the giddy and the fickle, the ungrateful and the intereſted, every where meet us. They are the briers and thorns, with which the paths of human life are beſet. He only, who can hold his courſe among them with patience and equanimity, he who is prepared to bear what he muſt expect to happen, is worthy of the name of a man.

If we preſerved ourſelves compoſed but for a moment, we ſhould perceive the inſignificancy of moſt of

thoſe provocations which we magnify ſo highly. When a few ſuns more have rolled over our heads, the ſtorm will, of itſelf, have ſubſided; the cauſe of our preſent impatience and diſturbance will be utterly forgotten. Can we not then, anticipate this hour of calmneſs to ourſelves; and begin to enjoy the peace which it will certainly bring? If others have behaved improperly, let us leave them to their own folly, without becoming the victim of their caprice, and puniſhing ourſelves on their account.—Patience, in this exerciſe of it, cannot be too much ſtudied by all who wiſh their life to flow in a ſmooth ſtream. It is the reaſon of a man, in oppoſition to the paſsion of a child. It is the enjoyment of peace, in oppoſition to uproar and confuſion.

BLAIR.

## *SECTION XIV.*

### *Moderation in our Wiſhes recommended.*

THE active mind of man ſeldom or never reſts ſatisfied with its preſent condition, how proſperous ſoever. Originally formed for a wider range of objects, for a higher ſphere of enjoyments, it finds itſelf, in every ſituation of fortune, ſtraitened and confined. Senſible of deficiency in its ſtate, it is ever ſending forth the fond deſire, the aſpiring wiſh, after ſomething beyond what is enjoyed at preſent. Hence, that reſtleſsneſs which prevails ſo generally among mankind. Hence, that diſguſt of pleaſures which they have tried; that paſsion for novelty; that ambition of riſing to ſome degree of eminence or felicity, of which they have formed to themſelves an indiſtinct idea. All which

may be conſidered as indications of a certain native, original greatneſs in the human ſoul, ſwelling beyond the limits of its preſent condition; and pointing at the higher objects for which it was made. Happy, if theſe latent remains of our primitive ſtate, ſerved to direct our wiſhes towards their proper deſtination, and to lead us into the path of true bliſs!

But in this dark and bewildered ſtate, the aſpiring tendency of our nature unfortunately takes an oppoſite direction, and feeds a very miſplaced ambition. The flattering appearances which here preſent themſelves to ſenſe; the diſtinctions which fortune confers; the advantages and pleaſures which we imagine the world to be capable of beſtowing, fill up the ultimate wiſh of moſt men. Theſe are the objects which ingroſs their ſolitary muſings, and ſtimulate their active labours; which warm the breaſts of the young, animate the induſtry of the middle aged, and often keep alive the paſsions of the old, until the very cloſe of life.

Aſsuredly, there is nothing unlawful in our wiſhing to be freed from whatever is diſagreeable, and to obtain a fuller enjoyment of the comforts of life. But when theſe wiſhes are not tempered by reaſon, they are in danger of precipitating us into much extravagance and folly. Deſires and wiſhes are the firſt ſprings of action. When they become exorbitant, the whole character is likely to be tainted. If we ſuffer our fancy to create to itſelf worlds of ideal happineſs, we ſhall diſcompoſe the peace and order of our minds, and foment many hurtful paſsions. Here, then, let Moderation begin its reign; by bringing within reaſonable bounds the wiſhes that we form. As ſoon as they become extravagant, let us check them, by pro-

per reflections on the fallacious nature of thoſe objects, which the world hangs out to allure deſire.

You have ſtrayed, my friends, from the road which conducts to felicity; you have diſhonoured the native dignity of your ſouls, in allowing your wiſhes to terminate on nothing higher than worldly ideas of greatneſs or happineſs. Your imagination roves in a land of ſhadows. Unreal forms deceive you. It is no more than a phantom, an illuſion of happineſs, which attracts your fond admiration; nay, an illuſion of happineſs, which often conceals much real miſery.

Do you imagine, that all are happy, who have attained to thoſe ſummits of diſtinction, towards which your wiſhes aſpire? Alas! how frequently has experience ſhown, that where roſes were ſuppoſed to bloom, nothing but briers and thorns grew? Reputation, beauty, riches, grandeur, nay, royalty itſelf, would, many a time, have been gladly exchanged by the poſſeſſors, for that more quiet and humble ſtation, with which you are now diſſatisfied. With all that is ſplendid and ſhining in the world, it is decreed that there ſhould mix many deep ſhades of woe. On the elevated ſituations of fortune, the great calamities of life chiefly fall. There, the ſtorm ſpends its violence, and there, the thunder breaks; while, ſafe and unhurt, the inhabitant of the vale remains below.—Retreat, then, from thoſe vain and pernicious excurſions of extravagant deſire. Satisfy yourſelves with what is rational and attainable. Train your minds to moderate views of human life, and human happineſs. Remember, and admire, the wiſdom of Agur's petition: "Remove far from me vanity and lies. Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me:

Leſt I be full, and deny thee; and ſay, who is the Lord? or leſt I be poor, and ſteal; and take the name of my God in vain." BLAIR.

## SECTION XV.

### *Omniſcience and Omnipreſence of the* DEITY, *the Source of Conſolation to good Men.*

I WAS yeſterday, about ſun-ſet, walking in the open fields, till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours, which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The bluenefs of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened, by the ſeaſon of the year, and the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſsed through it. The galaxy appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full-moon roſe, at length, in that clouded majeſty, which Milton takes notice of; and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs, and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought aroſe in me, which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. David himſelf fell into it in that reflection; "When I conſider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and

the ſon of man that thou regardeſt him!" In the ſame manner, when I conſidered that infinite hoſt of ſtars, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, of ſuns, which were then ſhining upon me; with thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds, riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered; and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former, as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort, while I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure, which I myſelf bore amidſt the immenſity of God's works.

Were the ſun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſsed, more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, it would ſcarcely make a blank in the creation. The chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other; as it is poſsible there may oe ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. By the help of glaſses, we ſee many ſtars, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries.—Huygenius carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſsible there may be ſtars, whoſe light has not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion that the univerſe has certain

bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature; and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which, in all probability, ſwarm through all theſe immeaſureable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves, in ſome degree, to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace; and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature, than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the Divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear, in ſome meaſure, aſcribing it to HIM, in whom there is no

ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſsures us, that his attributes are infinite; but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices, which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſsantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence, his being paſses through, actuates, and ſupports, the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſsentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another; or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which he diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſophers, he is a being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſsarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence. He cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole

material world, which he thus eſsentially pervades; and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation; ſhould it, for millions of years, continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace, with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſsed by the immenſity of the Godhead.

In this conſideration of the Almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience, every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion; for, as it is impoſsible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his notice; and, in unfeigned humility of heart, think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them. ADDISON.

# CHAPTER IV.

## ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

### SECTION I.

*Happineſs is founded in Rectitude of Conduct.*

ALL men purſue good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miſerable for hours; but happy, if poſsible, through every part of their exiſtence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this ſteady, durable kind, or there is not. If not, then all good muſt be tranſient and uncertain; and if ſo, an object of the loweſt value, which can little deſerve our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, ſuch a good as we are ſeeking; like every other thing, it muſt be derived from ſome cauſe; and that cauſe muſt either be external, internal, or mixed; in as much as, except theſe three, there is no other poſsible. Now a ſteady, durable good, cannot be derived from an external cauſe; ſince all derived from externals muſt fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the ſame rule, it cannot be derived from a mixture of the two; becauſe the part which is external, will proportionably deſtroy its eſsence. What then remains but the cauſe internal? the very cauſe which we have ſuppoſed, when we place the ſovereign good in mind,—in rectitude of conduct.

HARRIS.

## SECTION II.

### *Virtue Man's higheſt Intereſt.*

I FIND myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe unknown expanſion.—Where am I? What ſort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every inſtance to my convenience? Is there no exceſs of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own, or a different kind? Is every thing ſubſervient to me, as though I had ordered all myſelf? No—nothing like it—the fartheſt from it poſsible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not. But is it not poſsible ſo to accommodate it, by my own particular induſtry? If to accommodate man and beaſt, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not poſsible. What conſequence then follows; or can there be any other than this—If I ſeek an intereſt of my own detached from that of others, I ſeek an intereſt which is chimerical, and which can never have exiſtence.

How then muſt I determine? Have I no intereſt at all? If I have not, I am ſtationed here to no purpoſe. But why no intereſt? Can I be contented with none but one ſeparate and detached? Is a ſocial intereſt, joined with others, ſuch an abſurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are ſufficient to convince me, that the thing is ſomewhere at leaſt poſsible. How, then, am I aſsured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If ſo, then honour and juſtice

are my intereſt; then the whole train of moral virtues are my intereſt; without ſome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain ſociety.

But, farther ſtill—I ſtop not here—I purſue this ſocial intereſt as far as I can trace my ſeveral relations. I paſs from my own ſtock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diſperſed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourſe of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate!

Again—I muſt have food and cloathing. Without a proper genial warmth, I inſtantly periſh. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? to the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? to that ſtupendous courſe and order of the infinite hoſt of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons ever uniformly paſs on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably ſurvive a moment; ſo abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety! Not only honour and juſtice, and what I owe to man, is my intereſt; but gratitude alſo, acquieſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its great Governour our common Parent.

## SECTION III.

### *The Injuſtice of an uncharitable Spirit.*

A SUSPICIOUS, uncharitable ſpirit is not only inconſiſtent with all ſocial virtue and happineſs, but it is

alſo, in itſelf, unreaſonable and unjuſt. In order to form ſound opinions concerning characters and actions, two things are eſpecially requiſite, information and impartiality. But ſuch as are moſt forward to decide unfavourably, are commonly deſtitute of both. Inſtead of poſſeſſing, or even requiring, full information, the grounds on which they proceed are frequently the moſt ſlight and frivolous. A tale, perhaps, which the idle have invented, the inquiſitive have liſtened to, and the credulous have propagated; or a real incident which rumour, in carrying it along, has exaggerated and diſguiſed, ſupplies them with materials of confident aſſertion, and deciſive judgment. From an action they preſently look into the heart, and infer the motive. This ſuppoſed motive they conclude to be the ruling principle; and pronounce at once concerning the whole character.

Nothing can be more contrary both to equity and to ſound reaſon, than ſuch precipitate judgments. Any man who attends to what paſſes within himſelf, may eaſily diſcern what a complicated ſyſtem the human character is; and what a variety of circumſtances muſt be taken into the account, in order to eſtimate it truly. No ſingle inſtance of conduct whatever, is ſufficient to determine it. As from one worthy action, it were credulity, not charity, to conclude a perſon to be free from all vice; ſo from one which is cenſurable, it is perfectly unjuſt to infer that the author of it is without conſcience, and without merit. If we knew all the attending circumſtances, it might appear in an excuſable light; nay, perhaps, under a commendable form. The motives of the actor may have been entirely diffe-

rent from thoſe which we aſcribe to him; and where we ſuppoſe him impelled by bad deſign, he may have been prompted by conſcience and miſtaken principle. Admitting the action to have been in every view criminal, he may have been hurried into it through inadvertency and ſurpriſe. He may have ſincerely repented; and the virtuous principle may have now regained its full vigour. Perhaps this was the corner of frailty; the quarter on which he lay open to the incurſions of temptation; while the other avenues of his heart were firmly guarded by conſcience.

It is therefore evident, that no part of the government of temper deſerves attention more, than to keep our minds pure from uncharitable prejudices, and open to candour and humanity in judging of others.—The worſt conſequences, both to ourſelves and to ſociety, follow from the oppoſite ſpirit.

BLAIR.

## SECTION IV.

### *The Misfortunes of Men moſtly chargeable on themſelves.*

We find man placed in a world, where he has by no means the diſpoſal of the events that happen. Calamities ſometimes befall the worthieſt and the beſt, which it is not in their power to prevent, and where nothing is left them, but to acknowledge and to ſubmit to the high hand of Heaven. For ſuch viſitations of trial, many good and wiſe reaſons can be aſsigned, which the preſent ſubject leads me not to diſcuſs. But

though thoſe unavoidable calamities make a part, yet they make not the chief part, of the vexations and ſorrows that diſtreſs human life. A multitude of evils beſet us, for the ſource of which we muſt look to another quarter.—No ſooner has any thing in the health, or in the circumſtances of men, gone croſs to their wiſh, than they begin to talk of the unequal diſtribution of the good things of this life; they envy the condition of others; they repine at their own lot, and fret againſt the Ruler of the world.

Full of theſe ſentiments, one man pines under a broken conſtitution. But let us aſk him, whether he can, fairly and honeſtly, aſsign no cauſe for this but the unknown decree of Heaven? Has he duly valued the bleſsing of health, and always obſerved the rules of virtue and ſobriety? Has he been moderate in his life, and temperate in all his pleaſures? If now he is only paying the price of his former, perhaps his forgotten, indulgences, has he any title to complain, as if he were ſuffering unjuſtly? Were we to ſurvey the chambers of ſickneſs and diſtreſs, we ſhould often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and ſenſuality, and with the children of vitious indolence and ſloth. Among the thouſands who languiſh there, we ſhould find the proportion of innocent ſufferers to be ſmall. We ſhould ſee faded youth, premature old age, and the proſpect of an untimely grave, to be the portion of multitudes who, in one way or other, have brought thoſe evils on themſelves; while yet theſe martyrs of vice and folly have the aſsurance to arraign the hard fate of man, and to "fret againſt the Lord."

But you, perhaps, complain of hardſhips of another kind; of the injuſtice of the world; of the poverty

which you ſuffer, and the diſcouragements under which you labour; of the croſses and diſappointments of which your life has been doomed to be full.——Before you give too much ſcope to your diſcontent, let me deſire you to reflect impartially upon your paſt train of life. Have not ſloth, or pride, or ill temper, or ſinful paſsions, miſled you often from the path of ſound and wiſe conduct? Have you not been wanting to yourſelves in improving thoſe opportunities which Providence offered you, for bettering and advancing your ſtate? If you have choſen to indulge your humour, or your taſte, in the gratifications of indolence or pleaſure, can you complain becauſe others, in preference to you, have obtained thoſe advantages which naturally belong to uſeful labours, and honourable purſuits? Have not the conſequences of ſome falſe ſteps, into which your paſsions, or your pleaſures, have betrayed you, purſued you through much of your life; tainted, perhaps, your characters, involved you in embarraſsments, or ſunk you into neglect?—It is an old ſaying, that every man is the artificer of his own fortune in the world. It is certain, that the world ſeldom turns wholly againſt a man, unleſs through his own fault. "Religion is," in general, "profitable unto all things." Virtue, diligence, and induſtry, joined with good temper and prudence, have ever been found the ſureſt road to proſperity; and where men fail of attaining it, their want of ſucceſs is far oftener owing to their having deviated from that road, than to their having encountered inſuperable bars in it. Some, by being too artful, forfeit the reputation of probity. Some, by being too open, are accounted to fail in prudence. Others, by being fickle and changeable, are diſtruſted by all.—The caſe

commonly is, that men ſeek to aſcribe their diſappointments to any cauſe, rather than to their own miſconduct; and when they can deviſe no other cauſe, they lay them to the charge of Providence. Their folly leads them into vices; their vices into misfortunes; and in their misfortunes they "murmur againſt Providence." They are doubly unjuſt towards their Creator. In their proſperity, they are apt to aſcribe their ſucceſs to their own diligence, rather than to his bleſsing; and in their adverſity, they impute their diſtreſses to his providence, not to their own miſbehaviour. Whereas, the truth is the very reverſe of this. "Every good and every perfect gift cometh from above;" and of evil and miſery, man is the author to himſelf.

When, from the condition of individuals, we look abroad to the public ſtate of the world, we meet with more proofs of the truth of this aſsertion. We ſee great ſocieties of men torn in pieces by inteſtine diſſenſions, tumults, and civil commotions. We ſee mighty armies going forth, in formidable array, againſt each other, to cover the earth with blood, and to fill the air with the cries of widows and orphans. Sad evils theſe are, to which this miſerable world is expoſed.—But are theſe evils, I beſeech you, to be imputed to God? Was it he who ſent forth ſlaughtering armies into the field, or who filled the peaceful city with maſsacres and blood? Are theſe miſeries any other, than the bitter fruit of men's violent and diſorderly paſsions? Are they not clearly to be traced to the ambition and vices of princes, to the quarrels of the great, and to the turbulence of the people?—Let us lay them entirely out of the account, in thinking of Providence; and let us think only of the "fooliſhneſs of man." Did man control

his paſsions, and form his conduct according to the dictates of wiſdom, humanity, and virtue, the earth would no longer be deſolated by cruelty; and human ſocieties would live in order, harmony, and peace. In thoſe ſcenes of miſchief and violence which fill the world, let man behold, with ſhame, the picture of his vices, his ignorance, and folly. Let him be humbled by the mortifying view of his own perverſeneſs; but let not his "heart fret againſt the Lord." BLAIR.

## SECTION V.

### *On diſintereſted Friendſhip.*

I AM informed that certain Greek writers (philoſophers, it ſeems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced ſome very extraordinary poſitions relating to friendſhip; as, indeed, what ſubject is there, which theſe ſubtle geniuſes have not tortured with their ſophiſtry?

The authors to whom I refer, diſſuade their diſciples from entering into any ſtrong attachments, as unavoidably creating ſupernumerary diſquietudes to thoſe who engage in them; and, as every man has more than ſufficient to call forth his ſolicitude, in the courſe of his own affairs, it is a weakneſs, they contend, anxiouſly to involve himſelf in the concerns of others. They recommend it alſo, in all connexions of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely looſe; ſo as always to have it in one's power to ſtraiten or relax them, as circumſtances and ſituations ſhall render moſt expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that, "to live exempt from cares, is an eſsential in-

gredient to conſtitute human happineſs: but an ingredient, however, which he, who voluntarily diſtreſses himſelf with cares, in which he has no neceſsary and perſonal intereſt, muſt never hope to poſseſs."

I have been told likewiſe, that there is another ſet of pretended philoſophers, of the ſame country, whoſe tenets, concerning this ſubject, are of a ſtill more illiberal and ungenerous caſt.

The propoſition they attempt to eſtabliſh, is, that "friendſhip is an affair of ſelf-intereſt entirely; and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that aſsiſtance and ſupport which is to be derived from the connexion." Accordingly they aſsert, that thoſe perſons are moſt diſpoſed to have recourſe to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are leaſt qualified by nature, or fortune, to depend upon their own ſtrength and powers: the weaker ſex, for inſtance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendſhips, than the male part of our ſpecies; and thoſe who are depreſsed by indigence, or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the proſperous.

Excellent and obliging ſages, theſe, undoubtedly! To ſtrike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguiſhing the ſun in the natural: each of them being the ſource of the beſt and moſt grateful ſatisfactions, that Heaven has conferred on the ſons of men. But I ſhould be glad to know, what the real value of this boaſted exemption from care, which they promiſe their diſciples, juſtly amounts to? an exemption flattering to ſelf-love, I confeſs; but which, upon many occurrences in human life, ſhould

be rejected with the utmoſt diſdain. For nothing, ſurely, can be more inconſiſtent with a well-poiſed and manly ſpirit, than to decline engaging in any laudable action, or to be diſcouraged from perſevering in it, by an apprehenſion of the trouble and ſolicitude, with which it may probably be attended. Virtue herſelf, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be right to avoid every poſsible means that may be productive of uneaſineſs: for who, that is actuated by her principles, can obſerve the conduct of an oppoſite character, without being affected with ſome degree of ſecret diſsatisfaction? Are not the juſt, the brave, and the good, neceſsarily expoſed to the diſagreeable emotions of diſlike and averſion, when they reſpectively meet with inſtances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villainy? It is an eſsential property of every well-conſtituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleaſure, according to the nature of thoſe moral appearances that preſent themſelves to obſervation.

If ſenſibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wiſdom, (and it ſurely is not, unleſs we ſuppoſe that philoſophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature,) what juſt reaſon can be aſsigned, why the ſympathetic ſufferings which may reſult from friendſhip, ſhould be a ſufficient inducement for baniſhing that generous affection from the human breaſt? Extinguiſh all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not ſay between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with thoſe auſtere philoſophers, who repreſent virtue as hardening the ſoul againſt all the ſofter impreſsions of humanity! The fact, certainly, is much otherwiſe. A truly good man is, upon many occaſions, extremely ſuſ-

ceptible of tender ſentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or ſhrinks with ſorrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend. Upon the whole, then, it may fairly be concluded, that, as in the caſe of virtue, ſo in that of friendſhip, thoſe painful ſenſations, which may ſometimes be produced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally inſufficient grounds for excluding either of them from taking poſſeſſion of our boſoms.

They who inſiſt that "utility is the firſt and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendſhips," appear to me to diveſt the aſſociation of its moſt amiable and engaging principle. For, to a mind rightly diſpoſed, it is not ſo much the benefits received, as the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives them their beſt and moſt valuable recommendation. It is ſo far indeed from being verified by fact, that a ſenſe of our wants is the original cauſe of forming theſe amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is obſervable, that none have been more diſtinguiſhed in their friendſhips than thoſe, whoſe power and opulence, but, above all, whoſe ſuperior virtue (a much firmer ſupport) have raiſed them above every neceſſity of having recourſe to the aſſiſtance of others.

The true diſtinction, then, in this queſtion is, that "although friendſhip is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendſhip." Thoſe ſelfiſh ſenſualiſts, therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, preſume to maintain the reverſe, have ſurely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection, nor experience, to be competent judges of the ſubject.

Is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth, and all the affu-

ence this world can beſtow, if offered to him upon the ſevere terms of his being unconnected with a ſingle mortal whom he could love, or by whom he ſhould be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a deteſted tyrant, who, amidſt perpetual ſuſpicions and alarms, paſſes his miſerable days a ſtranger to every tender ſentiment; and utterly precluded from the heart-felt ſatisfactions of friendſhip.

*Melmoth's Tranſlation of Cicero's Lælius.*

## SECTION VI.

### *On the Immortality of the Soul.*

I WAS yeſterday walking alone, in one of my friend's woods; and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over, in my mind, the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſh this great point; which is the baſis of morality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys, that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs drawn,

Firſt, from the nature of the ſoul itſelf, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not abſolutely neceſſary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, from its paſſions and ſentiments; as, particularly, from its love of exiſtence; its horror of annihilation; and its hopes of immortality; with that ſecret ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue; and that uneaſineſs which follows upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe juſtice, goodneſs, wiſdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among theſe, and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the ſoul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſsibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others, who have written on this ſubject, though it ſeems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing, almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection, that he can never paſs: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments; were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements; I could imagine ſhe might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, conſidered only in his preſent ſtate, ſeems ſent into the world merely to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſsor; and immediately quits

his poſt to make room for him. He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man cannot take in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſsions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next; and without believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſsions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progreſs, which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength; to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſsions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition, which is natural

to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes; and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherub, which now appears as a god to a human ſoul, knows very well, that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it; and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration, may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection! We know not yet what we ſhall be; nor will it ever enter into the heart of man, to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a poſſibility of touching it: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to HIM, who is the ſtandard not only of perfection, but of happineſs! ADDISON.

# CHAPTER V.

## DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

### SECTION I.

### *The Seasons.*

AMONG the great blessings and wonders of the creation, may be classed the regularities of times and seasons. Immediately after the flood, the sacred promise was made to man, that seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, should continue to the very end of all things. Accordingly, in obedience to that promise, the rotation is constantly presenting us with some useful and agreeable alteration; and all the pleasing novelty of life arises from these natural changes: nor are we less indebted to them for many of its solid comforts. It has been frequently the task of the moralist and poet, to mark, in polished periods, the particular charms and conveniences of every change; and, indeed, such discriminate observations upon natural variety, cannot be undelightful; since the blessing, which every month brings along with it, is a fresh instance of the wisdom and bounty of that Providence, which regulates the glories of the year. We glow as we contemplate; we feel a propensity to adore, whilst we enjoy. In the time of seed-sowing, it is the season of *confidence:* the grain which the husbandman trusts to the bosom of the

earth ſhall, haply, yield its ſeven-fold rewards. Spring preſents us with a ſcene of lively *expectation*. That which was before ſown begins now to diſcover ſigns of ſucceſsful vegetation. The labourer obſerves the change, and anticipates the harveſt: he watches the progreſs of nature, and ſmiles at her influence; while the man of contemplation walks forth with the evening, amidſt the fragrance of flowers, and promiſes of plenty; nor returns to his cottage till darkneſs cloſes the ſcene upon his eye. Then cometh the harveſt, when the large wiſh is ſatisfied, and the granaries of nature are loaded with the means of life, even to a luxury of abundance. The powers of language are unequal to the deſcription of this happy ſeaſon. It is the carnival of nature: ſun and ſhade, coolneſs and quietude, cheerfulneſs and melody, love and gratitude, unite to render every ſcene of ſummer delightful.—The diviſion of light and darkneſs is one of the kindeſt efforts of Omnipotent Wiſdom. Day and night yield us contrary bleſsings; and, at the ſame time, aſsiſt each other, by giving freſh luſtre to the delights of both. Amidſt the glare of day, and buſtle of life, how could we ſleep? Amidſt the gloom of darkneſs, how could we labour?

How wiſe, how benignant, then, is the proper diviſion! The hours of light are adapted to activity; and thoſe of darkneſs, to reſt. Ere the day is paſsed, exerciſe and nature prepare us for the pillow; and by the time that the morning returns, we are again able to meet it with a ſmile. Thus, every ſeaſon has a charm peculiar to itſelf; and every moment affords ſome intereſting innovation. MELMOTH.

## SECTION II.

### *The Cataract of Niagara, in Canada, North America.*

THIS amazing fall of water is made by the River St. Lawrence, in its paſsage from lake Erie into the lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largeſt rivers in the world; and yet the whole of its waters is diſcharged in this place, by a fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not eaſy to bring the imagination to correſpond to the greatneſs of the ſcene. A river extremely deep and rapid, and that ſerves to drain the waters of almoſt all North America into the Atlantic Ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that riſes, like a wall, acroſs the whole bed of its ſtream. The river, a little above, is near three quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks, where it grows narrower, are four hundred yards over. Their direction is not ſtraight acroſs, but hollowing inwards like a horſe-ſhoe: ſo that the cataract, which bends to the ſhape of the obſtacle, rounding inwards, preſents a kind of theatre the moſt tremendous in nature. Juſt in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little iſland, that has braved the fury of the current, preſents one of its points, and divides the ſtream at top into two parts; but they unite again long before they reach the bottom. The noiſe of the fall is heard at the diſtance of ſeveral leagues; and the fury of the waters, at the termination of their fall, is inconceivable. The daſhing produces a miſt that riſes to the very clouds; and which forms a moſt beautiful rainbow, when the ſun ſhines. It will readily be ſuppoſed, that ſuch a cataract entirely deſtroys the navigation of the ſtream;

and yet ſome Indians in their canoes, as it is ſaid, have ventured down it with ſafety. GOLDSMITH.

## SECTION III.

### *The Grotto of Antiparos.*

Of all the ſubterraneous caverns now known, the grotto of Antiparos is the moſt remarkable, as well for its extent, as for the beauty of its ſparry incruſtations. This celebrated cavern was firſt explored by one Magni, an Italian traveller, about a hundred years ago, at Antiparos, an inconſiderable iſland of the Archipelago. "Having been informed," ſays he, "by the natives of Paros, that, in the little iſland of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic ſtatue was to be ſeen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was reſolved that we (the French Conſul and himſelf) ſhould pay it a viſit. In purſuance of this reſolution, after we had landed on the iſland, and walked about four miles through the midſt of beautiful plains, and ſloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the ſide of which yawned a moſt horrid cavern, that by its gloom at firſt ſtruck us with terror, and almoſt repreſsed curioſity. Recovering the firſt ſurpriſe, however, we entered boldly; and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the ſuppoſed ſtatue of the giant preſented itſelf to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant, was nothing more than a ſparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure, which their fears had

formed into a monſter. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed ſtill further, in queſt of new adventures in this ſubterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themſelves; the ſpars, formed into trees and ſhrubs, preſented a kind of petrified grove; ſome white, ſome green; and all receding in due perſpective. They ſtruck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of Nature, who, hitherto in ſolitude, had, in her playful moments, dreſsed the ſcene, as if for her own amuſement."

"We had as yet ſeen but a few of the wonders of the place; and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half illuminated receſs, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which ſeemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives aſsured us contained nothing more than a reſervoir of water. Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down ſome ſtones, which rumbling along the ſides of the deſcent for ſome time, the ſound ſeemed at laſt quaſhed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we ſent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promiſe of a good reward, with a flambeau in his hand, ventured into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, bearing in his hand, ſome beautiful pieces of white ſpar, which art could neither equal nor imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of theſe beautiful incruſtations, I ventured in once more with him, about fifty paces, anxiouſly and cautiouſly deſcending, by a ſteep and dangerous way. Finding, however, that we came to a precipice which led into

a ſpacious amphitheatre, (if I may ſo call it,) ſtill deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, flambeau, and other things to expedite our deſcent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the ſame opening; and deſcending one after another, we at laſt ſaw ourſelves all together in the moſt magnificent part of the cavern."

### *SECTION IV.*

### *The Grotto of Antiparos continued.*

"OUR candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be preſented with a more glittering, or a more magnificent ſcene. The whole roof hung with ſolid iſicles, tranſparent as glaſs, yet ſolid as marble. The eye could ſcarcely reach the lofty and noble cieling; the ſides were regularly formed with ſpars; and the whole preſented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immenſe profuſion of lights. The floor conſiſted of ſolid marble: and, in ſeveral places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had deſigned to mock the curioſities of art. Our voices, upon ſpeaking or ſinging, were redoubled to an aſtoniſhing loudneſs; and upon the firing of a gun, the noiſe and reverberations were almoſt deafening. In the midſt of this grand amphitheatre roſe a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in ſome meaſure, reſembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we cauſed maſs to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that ſhot up round the altar, appeared like candleſticks; and many other natural

objects repreſented the cuſtomary ornaments of this rite."

"Below even this ſpacious grotto there ſeemed another cavern; down which I ventured with my former mariner, and deſcended about fifty paces by means of a rope. I at laſt arrived at a ſmall ſpot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being compoſed of ſoft clay, yielding to the preſsure, and in which I thruſt a ſtick to the depth of ſix feet. In this, however, as above, numbers of the moſt beautiful cryſtals were formed; one of which, particularly, reſembled a table. Upon our egreſs from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inſcription upon a rock at the mouth, but ſo obliterated by time, that we could not read it diſtinctly. It ſeemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had come hither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think fit to inform us." This account of ſo beautiful and ſtriking a ſcene, may ſerve to give us ſome idea of the ſubterraneous wonders of nature.

GOLDSMITH.

## *SECTION V.*

### *Earthquake at Catanea.*

ONE of the earthquakes moſt particularly deſcribed in hiſtory, is that which happened in the year 1693; the damages of which were chiefly felt in Sicily, but its motion was perceived in Germany, France, and England. It extended to a circumference of two thouſand ſix hundred leagues; chiefly affecting the

ſea-coaſts, and great rivers; more perceivable alſo upon the mountains than in the valleys. Its motions were ſo rapid, that perſons who lay at their length, were toſsed from ſide to ſide, as upon a rolling billow. The walls were daſhed from their foundations; and no fewer than fifty-four cities, with an incredible number of villages, were either deſtroyed or greatly damaged. The city of Catanea, in particular, was utterly overthrown. A traveller, who was on his way thither, perceived, at the diſtance of ſome miles, a black cloud, like night, hanging over the place. The ſea, all of a ſudden, began to roar; Mount Ætna to ſend forth great ſpires of flame; and ſoon after a ſhock enſued, with a noiſe as if all the artillery in the world had been at once diſcharged. Our traveller, being obliged to alight inſtantly, felt himſelf raiſed a foot from the ground; and turning his eyes to the city, he with amazement ſaw nothing but a thick cloud of duſt in the air. The birds flew about aſtoniſhed; the ſun was darkened; the beaſts ran howling from the hills; and although the ſhock did not continue above three minutes, yet near nineteen thouſand of the inhabitants of Sicily periſhed in the ruins. Catanea, to which city the deſcriber was travelling, ſeemed the principal ſcene of ruin; its place only was to be found; and not a footſtep of its former magnificence was to be ſeen remaining.

GOLDSMITH.

## SECTION VI.

### *Creation.*

In the progreſs of the Divine works and government, there arrived a period, in which this earth was to be called into exiſtence. When the ſignal moment, predeſtined from all eternity, was come, the Deity aroſe in his might; and with a word created the world.—What an illuſtrious moment was that, when, from non-exiſtence, there ſprang at once into being, this mighty globe, on which ſo many millions of creatures now dwell!—No preparatory meaſures were required. No long circuit of means was employed. "He ſpake; and it was done: He commanded; and it ſtood faſt. The earth was at firſt without form, and void; and darkneſs was on the face of the deep." The Almighty ſurveyed the dark abyſs; and fixed bounds to the ſeveral diviſions of nature. He ſaid, "Let there be light; and there was light." Then appeared the ſea, and the dry land. The mountains roſe; and the rivers flowed. The ſun and moon began their courſe in the ſkies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground. The air, the earth, and the waters, were ſtored with their reſpective inhabitants. At laſt, man was made after the image of God. He appeared, walking with countenance erect; and received his Creator's benediction, as the Lord of this new world. The Almighty beheld his work when it was finiſhed; and pronounced it GOOD. Superior beings ſaw with wonder this new acceſsion to exiſtence. "The morning ſtars ſang together; and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy."

BLAIR.

## SECTION VII.

### *On Charity.*

CHARITY is the ſame with benevolence or love; and is the term uniformly employed in the New Teſtament, to denote all the good affections which we ought to bear towards one another. It conſiſts not in ſpeculative ideas of general benevolence, floating in the head, and leaving the heart, as ſpeculations too often do, untouched and cold. Neither is it confined to that indolent good nature, which makes us reſt ſatisfied with being free from inveterate malice, or ill-will to our fellow-creatures, without prompting us to be of ſervice to any. True charity is an active principle. It is not properly a ſingle virtue; but a diſpoſition reſiding in the heart, as a fountain whence all the virtues of benignity, candour, forbearance, generoſity, compaſsion, and liberality, flow, as ſo many native ſtreams. From general good-will to all, it extends its influence particularly to thoſe with whom we ſtand in neareſt connexion, and who are directly within the ſphere of our good offices. From the country or community to which we belong, it deſcends to the ſmaller aſsociations of neighbourhood, relations, and friends; and ſpreads itſelf over the whole circle of ſocial and domeſtic life. I mean not that it imports a promiſcuous undiſtinguiſhing affection, which gives every man an equal title to our love. Charity, if we ſhould endeavour to carry it ſo far, would be rendered an impracticable virtue; and would reſolve itſelf into mere words, without affecting the heart. True charity attempts not to ſhut our eyes to the

diſtinction between good and bad men; nor to warm our hearts equally to thoſe who befriend, and thoſe who injure us. It reſerves our eſteem for good men, and our complacency for our friends. Towards our enemies it inſpires forgiveneſs, humanity, and a ſolicitude for their welfare. It breathes univerſal candour, and liberality of ſentiment. It forms gentleneſs of temper, and dictates affability of manners. It prompts correſponding ſympathies with them who rejoice, and them who weep. It teaches us to ſlight and deſpiſe no man. Charity is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppreſsed, the reconciler of differences, the interceſsor for offenders. It is faithfulneſs in the friend, public ſpirit in the magiſtrate, equity and patience in the judge, moderation in the ſovereign, and loyalty in the ſubject. In parents, it is care and attention; in children, it is reverence and ſubmiſsion. In a word, it is the ſoul of ſocial life. It is the ſun that enlivens and cheers the abodes of men. It is "like the dew of Hermon," ſays the Pſalmiſt, "and the dew that deſcendeth on the mountains of Zion, where the Lord commanded the bleſsing, even life for evermore." BLAIR.

## SECTION VIII.

### *Proſperity is redoubled to a good Man.*

NONE but the temperate, the regular, and the virtuous, know how to enjoy proſperity. They bring to its comforts the manly reliſh of a ſound uncorrupted mind. They ſtop at the proper point, before enjoyment degenerates into diſguſt, and pleaſure is con-

verted into pain. They are ſtrangers to thoſe complaints which flow from ſpleen, caprice, and all the fantaſtical diſtreſses of a vitiated mind. While riotous indulgence enervates both the body and the mind, purity and virtue heighten all the powers of human fruition.

Feeble are all pleaſures in which the heart has no ſhare. The ſelfiſh gratifications of the bad, are both narrow in their circle, and ſhort in their duration. But proſperity is redoubled to a good man, by his generous uſe of it. It is reflected back upon him from every one whom he makes happy. In the intercourſe of domeſtic affection, in the attachment of friends, the gratitude of dependents, the eſteem and good-will of all who know him, he ſees bleſsings multiplied round him, on every ſide. "When the ear heard me, then it bleſsed me; and when the eye ſaw me, it gave witneſs to me: Becauſe I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him. The bleſsing of him that was ready to periſh came upon me, and I cauſed the widow's heart to ſing with joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame: I was a father to the poor; and the cauſe which I knew not, I ſearched out."—Thus, while the righteous man flouriſhes like a tree planted by the rivers of water, he brings forth alſo his fruit in its ſeaſon: And that fruit he brings forth, not for himſelf alone. He flouriſhes, not like a tree in ſome ſolitary deſert, which ſcatters its bloſsoms to the wind, and communicates neither fruit nor ſhade to any living thing: but like a tree in the midſt of an inhabited country, which to ſome affords friendly ſhelter, to others, fruit; which is not only admired by all for its

beauty; but bleſsed by the traveller for the ſhade, and by the hungry, for the ſuſtenance it hath given.

BLAIR.

## SECTION IX.

### *On the Beauties of the Pſalms.*

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and ſorrows of life: its ſhare of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the monarch of Iſrael experienced. He fought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire; and alleviated the diſquietudes of ſtate, with the exerciſes of devotion. His invaluable Pſalms convey thoſe comforts to others, which they afforded to himſelf. Compoſed upon particular occaſions, yet deſigned for general uſe; delivered out as ſervices for Iſraelites under the Law, yet no leſs adapted to the circumſtances of Chriſtians under the Goſpel; they preſent religion to us in the moſt engaging dreſs; communicating truths which philoſophy could never inveſtigate, in a ſtyle which poetry can never equal; while hiſtory is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to pleaſe, they inform the underſtanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of HIM, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they ſuit mankind in all ſituations; grateful as the manna which deſcended from above, and conformed itſelf to every palate.

The faireſt productions of human wit, after a few

perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy: but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

And now, could the Author flatter himself, that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work, which he has taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly. Vanity and vexation flew away for a season; care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh as the morning, to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last: for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass; they moved smoothly and swiftly along: for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but they have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind; and the remembrance of them is sweet.

HORNE.

## SECTION X.

## *Character of* ALFRED, *King of England.*

THE merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may, with advantage, be ſet in oppoſition to that of any monarch or citizen, which the annals of any age, or any nation, can preſent to us. He ſeems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a ſage or wiſe man, the philoſophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever ſeeing it reduced to practice: ſo happily were all his virtues tempered together; ſo juſtly were they blended; and ſo powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds.

He knew how to conciliate the moſt enterpriſing ſpirit with the cooleſt moderation; the moſt obſtinate perſeverance, with the eaſieſt flexibility; the moſt ſevere juſtice, with the greateſt lenity; the greateſt rigour in command, with the greateſt affability of deportment; the higheſt capacity and inclination for ſcience, with the moſt ſhining talents for action.

Nature alſo, as if deſirous that ſo bright a production of her ſkill ſhould be ſet in the faireſt light, had beſtowed on him all bodily accompliſhments; vigour of limbs, dignity of ſhape and air, and a pleaſant, engaging, and open countenance. By living in that barbarous age, he was deprived of hiſtorians worthy to tranſmit his fame to poſterity; and we wiſh to ſee him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular ſtrokes, that we might at leaſt perceive ſome of

thoſe ſmall ſpecks and blemiſhes, from which, as a man, it is impoſsible he could be entirely exempted.

HUME.

## SECTION XI.

### *Character of Queen Elizabeth.*

THERE are few perſonages in hiſtory, who have been more expoſed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there ſcarcely is any, whoſe reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous conſent of poſterity. The unuſual length of her adminiſtration, and the ſtrong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers ſomewhat of their panegyrics, have, at laſt, in ſpite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animoſities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her conſtancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and addreſs, are allowed to merit the higheſt praiſes; and appear not to have been ſurpaſsed by any perſon who ever filled a throne: a conduct leſs rigorous, leſs imperious, more ſincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requiſite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, ſhe controlled all her more active and ſtronger qualities; and prevented them from running into exceſs. Her heroiſm was exempted from all temerity; her frugality from avarice; her friendſhip from partiality; her enterpriſe from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herſelf, with equal care, or

equal ſucceſs, from leſs infirmities; the rivalſhip of beauty, the deſire of admiration, the jealouſy of love, and the ſallies of anger.

Her ſingular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herſelf, ſhe ſoon obtained an uncontrolled aſcendant over the people. Few ſovereigns of England ſucceeded to the throne in more difficult circumſtances; and none ever conducted the government with ſuch uniform ſucceſs and felicity.—Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true ſecret for managing religious factions, ſhe preſerved her people by her ſuperior prudence, from thoſe confuſions in which theological controverſy had involved all the neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the moſt powerful princes of Europe, the moſt active, the moſt enterpriſing, the leaſt ſcrupulous, ſhe was able, by her vigour, to make deep impreſsions on their ſtate; her own greatneſs meanwhile remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wiſe miniſters and brave men who flouriſhed during her reign, ſhare the praiſe of her ſucceſs; but, inſtead of leſsening the applauſe due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were ſupported by her conſtancy; and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire an undue aſcendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, ſhe remained equally miſtreſs. The force of the tender paſsions was great over her, but the force of her mind was ſtill ſuperior: and the combat which her victory viſibly coſt her, ſerves only to diſplay the firmneſs of her reſolution, and the loftineſs of her ambitious ſentiments.

The fame of this princeſs, though it has ſurmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies ſtill expoſed to another prejudice, which is more durable, becauſe more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we ſurvey her, is capable either of exalting beyond meaſure, or diminiſhing, the luſtre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the conſideration of her ſex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be ſtruck with the higheſt admiration of her qualities and extenſive capacity; but we are alſo apt to require ſome more ſoftneſs of diſpoſition, ſome greater lenity of temper, ſome of thoſe amiable weakneſses by which her ſex is diſtinguiſhed. But the true method of eſtimating her merit, is, to lay aſide all theſe conſiderations, and to conſider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intruſted with the government of mankind. HUME.

## SECTION XII.

### *On the Slavery of Vice.*

THE ſlavery produced by vice appears in the dependence under which it brings the ſinner, to circumſtances of external fortune. One of the favourite characters of liberty, is the independence it beſtows. He who is truly a freeman is above all ſervile compliances, and abject ſubjection. He is able to reſt upon himſelf; and while he regards his ſuperiors with proper deference, neither debaſes himſelf by cringing to them, nor is tempted to purchaſe their favour by diſhonourable means. But the ſinner has forfeited every privilege of

this nature. His paſsions and habits render him an abſolute dependent on the world, and the world's favour; on the uncertain goods of fortune, and the fickle humours of men. For it is by theſe he ſubſiſts, and among theſe his happineſs is ſought; according as his paſsions determine him to purſue pleaſures, riches, or preferments. Having no fund within himſelf whence to draw enjoyment, his only reſource is in things without. His hopes and fears all hang upon the world. He partakes in all its viciſsitudes; and is moved and ſhaken by every wind of fortune. This is to be in the ſtricteſt ſenſe a ſlave to the world.

Religion and virtue, on the other hand, confer on the mind principles of noble independence. "The upright man is ſatisfied from himſelf." He deſpiſes not the advantages of fortune, but he centres not his happineſs in them. With a moderate ſhare of them he can be contented; and contentment is felicity. Happy in his own integrity, conſcious of the eſteem of good men, repoſing firm truſt in the providence, and the promiſes of God, he is exempted from ſervile dependence on other things. He can wrap himſelf up in a good conſcience, and look forward, without terror, to the change of the world. Let all things ſhift around him as they pleaſe, he believes that, by the Divine ordination, they ſhall be made to work together in the iſsue for his good: And therefore, having much to hope from God, and little to fear from the world, he can be eaſy in every ſtate. One who poſseſses within himſelf ſuch an eſtabliſhment of mind, is truly free. But ſhall I call that man free, who has nothing that is his own, no property aſsured; whoſe very heart is not his own, but rendered the appendage of external things, and

the ſport of fortune? Is that man free, let his outward condition be ever ſo ſplendid, whom his imperious paſsions detain at their call, whom they ſend forth at their pleaſure, to drudge and toil, and to beg his only enjoyment from the caſualties of the world? Is he free, who muſt flatter and lie to compaſs his ends; who muſt bear with this man's caprice, and that man's ſcorn; muſt profeſs friendſhip where he hates, and reſpect where he contemns; who is not at liberty to appear in his own colours, nor to ſpeak his own ſentiments; who dares not be honeſt, leſt he ſhould be poor?——Believe it, no chains bind ſo hard, no fetters are ſo heavy, as thoſe which faſten the corrupted heart to this treacherous world; no dependence is more contemptible than that under which the voluptuous, the covetous, or the ambitious man, lies to the means of pleaſure, gain, or power. Yet this is the boaſted liberty, which vice promiſes, as the recompenſe of ſetting us free from the ſalutary reſtraints of virtue. BLAIR.

## SECTION XIII.

### *The Man of Integrity.*

It will not take much time to delineate the character of the man of integrity, as by its nature it is a plain one, and eaſily underſtood. He is one, who makes it his conſtant rule to follow the road of duty, according as the word of God, and the voice of his conſcience, point it out to him. He is not guided merely by affections, which may ſometimes give the

colour of virtue to a loose and unstable character. The upright man is guided by a fixed principle of mind, which determines him to esteem nothing but what is honourable; and to abhor whatever is base and unworthy, in moral conduct. Hence we find him ever the same; at all times, the trusty friend, the affectionate relation, the conscientious man of business, the pious worshipper, the public spirited citizen. He assumes no borrowed appearance. He seeks no mask to cover him; for he acts no studied part; but he is indeed what he appears to be, full of truth, candour, and humanity. In all his pursuits, he knows no path but the fair and direct one; and would much rather fail of success, than attain it by reproachful means. He never shows us a smiling countenance, while he meditates evil against us in his heart. He never praises us among our friends; and then joins in traducing us among our enemies. We shall never find one part of his character at variance with another. In his manners, he is simple and unaffected; in all his proceedings, open and consistent. BLAIR.

## SECTION XIV.

### *On Gentleness.*

I begin with distinguishing true gentleness from passive tameness of spirit, and from unlimited compliance with the manners of others. That passive tameness, which submits, without opposition, to every encroachment of the violent and assuming, forms no part of Christian duty; but, on the contrary, is destructive of general happiness and order. That unli-

mited complaiſance, which, on every occaſion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others, is ſo far from being a virtue, that it is itſelf a vice, and the parent of many vices. It overthrows all ſteadineſs of principle; and produces that ſinful conformity with the world, which taints the whole character. In the preſent corrupted ſtate of human manners, always to aſſent and to comply, is the very worſt maxim we can adopt. It is impoſsible to ſupport the purity and dignity of Chriſtian morals, without oppoſing the world on various occaſions, even though we ſhould ſtand alone. That gentleneſs therefore which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully diſtinguiſhed from the mean ſpirit of cowards, and the fawning aſsent of ſycophants. It renounces no juſt right from fear. It gives up no important truth from flattery. It is indeed not only conſiſtent with a firm mind, but it neceſsarily requires a manly ſpirit, and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value. Upon this ſolid ground only, the poliſh of gentleneſs can with advantage be ſuperinduced.

It ſtands oppoſed, not to the moſt determined regard for virtue and truth, but to harſhneſs and ſeverity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppreſsion. It is, properly, that part of the great virtue of charity, which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our brethren. Compaſsion prompts us to relieve their wants. Forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries. Meekneſs reſtrains our angry paſsions; candour, our ſevere judgments. Gentleneſs corrects whatever is offenſive in our manners; and, by a conſtant train of humane attentions, ſtudies to alleviate the burden of common miſery. Its office, therefore, is

extenſive. It is not, like ſome other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies; but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourſe with men. It ought to form our addreſs, to regulate our ſpeech, and to diffuſe itſelf over our whole behaviour.

We muſt not, however, confound this gentle "wiſdom which is from above," with that artificial courteſy, that ſtudied ſmoothneſs of manners, which is learned in the ſchool of the world. Such accompliſhments, the moſt frivolous and empty may poſſeſs. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a ſnare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baſeneſs of their minds. We cannot, at the ſame time, avoid obſerving the homage, which, even in ſuch inſtances, the world is conſtrained to pay to virtue. In order to render ſociety agreeable, it is found neceſsary to aſsume ſomewhat, that may at leaſt carry its appearance. Virtue is the univerſal charm. Even its ſhadow is courted, when the ſubſtance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the firſt ſtudy of all who would either gain the eſteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the ſpeech, and to adopt the manners, of candour, gentleneſs, and humanity. But that gentleneſs which is the characteriſtic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its ſeat in the heart; and let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleaſing. For no aſsumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which ſprings from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful, than in all the ſtudied manners of the moſt finiſhed courtier.

True gentleneſs is founded on a ſenſe of what we owe to HIM who made us, and to the common nature of which we all ſhare. It ariſes from reflection on our own failings and wants; and from juſt views of the condition, and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which eaſily relents; which feels for every thing that is human; and is backward and ſlow to inflict the leaſt wound. It is affable in its addreſs, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindneſs towards friends, courteſy to ſtrangers, long-ſuffering to enemies. It exerciſes authority with moderation; adminiſters reproof with tenderneſs; confers favours with eaſe and modeſty. It is unaſſuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; ſlow to contradict, and ſtill ſlower to blame; but prompt to allay diſſention, and to reſtore peace. It neither intermeddles unneceſſarily with the affairs, nor pries inquiſitively into the ſecrets of others. It delights above all things to alleviate diſtreſs; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to ſooth at leaſt the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being uſeful, it is never burdenſome. It ſeeks to pleaſe, rather than to ſhine and dazzle; and conceals with care that ſuperiority, either of talents, or of rank, which is oppreſſive to thoſe who are beneath it. In a word, it is that ſpirit and that tenour of manners, which the goſpel of Chriſt enjoins, when it commands us "to bear one another's burdens; to rejoice with thoſe who rejoice, and to weep with thoſe who weep; to pleaſe every one his neighbour for his good; to be kind and tender-hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to ſupport the weak, and to be patient towards all men." BLAIR.

# CHAPTER VI.

## PATHETIC PIECES.

### SECTION I.

*Trial and Execution of the* EARL *of* STRAFFORD, *who fell a Sacrifice to the Violence of the Times, in the Reign of* CHARLES *the First.*

THE Earl of Strafford defended himſelf againſt the accuſations of the houſe of Commons, with all the preſence of mind, judgment, and ſagacity, that could be expected from innocence and ability. His children were placed beſide him, as he was thus defending his life, and the cauſe of his royal maſter. After he had, in a long and eloquent ſpeech, delivered without premeditation, confuted all the accuſations of his enemies, he thus drew to a concluſion. "But, my Lords, I have troubled you too long: longer than I ſhould have done, but for the ſake of theſe dear pledges, which a ſaint in heaven has left me."—Upon this he pauſed; dropped a tear; looked upon his children; and proceeded.——"What I forfeit for myſelf is a trifle: that my indiſcretions ſhould reach my poſterity, wounds me to the heart. Pardon my infirmity.—Something I ſhould have added, but I am not able; and therefore I let it paſs. And now, my Lords, for myſelf. I have long been taught, that the afflictions of this life are overpaid by that eternal weight of glory, which awaits the innocent. And ſo, my Lords, even ſo, with the

utmoſt tranquillity, I ſubmit myſelf to your judgment, whether that judgment be life or death: not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

His eloquence and innocence induced thoſe judges to pity, who were the moſt zealous to condemn him. The King himſelf went to the Houſe of Lords, and ſpoke for ſome time in his defence; but the ſpirit of vengeance, which had been chained for eleven years, was now rouſed; and nothing but his blood could give the people ſatisfaction. He was condemned by both Houſes of Parliament; and nothing remained but for the King to give his conſent to the bill of attainder. But in the preſent commotions, the conſent of the King would very eaſily be diſpenſed with; and imminent danger might attend his refuſal. Charles, however, who loved Strafford tenderly, heſitated, and ſeemed reluctant; trying every expedient to put off ſo dreadful an office, as that of ſigning the warrant for his execution. While he continued in this agitation of mind, and ſtate of ſuſpenſe, his doubts were at laſt ſilenced by an act of great magnanimity in the condemned Lord. He received a letter from that unfortunate nobleman, deſiring that his life might be made a ſacrifice to obtain reconciliation between the King and his people: adding, that he was prepared to die; and that to a willing mind there could be no injury. This inſtance of noble generoſity was but ill repaid by his maſter, who complied with his requeſt. He conſented to ſign the fatal bill by commiſsion; and Strafford was beheaded on Tower-Hill; behaving with all that compoſed dignity of reſolution, which was expected from his character.

GOLDSMITH.

## SECTION II.

### *An eminent Inſtance of true Fortitude of Mind.*

ALL who have been diſtinguiſhed as ſervants of God, or benefactors of men; all who, in perilous ſituations, have acted their part with ſuch honour as to render their names illuſtrious through ſucceeding ages, have been eminent for fortitude of mind. Of this we have one conſpicuous example in the Apoſtle Paul, whom it will be inſtructive for us to view in a remarkable occurrence of his life. After having long acted as the apoſtle of the Gentiles, his miſsion called him to go to Jeruſalem, where he knew that he was to encounter the utmoſt violence of his enemies. Juſt before he ſet ſail, he called together the elders of his favourite church at Epheſus; and, in a pathetic ſpeech, which does great honour to his character, gave them his laſt farewel. Deeply affected by their knowledge of the certain dangers to which he was expoſing himſelf, all the aſſembly were filled with diſtreſs, and melted into tears. The circumſtances were ſuch, as might have conveyed dejection even into a reſolute mind; and would have totally overwhelmed the feeble. "They all wept ſore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kiſsed him; ſorrowing moſt of all for the words which he ſpoke, that they ſhould ſee his face no more."—What were then the ſentiments, what was the language, of this great and good man? Hear the words which ſpoke his firm and undaunted mind. "Behold, I go bound in the ſpirit, to Jeruſalem, not knowing the things that ſhall befall me there; ſave that the

Holy Spirit witneſseth in every city, ſaying, that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of theſe things move me; neither count I my life dear to myſelf, ſo that I might finiſh my courſe with joy, and the miniſtry which I have received of the Lord Jeſus, to teſtify the goſpel of the grace of God." There was uttered the voice, there breathed the ſpirit, of a brave and a virtuous man. Such a man knows not what it is to ſhrink from danger, when conſcience points out his path. In that path he is determined to walk; let the conſequences be what they may.

This was the magnanimous behaviour of that great Apoſtle, when he had perſecution and diſtreſs full in view. Attend now to the ſentiments of the ſame excellent man, when the time of his laſt ſuffering approached; and remark the majeſty, and the eaſe, with which he looked on death. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight. I have finiſhed my courſe. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteouſneſs." How many years of life does ſuch a dying moment overbalance? Who would not chooſe, in this manner, to go off the ſtage, with ſuch a ſong of triumph in his mouth, rather than prolong his exiſtence through a wretched old age, ſtained with ſin and ſhame? BLAIR.

## SECTION III.

### *The good Man's comfort in Affliction.*

THE religion of Chriſt not only arms us with fortitude againſt the approach of evil; but, ſuppoſing evils

to fall upon us with their heavieſt preſsure, it lightens the load by many conſolations to which others are ſtrangers. While bad men trace, in the calamities with which they are viſited, the hand of an offended ſovereign, Chriſtians are taught to view them as the well-intended chaſtiſements of a merciful Father. They hear amidſt them, that ſtill voice which a good conſcience brings to their ear: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not diſmayed, for I am thy God." They apply to themſelves the comfortable promiſes with which the goſpel abounds. They diſcover in theſe the happy iſsue decreed to their troubles; and wait with patience till Providence ſhall have accompliſhed its great and good deſigns. In the mean time, Devotion opens to them its bleſſed and holy ſanctuary: That ſanctuary in which the wounded heart is healed, and the weary mind is at reſt; where the cares of the world are forgotten, where its tumults are huſhed, and its miſeries diſappear; where greater objects open to our view than any which the world preſents; where a more ſerene ſky ſhines, and a ſweeter and calmer light beams on the afflicted heart. In thoſe moments of devotion, a pious man pouring out his wants and ſorrows to an almighty Supporter, feels that he is not left ſolitary and forſaken in a vale of woe. God is with him; Chriſt and the Holy Spirit are with him; and, though he ſhould be bereaved of every friend on earth, he can look up in heaven to a Friend that will never deſert him.

BLAIR.

## SECTION IV.

### *The Close of Life.*

WHEN we contemplate the close of life; the termination of man's designs and hopes; the silence that now reigns among those who, a little while ago, were so busy, or so gay; who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender? What heart but then warms with the glow of humanity? In whose eye does not the tear gather, on revolving the fate of passing and short-lived man?

Behold the poor man who lays down at last the burden of his wearisome life. No more shall he groan under the load of poverty and toil. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master, from whom he received his scanty wages. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw, nor be hurried away from his homely meal, to undergo the repeated labours of the day. While his humble grave is preparing, and a few poor and decayed neighbours are carrying him thither, it is good for us to think, that this man too was our brother; that for him the aged and destitute wife, and the needy children, now weep; that, neglected as he was by the world, he possessed perhaps both a sound understanding, and a worthy heart; and is now carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom.—At no great distance from him, the grave is opened to receive the rich and proud man. For, as it is said with emphasis in the parable, "the rich man also died, and was buried." He also died. His riches prevented not his sharing

the ſame fate with the poor man; perhaps, through luxury, they accelerated his doom. Then, indeed, "the mourners go about the ſtreets;" and while, in all the pomp and magnificence of woe, his funeral is preparing, his heirs, impatient to examine his will, are looking on one another with jealous eyes, and already beginning to diſpute about the diviſion of his ſubſtance.—One day, we ſee carried along the coffin of the ſmiling infant; the flower juſt nipped as it began to bloſsom in the parent's view: and the next day, we behold the young man, or young woman, of blooming form and promiſing hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous unconcerned company, who are diſcourſing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the houſe of mourning, and repreſent to themſelves what is paſſing there. There we ſhould ſee a diſconſolate family, ſitting in ſilent grief, thinking of the ſad breach that is made in their little ſociety; and, with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that preſents itſelf of their departed friend. By ſuch attention to the woes of others, the ſelfiſh hardneſs of our hearts will be gradually ſoftened, and melted down into humanity.

Another day, we follow to the grave, one who, in old age, and after a long career of life, has in full maturity ſunk at laſt into reſt. As we are going along to the manſion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and to diſcourſe, of all the changes which ſuch a perſon has ſeen during the courſe of his life. He has paſsed, it is likely, through varieties of fortune. He

has experienced prosperity, and adversity. He has seen families and kindreds rise and fall. He has seen peace and war succeeding in their turns; the face of his country undergoing many alterations; and the very city in which he dwelt rising, in a manner, new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed for ever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men. A race who knew him not, had arisen to fill the earth. Thus passes the world away. Throughout all ranks and conditions, "one generation passeth, and another generation cometh;" and this great inn is by turns evacuated, and replenished, by troops of succeeding pilgrims.—O vain and inconstant world! O fleeting and transient life! When will the sons of men learn to think of thee, as they ought? When will they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren; or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their own fugitive state. BLAIR.

## SECTION V.

### *Exalted Society, and the Renewal of virtuous Connexions, two Sources of future Felicity.*

BESIDES the felicity which springs from perfect love, there are two circumstances which particularly enhance the blessedness of that "multitude who stand before the throne;" these are, access to the most exalted society, and renewal of the most tender connexions. The former is pointed out in the Scripture, by "joining the innumerable company of angels, and the general assembly and church of the first-born; by

ſitting down with Abraham, and Iſaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven;" a promiſe which opens the ſublimeſt proſpects to the human mind. It allows good men to entertain the hope, that, ſeparated from all the dregs of the human maſs, from that mixed and polluted crowd in the midſt of which they now dwell, they ſhall be permitted to mingle with prophets, patriarchs, and apoſtles, with all thoſe great and illuſtrious ſpirits, who have ſhone in former ages as the ſervants of God, or the benefactors of men; whoſe deeds we are accuſtomed to celebrate; whoſe ſteps we now follow at a diſtance; and whoſe names we pronounce with veneration.

United to this high aſſembly, the bleſsed, at the ſame time, renew thoſe ancient connexions with virtuous friends, which had been diſſolved by death. The proſpect of this awakens in the heart, the moſt pleaſing and tender ſentiment that perhaps can fill it, in this mortal ſtate. For of all the ſorrows which we are here doomed to endure, none is ſo bitter as that occaſioned by the fatal ſtroke which ſeparates us, in appearance for ever, from thoſe to whom either nature or friendſhip had intimately joined our hearts. Memory, from time to time, renews the anguiſh; opens the wound which ſeemed once to have been cloſed; and, by recalling joys that are paſt and gone, touches every ſpring of painful ſenſibility. In theſe agonizing moments, how relieving the thought, that the ſeparation is only temporary, not eternal; that there is a time to come of re-union with thoſe with whom our happieſt days were ſpent; whoſe joys and ſorrows once were ours; whoſe piety and virtue cheered and encouraged us; and from whom, after we ſhall have landed on the peaceful ſhore where they dwell, no re-

volutions of nature ſhall ever be able to part us more! Such is the ſociety of the bleſsed above. Of ſuch are the multitude compoſed, who "ſtand before the throne." BLAIR.

## SECTION VI.

### *The Clemency and amiable Character of the Patriarch* JOSEPH.

No human character exhibited in the records of Scripture, is more remarkable or inſtructive than that of the patriarch Joſeph. He is one whom we behold tried in all the viciſsitudes of fortune; from the condition of a ſlave, riſing to be ruler of the land of Egypt; and in every ſtation acquiring, by his virtue and wiſdom, favour with God and man. When overſeer of Potiphar's houſe, his fidelity was proved by ſtrong temptations, which he honourably reſiſted. When thrown into priſon by the artifice of a falſe woman, his integrity and prudence ſoon rendered him conſpicuous, even in that dark manſion. When called into the preſence of Pharaoh, the wiſe and extenſive plan which he formed for ſaving the kingdom from the miſeries of impending famine, juſtly raiſed him to a high ſtation, wherein his abilities were eminently diſplayed in the public ſervice. But in his whole hiſtory, there is no circumſtance ſo ſtriking and intereſting, as his behaviour to his brethren who had ſold him into ſlavery. The moment in which he made himſelf known to them, was the moſt critical one of his life, and the moſt deciſive of his character. It is ſuch as rarely occurs in the courſe of human events; and is calculated

to draw the higheſt attention of all who are endowed with any degree of ſenſibility of heart.

From the whole tenour of the narration it appears, that though Joſeph, upon the arrival of his brethren in Egypt, made himſelf ſtrange to them, yet from the beginning he intended to diſcover himſelf; and ſtudied ſo to conduct the diſcovery, as might render the ſurpriſe of joy complete. For this end, by affected ſeverity, he took meaſures for bringing down into Egypt all his father's children. They were now arrived there; and Benjamin among the reſt, who was his younger brother by the ſame mother, and was particularly beloved by Joſeph. Him he threatened to detain; and ſeemed willing to allow the reſt to depart. This incident renewed their diſtreſs. They all knew their father's extreme anxiety about the ſafety of Benjamin, and with what difficulty he had yielded to his undertaking this journey. Should he be prevented from returning, they dreaded that grief would overpower the old man's ſpirits, and prove fatal to his life. Judah, therefore, who had particularly urged the neceſsity of Benjamin's accompanying his brothers, and had ſolemnly pledged himſelf to their father for his ſafe return, craved, upon this occaſion, an audience of the governour; and gave him a full account of the circumſtances of Jacob's family.

Nothing can be more intereſting and pathetic than this diſcourſe of Judah. Little knowing to whom he ſpoke, he paints in all the colours of ſimple and natural eloquence, the diſtreſsed ſituation of the aged patriarch, haſtening to the cloſe of life; long afflicted for the loſs of a favourite ſon, whom he ſuppoſed to have been torn in pieces by a beaſt of prey; labouring now

under anxious concern about his youngeſt ſon, the child of his old age, who alone was left alive of his mother, and whom nothing but the calamities of ſevere famine could have moved a tender father to ſend from home, and expoſe to the dangers of a foreign land. "If we bring him not back with us, we ſhall bring down the grey hairs of thy ſervant, our father, with ſorrow, to the grave. I pray thee therefore let thy ſervant abide, inſtead of the young man, a bondman to our lord. For how ſhall I go up to my father, and Benjamin not with me? leſt I ſee the evil that ſhall come on my father."

Upon this relation, Joſeph could no longer reſtrain himſelf. The tender ideas of his father and his father's houſe, of his ancient home, his country and his kindred, of the diſtreſs of his family, and his own exaltation, all ruſhed too ſtrongly upon his mind to bear any farther concealment. "He cried, cauſe every man to go out from me; and he wept aloud." The tears which he ſhed were not the tears of grief. They were the burſt of affection. They were the effuſions of a heart overflowing with all the tender ſenſibilities of nature. Formerly he had been moved in the ſame manner, when he firſt ſaw his brethren before him. "His bowels yearned upon them; he ſought for a place where to weep. He went into his chamber; and then waſhed his face and returned to them." At that period his generous plans were not completed. But now, when there was no farther occaſion for conſtraining himſelf, he gave free vent to the ſtrong emotions of his heart. The firſt miniſter to the king of Egypt was not aſhamed to ſhow, that he felt as a man,

and a brother. "He wept aloud; and the Egyptians, and the houſe of Pharaoh heard him."

The firſt words which his ſwelling heart allowed him to pronounce, are the moſt ſuitable to ſuch an affecting ſituation that were ever uttered;—"I am Joſeph; doth my father yet live?"—What could he, what ought he, in that impaſsionate moment, to have ſaid more? This is the voice of Nature herſelf, ſpeaking her own language; and it penetrates the heart: No pomp of expreſsion; no parade of kindneſs; but ſtrong affection haſtening to utter what it ſtrongly felt. "His brethren could not anſwer him; for they were troubled at his preſence." Their ſilence is as expreſſive of thoſe emotions of repentance and ſhame, which, on this amazing diſcovery, filled their breaſts, and ſtopped their utterance, as the few words which Joſeph ſpeaks, are expreſsive of the generous agitations which ſtruggled for vent within him. No painter could ſeize a more ſtriking moment for diſplaying the characteriſtical features of the human heart, than what is here preſented. Never was there a ſituation of more tender and virtuous joy, on the one hand; nor, on the other, of more overwhelming confuſion and conſcious guilt. In the ſimple narration of the ſacred hiſtorian, it is ſet before us with greater energy and higher effect, than if it had been wrought up with all the colouring of the moſt admired modern eloquence.

BLAIR.

## SECTION VII.

### ALTAMONT.

*The following account of an affecting, mournful exit, is related by Dr. Young, who was preſent at the melancholy ſcene.*

THE ſad evening before the death of that noble youth, whoſe laſt hours ſuggeſted theſe thoughts, I was with him. No one was there, but his phyſician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he ſaid,—"You and the phyſician are come too late.—I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raiſe the dead!"

Heaven, I ſaid, was merciful—"Or," exclaimed he,—"I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bleſs, and to ſave me?—I have been too ſtrong for Omnipotence! I have plucked down ruin."——I ſaid, the bleſsed Redeemer,—"Hold! hold! you wound me!—That is the rock on which I ſplit—I denied his name!"

Refuſing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the phyſician, he lay ſilent, as far as ſudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock ſtruck: Then with vehemence;—"Oh! time! time! it is fit thou ſhouldſt thus ſtrike thy murderer to the heart!—How art thou fled for ever!—A month!—Oh, for a ſingle week! I aſk not for years; though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

On my ſaying, we could not do too much: that heaven was a bleſsed place——

"So much the worſe.—'Tis loſt! 'tis loſt!—Heaven is to me the ſevereſt part of hell!"

Soon after I propoſed prayer. "Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray:—Nor need I.

not Heaven on my ſide already? It cloſes with my conſcience. Its ſevereſt ſtrokes but ſecond my own."

His friend being much touched, even to tears at this—(who could forbear? I could not)—with a moſt affectionate look, he ſaid, "Keep thoſe tears for thyſelf. I have undone thee.—Doſt weep for me? that's cruel. What can pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.——"No, ſtay—thou ſtill mayſt hope;—therefore hear me. How madly have I talk'd! How madly haſt thou liſtened, and believed! but look on my preſent ſtate, as a full anſwer to thee, and to myſelf. This body is all weakneſs and pain; but my ſoul, as if ſtung up by torment to greater ſtrength and ſpirit, is full powerful to reaſon; full mighty to ſuffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of immortality, is, doubtleſs, immortal—And, as for a Deity, nothing leſs than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

I was about to congratulate this paſsive, involuntary confeſsor, on his aſserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he thus, very paſsionately:—"No, no! let me ſpeak on. I have not long to ſpeak.—My much injured friend! my ſoul, as my body, lies in ruins; in ſcattered fragments of broken thought——Remorſe for the paſt, throws my thought on the future. Worſe dread of the future, ſtrikes it back on the paſt. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didſt thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldſt ſtruggle with the martyr for his ſtake; and bleſs Heaven for the flames!—that is not an everlaſting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire."

How were we ſtruck! yet, ſoon after, ſtill more. With what an eye of diſtraction, what a face of de-

ſpair! he cried out:—"My principles have poiſoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy! my unkindneſs has murdered my wife!—And is there another hell?—Oh! thou blaſphemed, yet indulgent LORD GOD! Hell itſelf is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!"

Soon after his underſtanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgotten. And ere the ſun (which, I hope, has ſeen few like him) aroſe, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accompliſhed, and moſt wretched Altamont, expired!

If this is a man of pleaſure, what is a man of pain? How quick, how total, is their tranſit! In what a diſmal gloom they ſet for ever! How ſhort, alas! the day of their rejoicing!—For a moment they glitter—they dazzle. In a moment, where are they? Oblivion covers their memories. Ah! would it did! Infamy ſnatches them from oblivion. In the long-living annals of infamy their triumphs are recorded. Thy ſufferings ſtill bleed in the boſom, poor Altamont! of the heart-ſtricken friend—for Altamont had a friend. He might have had many. His tranſient morning might have been the dawn of an immortal day. His name might have been glorioufly enrolled in the records of eternity. His memory might have left a ſweet fragrance behind it, grateful to the ſurviving friend, ſalutary to the ſucceeding generation. With what capacities was he endowed! with what advantages, for being greatly good! But with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool. If he judges amiſs in the ſupreme point, judging right in all elſe, but aggravates his folly; as it ſhows him wrong, though bleſsed with the beſt capacity of being right.

DR. YOUNG.

# CHAPTER VII.

## DIALOGUES.

### *SECTION I.*

### DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS*.

*The Vices and Follies of Men ſhould excite Compaſſion rather than Ridicule.*

DEMOCRITUS.

I FIND it impoſsible to reconcile myſelf to a melancholy philoſophy.

HERACLITUS.

And I am equally unable to approve of that vain philoſophy, which teaches men to deſpiſe and ridicule one another. To a wiſe and feeling mind, the world appears in a wretched and painful light.

DEMOCRITUS.

Thou art too much affected with the ſtate of things; and this is a fource of miſery to thee.

HERACLITUS.

And I think thou art too little moved by it. Thy mirth and ridicule beſpeak the buffoon, rather than the philoſopher. Does it not excite thy compaſsion, to ſee mankind ſo frail, ſo blind, ſo far departed from the rules of virtue?

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* Democritus and Heraclitus were two ancient philoſophers, the former of whom laughed, and the latter wept, at the errors and follies of mankind.

DEMOCRITUS.

I am excited to laughter, when I ſee ſo much impertinence and folly.

HERACLITUS.

And yet, after all, they, who are the objects of thy ridicule, include, not only mankind in general, but the perſons with whom thou liveſt, thy friends, thy family, nay even thyſelf.

DEMOCRITUS.

I care very little for all the filly perſons I meet with; and think I am juſtifiable in diverting myſelf with their folly.

HERACLITUS.

If they are weak and fooliſh, it marks neither wiſdom nor humanity, to inſult rather than pity them. But is it certain, that thou art not as extravagant as they are?

DEMOCRITUS.

I preſume that I am not; ſince, in every point, my ſentiments are the very reverſe of theirs.

HERACLITUS.

There are follies of different kinds. By conſtantly amuſing thyſelf with the errors and miſconduct of others, thou mayſt render thyſelf equally ridiculous and culpable.

DEMOCRITUS.

Thou art at liberty to indulge ſuch ſentiments; and to weep over me too, if thou haſt any tears to ſpare. For my part, I cannot refrain from pleaſing myſelf with the levities and ill-conduct of the world about me. Are not all men fooliſh or irregular in their lives?

HERACLITUS.

Alas! there is but too much reaſon to believe, they are ſo: and on this ground, I pity and deplore their condition. We agree in this point, that men do not conduct themſelves according to reaſonable and juſt principles: but I, who do not ſuffer myſelf to act as they do, muſt yet regard the dictates of my underſtanding and feelings, which compel me to love them; and that love fills me with compaſsion for their miſtakes and irregularities. Canſt thou condemn me for pitying my own ſpecies, my brethren, perſons born in the ſame condition of life, and deſtined to the ſame hopes and privileges? If thou ſhouldſt enter a hoſpital, where ſick and wounded perſons reſide, would their wounds and diſtreſses excite thy mirth? And yet, the evils of the body bear no compariſon with thoſe of the mind. Thou wouldſt certainly bluſh at thy barbarity, if thou hadſt been ſo unfeeling, as to laugh at or deſpiſe a poor miſerable being who had loſt one of his legs: and yet thou art ſo deſtitute of humanity, as to ridicule thoſe, who appear to be deprived of the noble powers of the underſtanding, by the little regard which they pay to its dictates.

DEMOCRITUS.

He who has loſt a leg is to be pitied, becauſe the loſs is not to be imputed to himſelf: but he who rejects the dictates of reaſon and conſcience, voluntarily deprives himſelf of their aid. The loſs originates in his own folly.

HERACLITUS.

Ah! ſo much the more is he to be pitied! A furious maniac, who ſhould pluck out his own eyes, would deſerve more compaſsion than an ordinary blind man.

DEMOCRITUS.

Come, let us accommodate the buſineſs. There is ſomething to be ſaid on each ſide of the queſtion. There is every where reaſon for laughing, and reaſon for weeping. The world is ridiculous, and I laugh at it: it is deplorable, and thou lamenteſt over it. Every perſon views it in his own way, and according to his own temper. One point is unqueſtionable, that mankind are prepoſterous: to think right, and to act well, we muſt think and act differently from them. To ſubmit to the authority, and follow the example of the greater part of men, would render us fooliſh and miſerable.

HERACLITUS.

All this is, indeed, true; but then, thou haſt no real love or feeling for thy ſpecies. The calamities of mankind excite thy mirth: and this proves that thou haſt no regard for men, nor any true reſpect for the virtues which they have unhappily abandoned.

FENELON, *Archbiſhop of Cambray.*

## *SECTION II.*

### DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS, AND DAMON.

*Genuine Virtue commands reſpect, even from the Bad.*

DIONYSIUS.

AMAZING! What do I ſee? It is Pythias juſt arrived.—It is indeed Pythias. I did not think it poſsible. He is come to die, and to redeem his friend!

PYTHIAS.

Yes, it is Pythias. I left the place of my confinement, with no other views, than to pay to Heaven the vows I had made; to ſettle my family concerns according to the rules of juſtice; and to bid adieu to my children, that I might die tranquil and ſatisfied.

DIONYSIUS.

But why doſt thou return? Haſt thou no fear of death? Is it not the character of a madman, to ſeek it thus voluntarily?

PYTHIAS.

I return to ſuffer, though I have not deſerved death. Every principle of honour and goodneſs, forbids me to allow my friend to die for me.

DIONYSIUS.

Doſt thou, then, love him better than thyſelf?

PYTHIAS.

No; I love him as myſelf. But I am perſuaded that I ought to ſuffer death, rather than my friend; ſince it was me whom thou hadſt decreed to die. It were not juſt that he ſhould ſuffer, to deliver me from the death which was deſigned, not for him, but for me only.

DIONYSIUS.

But thou ſuppoſeſt, that it is as unjuſt to inflict death upon thee, as upon thy friend.

PYTHIAS.

Very true; we are both entirely innocent: and it is equally unjuſt to make either of us ſuffer.

DIONYSIUS.

Why doſt thou then aſsert, that it were injuſtice to put him to death, inſtead of thee?

PYTHIAS.

It is unjuſt, in the ſame degree, to inflict death either on Damon or on myſelf; but Pythias were highly culpable to let Damon ſuffer that death, which the tyrant had prepared for Pythias only.

DIONYSIUS.

Doſt thou then return hither, on the day appointed, with no other view, than to ſave the life of a friend, by loſing thy own?

PYTHIAS.

I return, in regard to thee, to ſuffer an act of injuſtice which is common for tyrants to inflict; and, with reſpect to Damon, to perform my duty, by reſcuing him from the danger he incurred by his generoſity to me.

DIONYSIUS.

And now, Damon, let me addreſs myſelf to thee. Didſt thou not really fear, that Pythias would never return; and that thou wouldſt be put to death on his account?

DAMON.

I was but too well aſsured, that Pythias would punctually return; and that he would be more ſolicitous to keep his promiſe, than to preſerve his life. Would to heaven, that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men; and I ſhould have the ſatisfaction of dying for him!

DIONYSIUS.

What! Does life diſpleaſe thee?

DAMON.

Yes; it diſpleaſes me when I ſee and feel the power of a tyrant.

DIONYSIUS.

It is well! Thou ſhalt ſee him no more. I will order thee to be put to death immediately.

PYTHIAS.

Pardon the feelings of a man who ſympathizes with his dying friend. But remember it was Pythias who was devoted by thee to deſtruction. I come to ſubmit to it, that I may redeem my friend. Do not refuſe me this conſolation in my laſt hour.

DIONYSIUS.

I cannot endure men, who deſpiſe death, and ſet my power at defiance.

DAMON.

Thou canſt not, then, endure virtue.

DIONYSIUS.

No: I cannot endure that proud, diſdainful virtue, which contemns life; which dreads no puniſhment; and which is inſenſible to the charms of riches and pleaſure.

DAMON.

Thou ſeeſt, however, that it is a virtue, which is not inſenſible to the dictates of honour, juſtice, and friendſhip.

DIONYSIUS.

Guards, take Pythias to execution. We ſhall ſee whether Damon will continue to deſpiſe my authority.

DAMON.

Pythias, by returning to ſubmit himſelf to thy pleaſure, has merited his life, and deſerved thy favour; but I have excited thy indignation, by reſigning myſelf to thy power, in order to ſave him: Be ſatisfied, then, with this ſacrifice, and put me to death.

PYTHIAS.

Hold, Dionyſius! remember, it was Pythias alone who offended thee: Damon could not——

DIONYSIUS.

Alas! what do I ſee and hear! where am I? How miſerable; and how worthy to be ſo! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have ſpent my life in darkneſs and error. All my power and honours are inſufficient to produce love. I cannot boaſt of having acquired a ſingle friend, in the courſe of a reign of thirty years. And yet theſe two perſons, in a private condition, love one another tenderly, unreſervedly confide in each other, are mutually happy, and ready to die for each other's preſervation.

PYTHIAS.

How couldſt thou, who haſt never loved any perſon, expect to have friends? If thou hadſt loved and reſpected men, thou wouldſt have ſecured their love and reſpect. Thou haſt feared mankind; and they fear thee; they deteſt thee.

DIONYSIUS.

Damon, Pythias, condeſcend to admit me as a third friend, in a connexion ſo perfect. I give you your lives; and I will load you with riches.

DAMON.

We have no deſire to be enriched by thee; and, in regard to thy friendſhip, we cannot accept or enjoy it, till thou become good and juſt. Without theſe qualities, thou canſt be connected with none but trembling ſlaves, and baſe flatterers. To be loved and eſteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou muſt be virtuous; affectionate, diſintereſted, beneficent;

and know how to live in a ſort of equality with thoſe who ſhare and deſerve thy friendſhip.

FENELON, *Archbiſhop of Cambray.*

## SECTION III.

### LOCKE AND BAYLE.

*Chriſtianity defended againſt the Cavils of Scepticiſm.*

BAYLE.

YES, we both were philoſophers; but my philoſophy was the deepeſt. You dogmatized: I doubted.

LOCKE.

Do you make doubting a proof of depth in philoſophy? It may be a good beginning of it; but it is a bad end.

BAYLE.

No:—the more profound our ſearches are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we ſhall find; and the moſt ſubtle minds ſee objections and difficulties in every ſyſtem, which are overlooked or undiſcoverable by ordinary underſtandings.

LOCKE.

It would be better then to be no philoſopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows ſomething. I find that the eyes which nature has given me, ſee many things very clearly, though ſome are out of their reach, or diſcerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a phyſician, who ſhould offer me an eye-water, the uſe of which would at firſt ſo ſharpen my ſight, as to carry it farther than ordinary

viſion; but would in the end put them out? Your philoſophy is to the eyes of the mind, what I have ſuppoſed the doctor's noſtrum to be to thoſe of the body. It actually brought your own excellent underſtanding, which was by nature quick-ſighted, and rendered more ſo by art and a ſubtilty of logick peculiar to yourſelf—it brought, I ſay, your very acute underſtanding to ſee nothing clearly; and enveloped all the great truths of reaſon and religion in miſts of doubt.

BAYLE.

I own it did;—but your compariſon is not juſt. I did not ſee well, before I uſed my philoſophic eye-water: I only ſuppoſed I ſaw well; but I was in an error, with all the reſt of mankind. The blindneſs was real, the perceptions were imaginary. I cured myſelf firſt of thoſe falſe imaginations, and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other men.

LOCKE.

A great cure indeed! and don't you think that, in return for the ſervice you did them, they ought to erect you a ſtatue?

BAYLE.

Yes; it is good for human nature to know its own weakneſs. When we arrogantly preſume on a ſtrength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourſelves, or at leaſt of deſerving ridicule and contempt, by vain and idle efforts.

LOCKE.

I agree with you, that human nature ſhould know its own weakneſs; but it ſhould alſo feel its ſtrength, and try to improve it. This was my employment as a philoſopher. I endeavoured to diſcover the real powers of the mind, to ſee what it could do, and what

it could not; to reſtrain it from efforts beyond its ability; but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature, with the utmoſt exertion and moſt proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vaſt ocean of philoſophy, I had the line and the plummet always in my hands. Many of its depths I found myſelf unable to fathom; but, by caution in ſounding, and the careful obſervations I made in the courſe of my voyage, I found out ſome truths of ſo much uſe to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.

BAYLE.

Their ignorance makes them think ſo. Some other philoſopher will come hereafter, and ſhow thoſe truths to be falſehoods. He will pretend to diſcover other truths of equal importance. A later ſage will ariſe, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned, whoſe ſagacious diſcoveries will diſcredit the opinions of his admired predeceſsor. In philoſophy, as in nature, all changes its form, and one thing exiſts by the deſtruction of another.

LOCKE.

Opinions taken up without a patient inveſtigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principles begged without proof, like theories to explain the phænomena of nature, built on ſuppoſitions inſtead of experiments, muſt perpetually change and deſtroy one another. But ſome opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common ſenſe of mankind, which the mind has received on ſuch rational grounds of aſsent, that they are as immoveable as the pillars of heaven; or (to ſpeak philoſophically) as the great laws of Nature, by which, under God, the univerſe is ſuſ-

tained. Can you ſeriouſly think, that, becauſe the hypotheſis of your countryman Deſcartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined romance, has been lately exploded, the ſyſtem of Newton, which is built on experiments and geometry, the two moſt certain methods of diſcovering truth, will ever fail; or that, becauſe the whims of fanatics and the divinity of the ſchoolmen, cannot now be ſupported, the doctrines of that religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthuſiaſm and falſe reaſoning, firmly believed and maintained, will ever be ſhaken?

BAYLE.

If you had aſked Deſcartes, while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his ſyſtem would ever be confuted by any other philoſophers, as that of Ariſtotle had been by his, what anſwer do you ſuppoſe he would have returned?

LOCKE.

Come, come, you yourſelf know the difference between the foundations on which the credit of thoſe ſyſtems, and that of Newton is placed. Your ſcepticiſm is more affected than real. You found it a ſhorter way to a great reputation, (the only wiſh of your heart,) to object, than to defend; to pull down, than to ſet up. And your talents were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together in a Critical Dictionary, a pleaſant tale, or obſcene jeſt, and a grave argument againſt the Chriſtian religion, a witty confutation of ſome abſurd author, and an artful ſophiſm to impeach ſome reſpectable truth, was particularly commodious to all our young ſmarts and ſmatterers in free-thinking. But what miſchief have you not done to human ſociety? You have endeavoured, and with ſome degree of ſuc-

ceſs, to ſhake thoſe foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabric of ſocial happineſs, entirely reſt. How could you, as a philoſopher, in the ſober hours of reflection, anſwer for this to your conſcience, even ſuppoſing you had doubts of the truth of a ſyſtem, which gives to virtue its ſweeteſt hopes, to impenitent vice its greateſt fears, and to true penitence its beſt conſolations; which reſtrains even the leaſt approaches to guilt, and yet makes thoſe allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the Stoic pride denied to it, but which its real imperfection, and the goodneſs of its infinitely benevolent Creator, ſo evidently require?

BAYLE.

The mind is free; and it loves to exert its freedom. Any reſtraint upon it is a violence done to its nature, and a tyranny, againſt which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE.

The mind, though free, has a governour within itſelf, which may and ought to limit the exerciſe of its freedom. That governour is Reaſon.

BAYLE.

Yes:—but Reaſon, like other governours, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice, than upon any fixed laws. And if that reaſon, which rules my mind or yours, has happened to ſet up a favourite notion, it not only ſubmits implicitly to it, but deſires that the ſame reſpect ſhould be paid to it by all the reſt of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppoſe this deſire in another; and that if he is wiſe, he will do his utmoſt endeavours to check it in himſelf.

LOCKE.

Is there not alſo a weakneſs of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? do we not often take a pleaſure to ſhow our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading the notions ſet up by other men, and generally reſpected?

BAYLE.

I believe we do; and by this means it often happens that, if one man build and conſecrate a temple to Folly, another pulls it down.

LOCKE.

Do you think it beneficial to human ſociety, to have all temples pulled down?

BAYLE.

I cannot ſay that I do.

LOCKE.

Yet I find not in your writings any mark of diſtinction, to ſhow us which you mean to ſave.

BAYLE.

A true philoſopher, like an impartial hiſtorian, muſt be of no ſect.

LOCKE.

Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a ſectary, and a total indifference to all religion?

BAYLE.

With regard to morality, I was not indifferent.

LOCKE.

How could you then be indifferent with regard to the ſanctions religion gives to morality? how could you publiſh what tends ſo directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of thoſe ſanctions? was not this ſacrificing the great intereſts of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

BAYLE.

A man may act indiſcreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which, on a full diſcuſsion of the queſtion, he ſincerely thinks to be true.

LOCKE.

An enthuſiaſt, who advances doctrines prejudicial to ſociety, or oppoſes any that are uſeful to it, has the ſtrength of opinion, and the heat of a diſturbed imagination, to plead in alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and ſound judgment, can have no ſuch excuſe. I know very well there are paſsages in all your works, and thoſe not few, where you talk like a rigid moraliſt. I have alſo heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when, in the moſt laboured parts of your writings, you ſap the ſureſt foundations of all moral duties; what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you appeared to reſpect them? How many, who have ſtronger paſsions than you had, and are deſirous to get rid of the curb that reſtrains them, will lay hold of your ſcepticiſm, to ſet themſelves looſe from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune is it to have made ſuch a uſe of ſuch talents! It would have been better for you and for mankind, if you had been one of the dulleſt of Dutch theologians, or the moſt credulous monk in a Portugueſe convent. The riches of the mind, like thoſe of fortune, may be employed ſo perverſely, as to become a nuiſance and peſt, inſtead of an ornament and ſupport, to ſociety.

BAYLE.

You are very ſevere upon me.—But do you count it no merit, no ſervice to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of prieſtcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticiſm, and from the terrors and follies

of ſuperſtition? Conſider how much miſchief theſe have done to the world! Even in the laſt age, what maſsacres, what civil wars, what convulſions of government, what confuſion in ſociety, did they produce! Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not ſee them occaſion a violent perſecution in my own country? and can you blame me for ſtriking at the root of theſe evils?

LOCKE.

The root of theſe evils, you well know, was falſe religion: but you ſtruck at the true. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the ſyſtem of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you ſpeak. Why would you ſo fallaciouſly confound them together in ſome of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to ſeparate them again, and to make the proper diſtinctions? This, indeed, is the great art of the moſt celebrated free-thinkers. They recommend themſelves to warm and ingenuous minds, by lively ſtrokes of wit, and by arguments really ſtrong, againſt ſuperſtition, enthuſiaſm, and prieſtcraft. But, at the ſame time, they inſidiouſly throw the colours of theſe upon the fair face of true Religion; and dreſs her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or deſpicable, to thoſe who have not penetration enough to diſcern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived themſelves, as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that ever was written by the moſt acute of theſe gentlemen, is ſo repugnant to prieſtcraft, to ſpiritual tyranny, to all abſurd ſuperſtitions, to all that can tend

to disturb or injure society, as that gospel they so much affect to despise.

BAYLE.

Mankind are so made, that, when they have been over-heated, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again, till they have been over-cooled. My scepticism might be necessary, to abate the fever and phrensy of false religion.

LOCKE.

A wise prescription, indeed, to bring on a paralytical state of the mind, (for such a scepticism as yours is a palsy, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens its natural and vital powers,) in order to take off a fever, which temperance, and the milk of the evangelical doctrines, would probably cure!

BAYLE.

I acknowledge that those medicines have a great power. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of some harsher drugs, or some unsafe and ridiculous nostrums of their own.

LOCKE.

What you now say is too true.—God has given us a most excellent physic for the soul, in all its diseases; but bad and interested physicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, administer it so ill to the rest of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily lost.

LORD LYTTELTON.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## PUBLIC SPEECHES.

### SECTION I.

### *Cicero againſt Verres.*

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wiſhed for, towards allaying the envy your order has been ſubject to, and removing the imputations againſt trials, is effectually put in your power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewiſe in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the ſtate,—that, in proſecutions, men of wealth are always ſafe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confuſion, I hope, of the propagators of this ſlanderous imputation, one whoſe life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial perſons; but who, according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I demand juſtice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treaſury, the oppreſsor of Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the ſcourge and curſe of Sicily. If that ſentence is paſsed upon him which his crimes deſerve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and ſacred in

the eyes of the public; but if his great riches ſhould bias you in his favour, I ſhall ſtill gain one point,—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this caſe, was not a criminal nor a proſecutor, but juſtice and adequate puniſhment.

To paſs over the ſhameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæſtorſhip, the firſt public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued ſcene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treaſurer, a conſul ſtripped and betrayed, an army deſerted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of thoſe countries? in which, houſes, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorſhip here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witneſs. How did he diſcharge the office of a judge? Let thoſe who ſuffered by his injuſtice anſwer. But his prætorſhip in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedneſs, and finiſhes a laſting monument to his infamy. The miſchiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous adminiſtration, are ſuch, that many years, under the wiſeſt and beſt of prætors, will not be ſufficient to reſtore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws; of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman ſenate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth; nor of the natural and

unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all cauſes in Sicily for theſe three years. And his deciſions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The ſums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impoſitions, extorted from the induſtrious poor, are not to be computed. The moſt faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like ſlaves, been put to death with tortures. The moſt atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deſerved puniſhments; and men of the moſt unexceptionable characters, condemned and baniſhed unheard. The harbours, though ſufficiently fortified, and the gates of ſtrong towns, have been opened to pirates and ravagers. The ſoldiery and ſailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, have been ſtarved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, ſuffered to periſh. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatneſs, the ſtatues of heroes and princes have been carried off; and the temples ſtripped of the images.—Having, by his iniquitous ſentences, filled the priſons with the moſt induſtrious and deſerving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be ſtrangled in the gaols: ſo that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the moſt diſtant regions, and among the moſt barbarous people, been a protection, was of no ſervice to them; but, on the contrary, brought a ſpeedier and more ſevere puniſhment upon them.

I aſk now, Verres, what thou haſt to advance againſt this charge? Wilt thou pretend to deny it? Wilt thou pretend, that any thing falſe, that even any thing

aggravated, is alleged againſt thee? Had any prince, or any ſtate, committed the ſame outrage againſt the privilege of Roman citizens, ſhould we not think we had ſufficient ground for demanding ſatisfaction? What puniſhment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater diſtance than Sicily, within ſight of the Italian coaſt, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Coſanus, only for his having aſſerted his privilege of citizenſhip, and declared his intention of appealing to the juſtice of his country, againſt a cruel oppreſsor, who had unjuſtly confined him in priſon at Syracuſe, whence he had juſt made his eſcape? The unhappy man, arreſted as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance diſtorted with cruelty, he orders the helpleſs victim of his rage to be ſtripped, and rods to be brought; accuſing him, but without the leaſt ſhadow of evidence, or even of ſuſpicion, of having come to Sicily as a ſpy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen: I have ſerved under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will atteſt my innocence." The blood-thirſty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous puniſhment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with ſcourging; whilſt the only words he uttered, amidſt his cruel ſufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With theſe he hoped to defend himſelf from violence and infamy. But of ſo little ſervice was this privilege to him, that, while he was thus aſſerting his citizenſhip, the order

was given for his execution,—for his execution upon the croſs!—

O liberty!—O ſound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O ſacred privilege of Roman citizenſhip!—once ſacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magiſtrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within ſight of Italy, bind, ſcourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at laſt put to the infamous death of the croſs, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying ſpectators, nor the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the juſtice of his country, reſtrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monſter, who, in confidence of his riches, ſtrikes at the root of liberty, and ſets mankind at defiance.

I conclude with expreſsing my hopes, that your wiſdom and juſtice, Fathers, will not, by ſuffering the atrocious and unexampled inſolence of Caius Verres to eſcape due puniſhment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total ſubverſion of authority, and the introduction of general anarchy and confuſion.

CICERO'S ORATIONS.

## *SECTION II.*

### *Speech of* ADHERBAL *to the Roman Senate, imploring their protection againſt* JUGURTHA.

FATHERS!

IT is known to you, that king Micipſa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted ſon, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempſal

and myſelf, the children of his own body, the adminiſtration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to conſider the ſenate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to uſe our beſt endeavours to be ſerviceable to the Roman commonwealth; aſsuring us, that your protection would prove a defence againſt all enemies; and would be inſtead of armies, fortifications, and treaſures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourſelves according to the directions of our deceaſed father—Jugurtha—the moſt infamous of mankind!—breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother; and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Maſsiniſsa, and my father Micipſa, the friendſhip and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villany, to my diſtreſsful circumſtances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the conſideration—that I find myſelf obliged to ſolicit your aſsiſtance, Fathers, for the ſervices done you by my anceſtors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own perſon. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deſerve any thing at your hands; and has forced me to be burdenſome, before I could be uſeful to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeſerved miſery—a once powerful prince, the deſcendant of a race of illuſtrious monarchs, now, without any fault of my own, deſtitute of every ſupport, and reduced to the neceſsity of begging foreign aſsiſtance, againſt an enemy who has ſeized my throne and my kingdom—if my unequalled diſ-

treſses were all I had to plead—it would become the greatneſs of the Roman commonwealth, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedneſs over helpleſs innocence. But, to provoke your reſentment to the utmoſt, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the ſenate and people of Rome gave to my anceſtors; and, from which, my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindneſs to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt upon you.

O wretched prince! Oh cruel reverſe of fortune! Oh father Micipſa! is this the conſequence of thy generoſity; that he, whom thy goodneſs raiſed to an equality with thy own children, ſhould be the murderer of thy children? Muſt, then, the royal houſe of Numidia always be a ſcene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we ſuffered, as was to be expected, all ſorts of hardſhips from their hoſtile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a diſtance. When that ſcourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourſelves on the proſpect of eſtabliſhed peace. But, inſtead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood! and the only ſurviving ſon of its late king, flying from an adopted murderer, and ſeeking that ſafety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—Oh! whither ſhall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my anceſtors, my father's throne is ſeized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha ſhould haſten to imbrue, in my blood, thoſe hands which are now reeking with

with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for aſsiſtance, to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth give me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy ſon. Were my brother alive, our mutual ſympathy would be ſome alleviation. But he is hurried out of life, in his early youth, by the very hand which ſhould have been the laſt to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he ſuſpected to be in my intereſt. Some have been deſtroyed by the lingering torment of the croſs. Others have been given a prey to wild beaſts; and their anguiſh made the ſport of men more cruel than wild beaſts. If there be any yet alive, they are ſhut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itſelf.

Look down, illuſtrious ſenators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raiſed, on the unexampled diſtreſses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcaſt from all mankind. Let not the crafty inſinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not liſten to the wretch who has butchered the ſon and relations of a king, who gave him power to ſit on the ſame throne with his own ſons.—I have been informed, that he labours by his emiſsaries to prevent your determining any thing againſt him in his abſence; pretending that I magnify my diſtreſs, and might, for him, have ſtaid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes, when the due vengeance from above ſhall overtake him, he will then diſsemble as I do. Then he, who now, hardened in wickedneſs,

triumphs over thoſe whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel diſtreſs, and ſuffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirſty cruelty to my brother.

Oh murdered, butchered brother! Oh deareſt to my heart—now gone for ever from my ſight!—but why ſhould I lament his death? He is, indeed, deprived of the bleſsed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very perſon who ought to have been the firſt to hazard his own life, in defence of any one of Micipſa's family. But, as things are, my brother is not ſo much deprived of theſe comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endleſs train of miſeries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and feſtering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miſeries which rend my ſoul with agony and diſtraction, while I am ſet up a ſpectacle to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to puniſh his murderer, I am not maſter of the means of ſecuring my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the uſurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own perſon.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of nations! to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is ſacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeſerved, unprovoked injury; and ſave the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, uſurpation, and cruelty!

SALLUST.

## SECTION III.

### *The* APOSTLE PAUL'*s noble defence before* FESTUS *and* AGRIPPA.

AGRIPPA ſaid unto Paul, thou art permitted to ſpeak for thyſelf. Then Paul ſtretched forth the hand, and anſwered for himſelf.

I think myſelf happy, king Agrippa, becauſe I ſhall anſwer for myſelf this day before thee, concerning all the things whereof I am accuſed by the Jews: eſpecially, as I know thee to be expert in all cuſtoms and queſtions which are among the Jews. Wherefore I beſeech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the firſt among my own nation at Jeruſalem, know all the Jews; who knew me from the beginning, (if they would teſtify,) that after the ſtraiteſt ſect of our religion, I lived a Phariſee. And now I ſtand and am judged for the hope of the promiſe made by God to our fathers: to which promiſe, our twelve tribes, continually ſerving God day and night, hope to come: and, for this hope's ſake, king Agrippa, I am accuſed by the Jews.

Why ſhould it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God ſhould raiſe the dead? I verily thought with myſelf, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jeſus of Nazareth: and this I did in Jeruſalem. Many of the ſaints I ſhut up in priſon, having received authority from the chief prieſts: and when they were put to death, I gave my voice againſt them. And I often puniſhed them in every ſynagogue, and compelled them to blaſpheme; and being ex-

ceedingly mad againſt them, I perſecuted them even unto ſtrange cities. But as I went to Damaſcus, with authority and commiſsion from the chief prieſts, at mid-day, O king! I ſaw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightneſs of the ſun, ſhining round about me, and them who journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice ſpeaking to me, and ſaying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me? It is hard for thee to kick againſt the pricks. And I ſaid, who art thou, Lord? And he replied, I am Jeſus whom thou perſecuteſt. But riſe, and ſtand upon thy feet: for I have appeared to thee for this purpoſe, to make thee a miniſter, and a witneſs both of theſe things, which thou haſt ſeen, and of thoſe things in which I will appear to thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, to whom I now ſend thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkneſs to light, and from the power of Satan to God; that they may receive forgiveneſs of ſins, and inheritance amongſt them who are ſanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa! I was not diſobedient to the heavenly viſion: but ſhowed firſt to them of Damaſcus, and at Jeruſalem, and through all the coaſts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they ſhould repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For theſe cauſes, the Jews caught me in the temple; and went about to kill me. Having, however, obtained help from God, I continue, to this day, witneſsing both to ſmall and great, ſaying no other things than thoſe which the prophets and Moſes declared ſhould come: that Chriſt ſhould ſuffer; that he would be the firſt who ſhould riſe from the dead; and

that he would ſhow light to the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus ſpoke for himſelf, Feſtus ſaid, with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beſide thyſelf; much learning hath made thee mad." But he replied, I am not mad, moſt noble Feſtus; but ſpeak the words of truth and ſoberneſs. For the king knoweth theſe things, before whom alſo I ſpeak freely. I am perſuaded that none of theſe things are hidden from him: for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believeſt thou the prophets? I know that thou believeſt. Then Agrippa ſaid to Paul, "almoſt thou perſuadeſt me to be a Chriſtian." And Paul replied, "I would to God, that not only thou, but alſo all that hear me this day, were both almoſt, and altogether ſuch as I am, except theſe bonds."*

ACTS XXVI.

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* How happy was this great Apoſtle, even in the moſt perilous circumſtances! Though under bonds and oppreſsion, his mind was free, and raiſed above every fear of man. With what dignity and compoſure does he defend himſelf, and the noble cauſe he had eſpouſed; whilſt he diſplays the moſt compaſsionate and generous feelings, for thoſe who were ſtrangers to the ſublime religion by which he was animated!

## SECTION IV.

### *Lord Mansfield's Speech in the Houſe of Peers, 1770, on the Bill for preventing the Delays of Juſtice, by claiming the Privilege of Parliament.*

MY LORDS,

When I conſider the importance of this bill to your Lordſhips, I am not ſurpriſed it has taken up ſo much of your conſideration. It is a bill, indeed, of no common magnitude; it is no leſs than to take away from two thirds of the legiſlative body of this great kingdom, certain privileges and immunities of which they have been long poſſeſsed. Perhaps there is no ſituation the human mind can be placed in, that is ſo difficult and ſo trying, as when it is made a judge in its own cauſe. There is ſomething implanted in the breaſt of man ſo attached to ſelf, ſo tenacious of privileges once obtained, that in ſuch a ſituation, either to diſcuſs with impartiality, or decide with juſtice, has ever been held the ſummit of all human virtue. The bill now in queſtion puts your Lordſhips in this very predicament; and I doubt not but the wiſdom of your deciſion will convince the world, that where ſelf-intereſt and juſtice are in oppoſite ſcales, the latter will ever preponderate with your Lordſhips.

Privileges have been granted to legiſlators in all ages, and in all countries. The practice is founded in wiſdom; and, indeed, it is peculiarly eſsential to the conſtitution of this country, that the members of both Houſes ſhould be free in their perſons, in caſes of civil ſuits: for there may come a time when the ſafety and

welfare of this whole empire, may depend upon their attendance in parliament. I am far from adviſing any meaſure that would in future endanger the ſtate: but the bill before your Lordſhips has, I am confident, no ſuch tendency; for it expreſsly ſecures the perſons of members of either Houſe in all civil ſuits. This being the caſe, I confeſs, when I ſee many noble Lords, for whoſe judgment I have a very great reſpect, ſtanding up to oppoſe a bill which is calculated merely to facilitate the recovery of juſt and legal debts, I am aſtoniſhed and amazed. They, I doubt not, oppoſe the bill upon public principles: I would not wiſh to inſinuate, that private intereſt had the leaſt weight in their determination.

The bill has been frequently propoſed, and as frequently has miſcarried: but it was always loſt in the Lower Houſe. Little did I think, when it had paſsed the Commons, that it poſsibly could have met with ſuch oppoſition here. Shall it be ſaid, that you, my Lords, the grand council of the nation, the higheſt judicial and legiſlative body of the realm, endeavour to evade, by privilege, thoſe very laws which you enforce on your fellow-ſubjects? Forbid it juſtice!—I am ſure, were the noble Lords as well acquainted as I am, with but half the difficulties and delays occaſioned in the courts of juſtice, under pretence of privilege, they would not, nay they could not, oppoſe this bill.

I have waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged againſt the bill; but I have waited in vain: the truth is, there is no argument that can weigh againſt it. The juſtice and expediency of the bill are ſuch as render it ſelf-evident. It is a propoſition of that nature, that can neither be weakened by argument,

nor entangled with ſophiſtry. Much, indeed, has been ſaid by ſome noble Lords, on the wiſdom of our anceſtors, and how differently they thought from us. They not only decreed, that privilege ſhould prevent all civil ſuits from proceeding during the ſitting of parliament, but likewiſe granted protection to the very ſervants of members. I ſhall ſay nothing on the wiſdom of our anceſtors; it might perhaps appear invidious: that is not neceſsary in the preſent caſe. I ſhall only ſay, that the noble Lords who flatter themſelves with the weight of that reflection, ſhould remember, that as circumſtances alter, things themſelves ſhould alter. Formerly, it was not ſo faſhionable either for maſters or ſervants to run in debt, as it is at preſent. Formerly, we were not that great commercial nation we are at preſent; nor formerly were merchants and manufacturers members of parliament, as at preſent. The caſe is now very different: both merchants and manufacturers are, with great propriety, elected members of the Lower Houſe. Commerce having thus got into the legiſlative body of the kingdom, privilege muſt be done away. We all know, that the very ſoul and eſsence of trade are regular payments; and ſad experience teaches us, that there are men, who will not make their regular payments without the compulſive power of the laws. The law then ought to be equally open to all. Any exemption to particular men, or particular ranks of men, is, in a free and commercial country, a ſoleciſm of the groſseſt nature.

But I will not trouble your Lordſhips with arguments for that, which is ſufficiently evident without any. I ſhall only ſay a few words to ſome noble Lords, who foreſee much inconveniency, from the perſons of their

ſervants being liable to be arreſted. One noble lord obſerves, That the coachman of a peer may be arreſted, while he is driving his maſter to the Houſe, and, that, conſequently, he will not be able to attend his duty in parliament. If this were actually to happen, there are ſo many methods by which the member might ſtill get to the Houſe, that I can hardly think the noble lord is ſerious in his objection. Another noble peer ſaid, That, by this bill, one might loſe his moſt valuable and honeſt ſervants. This I hold to be a contradiction in terms: for he can neither be a valuable ſervant, nor an honeſt man, who gets into debt which he is neither able nor willing to pay, till compelled by the law. If my ſervant, by unforeſeen accidents, has got into debt, and I ſtill wiſh to retain him, I certainly would pay the demand. But upon no principle of liberal legiſlation whatever, can my ſervant have a title to ſet his creditors at defiance, while, for forty ſhillings only, the honeſt tradeſman may be torn from his family, and locked up in a gaol. It is monſtrous injuſtice! I flatter myſelf, however, the determination of this day will entirely put an end to all ſuch partial proceedings for the future, by paſsing into a law the bill now under your Lordſhips' conſideration.

I come now to ſpeak, upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at, for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been ſaid, by a noble lord on my left hand, that I likewiſe am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity, that applauſe beſtowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been ſtruggling in that race: to what purpoſe, all-trying Time can alone determine. But if the noble lord

means that mushroom popularity, which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble Lord to point out a single action of my life, in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I thank God I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct,—the dictates of my own breast. They who have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob, for the trumpet of Fame. Experience might inform them, that many, who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty. Why then the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly, and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine. Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your Lordships will be popular: it depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular neither to take away any of the privileges of parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your Lordships may remember, that, not long ago, the popular cry was for the extension of privilege; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said, the privilege protected members even in criminal actions; nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the

very decisions of some of the courts were tinctured with that doctrine. It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine; I thought so then, and I think so still; but, nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty; how deservedly, time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all; to the king and to the beggar. Where is the justice then, or where is the law that protects a member of parliament more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, nor any employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honour to sit as judge, neither royal favour, nor popular applause, shall ever protect the guilty.

I have now only to beg pardon for having employed so much of your Lordships' time; and I am sorry a bill, fraught with so many good consequences, has not met with an abler advocate: but I doubt not your Lordships' determination will convince the world, that a bill, calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present, requires with your Lordships but very little support.

## SECTION V.

### *An Address to young Persons.*

I INTEND, in this address, to show you the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to your conduct. As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong, in human actions. You see, that those who

are born with the ſame advantages of fortune, are not all equally proſperous in the courſe of life. While ſome of them, by wiſe and ſteady conduct, attain diſtinction in the world, and paſs their days with comfort and honour; others, of the ſame rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth; involve themſelves in much miſery; and end in being a diſgrace to their friends, and a burden on ſociety. Early, then, may you learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourſelves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappineſs, your honour or infamy, depends. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the moſt ſerious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, inſtead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpoſe, you deliver yourſelves up, at ſo critical a time, to ſloth and pleaſure; if you refuſe to liſten to any counſellor but humour, or to attend to any purſuit except that of amuſement; if you allow yourſelves to float looſe and careleſs on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of faſhion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from ſuch beginnings? While ſo many around you are undergoing the ſad conſequences of a like indiſcretion, for what reaſon ſhall not thoſe conſequences extend to you? Shall you attain ſucceſs without that preparation, and eſcape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happineſs grow up to you, of its own accord, and ſolicit your acceptance, when, to the reſt of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquiſition of labour and care?——Deceive

not yourſelves with ſuch arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your ſake, reverſe its eſtabliſhed order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you to "take heed to your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth." He hath decreed, that they only "who ſeek after wiſdom, ſhall find it; that fools ſhall be afflicted, becauſe of their tranſgreſſions; and that whoever refuſeth inſtruction, ſhall deſtroy his own ſoul." By liſtening to theſe admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of ſerious thought, you may enſure cheerfulneſs for the reſt of life; but by delivering yourſelves up at preſent to giddineſs and levity, you lay the foundation of laſting heavineſs of heart.

When you look forward to thoſe plans of life, which either your circumſtances have ſuggeſted, or your friends have propoſed, you will not heſitate to acknowledge, that in order to purſue them with advantage, ſome previous diſcipline is requiſite. Be aſſured, that whatever is to be your profeſſion, no education is more neceſſary to your ſucceſs, than the acquirement of virtuous diſpoſitions and habits. This is the univerſal preparation for every character, and every ſtation in life. Bad as the world is, reſpect is always paid to virtue. In the uſual courſe of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain underſtanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to proſperity, than the brighteſt parts without probity or honour. Whether ſcience or buſineſs, or public life, be your aim, virtue ſtill enters, for a principal ſhare, into all thoſe great departments of ſociety. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with re-

putation, in every branch of fair and uſeful buſineſs; with diſtinction, in every public ſtation. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous ſentiments which it breathes; the undaunted ſpirit which it inſpires; the ardour of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and diſhonourable avocations; are the foundations of all that is highly honourable, or greatly ſucceſsful among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now poſſeſs, virtue is a neceſsary requiſite, in order to their ſhining with proper luſtre. Feeble are the attractions of the faireſt form, if it be ſuſpected that nothing within correſponds to the pleaſing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is ſuppoſed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever means you may at firſt attract the attention, you can hold the eſteem, and ſecure the hearts of others, only by amiable diſpoſitions, and the accompliſhments of the mind. Theſe are the qualities whoſe influence will laſt, when the luſtre of all that once ſparkled and dazzled has paſsed away.

Let not then the ſeaſon of youth be barren of improvements, ſo eſsential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the ſeed-time of life; and according to "what you ſow, you ſhall reap." Your character is now, under Divine aſsiſtance, of your own forming; your fate is, in ſome meaſure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and ſoft. Habits have not eſtabliſhed their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your underſtanding. The world has not had time to contract and debaſe your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, diſembarraſsed,

and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulſe you now give to your deſires and paſsions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlaſting iſsue. Conſider then the employment of this important period, as the higheſt truſt which ſhall ever be committed to you; as in a great meaſure, deciſive of your happineſs, in time, and in eternity. As in the ſucceſsion of the ſeaſons, each, by the invariable laws of Nature, affects the productions of what is next in courſe; ſo, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill ſpent, influences the happineſs of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accompliſhed and flouriſhing manhood; and ſuch manhood paſses of itſelf, without uneaſineſs, into reſpectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular courſe, diſorder takes place in the moral, juſt as in the vegetable world. If the Spring put forth no bloſsoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn, no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miſerable. If the beginnings of life have been "vanity," its latter end can ſcarcely be any other than "vexation of ſpirit."

I ſhall finiſh this addreſs, with calling your attention to that dependence on the bleſsing of Heaven, which, amidſt all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preſerve. It is too common with the young, even when they reſolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to ſet out with preſumptuous confidence in themſelves. Truſting to their own abilities for carrying them ſucceſsfully through life, they

are careleſs of applying to God, or of deriving any aſsiſtance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy diſcipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them? Neither human wiſdom, nor human virtue, unſupported by religion, is equal to the trying ſituations which often occur in life. By the ſhock of temptation, how frequently have the moſt virtuous intentions been overthrown? Under the preſsure of diſaſter, how often has the greateſt conſtancy ſunk? "every good, and every perfect gift, is from above." Wiſdom and virtue, as well as "riches and honour, come from God." Deſtitute of his favour, you are in no better ſituation, with all your boaſted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackleſs deſert, without any guide to conduct them, or any ſhelter to cover them from the gathering ſtorm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not, that your happineſs can be independent of him who made youth. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, ſeek the protection of the God of heaven. I conclude with the ſolemn words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his ſon; words, which every young perſon ought to conſider as addreſsed to himſelf, and to engrave deeply on his heart: "Solomon, my ſon, know thou the God of thy fathers; and ſerve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. For the Lord ſearches all hearts, and underſtandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou ſeek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forſake him, he will caſt thee off for ever." BLAIR.

# CHAPTER IX.

## PROMISCUOUS AND MIXED PIECES.

### SECTION I.

### *Earthquake at Calabria, in the year* 1638.

An account of this dreadful earthquake, is given by the celebrated Father Kircher. It happened whilſt he was on his journey to viſit Mount Ætna, and the reſt of the wonders that lie towards the South of Italy. Kircher is conſidered, by ſcholars, as one of the greateſt prodigies of learning.

" Having hired a boat, in company with four more, (two friars of the order of St. Francis, and two ſeculars,) we launched, from the harbour of Meſsina, in Sicily; and arrived, the ſame day, at the promontory of Pelorus. Our deſtination was for the city of Euphæmia, in Calabria; where we had ſome buſineſs to tranſact; and where we deſigned to tarry for ſome time. However, Providence ſeemed willing to croſs our deſign; for we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus, on account of the weather; and though we often put out to ſea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, wearied with the delay, we reſolved to proſecute our voyage; and, although the ſea ſeemed more than uſually agitated, we ventured forward. The gulph of Charybdis, which we approached, ſeemed

whirled round in ſuch a manner, as to form a vaſt hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to Ætna, I ſaw it caſt forth large volumes of ſmoke, of mountainous ſizes, which entirely covered the iſland, and blotted out the very ſhores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noiſe, and the ſulphurous ſtench which was ſtrongly perceived, filled me with apprehenſions, that ſome more dreadful calamity was impending. The ſea itſelf ſeemed to wear a very unuſual appearance: they who have ſeen a lake in a violent ſhower of rain, covered all over with bubbles, will conceive ſome idea of its agitations. My ſurpriſe was ſtill increaſed, by the calmneſs and ſerenity of the weather; not a breeze, not a cloud, which might be ſuppoſed to put all Nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companions, that an earthquake was approaching; and, after ſome time, making for the ſhore with all poſsible diligence, we landed at Tropæa, happy and thankful for having eſcaped the threatening dangers of the ſea."

"But our triumphs at land were of ſhort duration; for we had ſcarcely arrived at the Jeſuits' College, in that city, when our ears were ſtunned with a horrid ſound, reſembling that of an infinite number of chariots, driven fiercely forward; the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this, a moſt dreadful earthquake enſued; ſo that the whole tract upon which we ſtood, ſeemed to vibrate, as if we were in the ſcale of a balance, that continued wavering. This motion, however, ſoon grew more violent; and being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown proſtrate upon the ground. In the mean time, the univerſal ruin round

me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to raise my terror and despair. On every side of me, I saw nothing but a scene of ruin; and danger threatening wherever I should fly. I commended myself to God, as my last great refuge. At that hour, O how vain was every sublunary happiness! Wealth, honour, empire, wisdom, all mere useless sounds, and as empty as the bubbles in the deep! Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached, I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt, amidst the general concussion, I resolved to venture for safety; and running as fast as I could, I reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here, till I found the boat in which I had landed; and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than mine. Our meeting was not of that kind, where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape: it was all silence, and a gloomy dread of impending terrors."

"Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast; and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued in violent agitations. But we had scarcely arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat; and, in about half an hour, we saw the greater part of the town, and the inn at which we had set up, dashed to the ground, and burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins."

"In this manner, proceeding onward in our little vessel, finding no safety at land, and yet, from the

ſmallneſs of our boat, having but a very dangerous continuance at ſea, we at length landed at Lopizium, a caſtle midway between Tropæa and Euphæmia, the city to which, as I ſaid before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but ſcenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and caſtles levelled to the ground; Strombalo, though at ſixty miles diſtance, belching forth flames in an unuſual manner, and with a noiſe which I could diſtinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote, to contiguous danger. The rumbling ſound of an approaching earthquake, which we by this time were grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the conſequences; it every moment ſeemed to grow louder, and to approach nearer. The place on which we ſtood now began to ſhake moſt dreadfully; ſo that being unable to ſtand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever ſhrub grew next to us, and ſupported ourſelves in that manner."

"After ſome time, this violent paroxyſm ceaſing, we again ſtood up, in order to proſecute our voyage to Euphæmia, which lay within ſight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpoſe, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could ſee only a frightful dark cloud, that ſeemed to reſt upon the place. This the more ſurpriſed us, as the weather was ſo very ſerene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud had paſsed away: then turning to look for the city, it was totally ſunk. Wonderful to tell! nothing but a diſmal and putrid lake was ſeen where it ſtood. We looked about to find ſome one that could tell us of its ſad cataſtrophe, but could ſee no perſon. All was become a melancholy ſolitude; a ſcene of hideous deſolation.

Thus proceeding penſively along, in queſt of ſome human being that could give us a little information, we at length ſaw a boy ſitting by the ſhore, and appearing ſtupified with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an anſwer. We entreated him, with every expreſsion of tenderneſs and pity, to tell us; but his ſenſes were quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the danger he had eſcaped. We offered him ſome victuals, but he ſeemed to loath the ſight. We ſtill perſiſted in our offices of kindneſs; but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his ſenſes; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia: and as we continued our melancholy courſe along the ſhore, the whole coaſt, for the ſpace of two hundred miles, preſented nothing but the remains of cities; and men ſcattered, without a habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our diſtreſsful voyage, by arriving at Naples, after having eſcaped a thouſand dangers both at ſea and land." GOLDSMITH.

## SECTION II.

### *Letter from* PLINY *to* GEMINIUS.

DO WE not ſometimes obſerve a ſort of people, who though they are themſelves under the abject dominion of every vice, ſhow a kind of malicious reſentment againſt the errors of others; and are moſt ſevere upon thoſe whom they moſt reſemble? yet, ſurely a lenity of diſpoſition, even in perſons who have the leaſt occa-

ſion for clemency themſelves, is of all virtues the moſt becoming. The higheſt of all characters, in my eſtimation, is his, who is as ready to pardon the errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of ſome himſelf; and, at the ſame time, as cautious of committing a fault, as if he never forgave one. It is a rule then which we ſhould, upon all occaſions, both private and public, moſt religiouſly obſerve; "to be inexorable to our own failings, while we treat thoſe of the reſt of the world with tenderneſs, not excepting even ſuch as forgive none but themſelves."

I ſhall, perhaps, be aſked, who it is that has given occaſion to theſe reflections. Know then, that a certain perſon lately—but of that when we meet—though, upon ſecond thoughts, not even then; leſt, whilſt I condemn and expoſe his conduct, I ſhould act counter to that maxim I particularly recommend. Whoever therefore, and whatever he is, ſhall remain in ſilence: for though there may be ſome uſe, perhaps, in ſetting a mark upon the man, for the ſake of example, there will be more, however, in ſparing him, for the ſake of humanity. Farewel. MELMOTH'S PLINY.

### *SECTION III.*

### *Letter from* PLINY *to* MARCELLINUS, *on the death of an amiable young woman.*

I WRITE this under the utmoſt oppreſsion of ſorrow: the youngeſt daughter of my friend Fundamus is dead! Never ſurely was there a more agreeable, and more amiable young perſon; or one who better deſerved to have enjoyed a long, I had almoſt ſaid, an immortal

life! She had all the wiſdom of age, and diſcretion of a matron, joined with youthful ſweetneſs and virgin modeſty. With what an engaging fondneſs did ſhe behave to her father! How kindly and reſpectfully receive his friends! How affectionately treat all thoſe who, in their reſpective offices, had the care and education of her! She employed much of her time in reading, in which ſhe diſcovered great ſtrength of judgment; ſhe indulged herſelf in few diverſions, and thoſe with much caution. With what forbearance, with what patience, with what courage did ſhe endure her laſt illneſs! She complied with all the directions of her phyſicians; ſhe encouraged her ſiſter, and her father; and, when all her ſtrength of body was exhauſted, ſupported herſelf by the ſingle vigour of her mind. That, indeed, continued, even to her laſt moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illneſs, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the loſs of her ſo much the more to be lamented. A loſs infinitely ſevere! and more ſevere by the particular conjuncture in which it happened! She was contracted to a moſt worthy youth; the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited.—How ſad a change from the higheſt joy, to the deepeſt ſorrow! How ſhall I expreſs the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundamus himſelf, (as grief is ever finding out circumſtances to aggravate its affliction,) ordering the money he had deſigned to lay out upon clothes and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and ſpices for her funeral? He is a man of great learning and good ſenſe, who has applied himſelf, from his earlieſt youth, to the nobleſt and moſt elevated ſtudies; but all the maxims of fortitude,

which he has received from books, or advanced himſelf, he now abſolutely rejects; and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderneſs. We ſhall excuſe, we ſhall even approve his ſorrow, when we conſider what he has loſt. He has loſt a daughter who reſembled him in his manners, as well as his perſon; and exactly copied out all her father. If his friend Marcellinus ſhall think proper to write to him, upon the ſubject of ſo reaſonable a grief, let me remind him not to uſe the rougher arguments of conſolation, and ſuch as ſeem to carry a ſort of reproof with them; but thoſe of kind and ſympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reaſon: for as a freſh wound ſhrinks back from the hand of the ſurgeon, but by degrees ſubmits to, and even requires the means of its cure; ſo a mind, under the firſt impreſsions of a misfortune, ſhuns and rejects all arguments of conſolation; but at length, if applied with tenderneſs, calmly and willingly acquieſces in them. Farewel.



## *SECTION IV.*

### *On Diſcretion.*

I HAVE often thought, if the minds of men were laid open, we ſhould ſee but little difference between that of the wiſe man, and that of the fool.

There are infinite reveries, numberleſs extravagances, and a ſucceſsion of vanities, which paſs through both. The great difference is, that the firſt knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for con-

verſation, by ſuppreſsing ſome, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This ſort of diſcretion, however, has no place in private converſation between intimate friends. On ſuch occaſions, the wiſeſt men very often talk like the weakeſt; for indeed talking with a friend is nothing elſe than *thinking aloud*.

Tully has therefore very juſtly expoſed a precept, delivered by ſome ancient writers, That a man ſhould live with his enemy in ſuch a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend, in ſuch a manner, that, if he became his enemy, it ſhould not be in his power to hurt him. The firſt part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reaſonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, ſavours more of cunning than of diſcretion; and would cut a man off from the greateſt pleaſures of life, which are the freedoms of converſation with a boſom friend. Beſides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, the world is juſt enough to accuſe the perfidiouſneſs of the friend, rather than the indiſcretion of the perſon who confided in him.

Diſcretion does not only ſhow itſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more ſhining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none ſo uſeful as diſcretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the reſt; which ſets them at work in their proper times and places; and turns them to the advantage of the perſon

who is poſſeſsed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itſelf looks like weakneſs; the beſt parts only qualify a man to be more ſprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Diſcretion does not only make a man the maſter of his own parts, but of other men's. The diſcreet man finds out the talents of thoſe he converſes with; and knows how to apply them to proper uſes. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and diviſions of men, we may obſerve, that it is the diſcreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the converſation, and gives meaſures to the ſociety. A man with great talents, but void of diſcretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, ſtrong and blind; endued with an irreſiſtible force, which, for want of ſight, is of no uſe to him.

Though a man have all other perfections, and want diſcretion, he will be of no great conſequence in the world; but if he have this ſingle talent in perfection, and but a common ſhare of others, he may do what he pleaſes in his particular ſtation of life.

At the ſame time that I think diſcretion the moſt uſeful talent a man can be maſter of, I look upon cunning to be the accompliſhment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Diſcretion points out the nobleſt ends to us; and purſues the moſt proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private ſelfiſh aims; and ſticks at nothing which may make them ſucceed. Diſcretion has large and extended views; and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of ſhort-ſightedneſs, that diſcovers the minuteſt objects which are near at

hand, but is not able to diſcern things at a diſtance. Diſcretion, the more it is diſcovered, gives a greater authority to the perſon who poſſeſſes it: cunning, when it is once detected, loſes its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even thoſe events which he might have done, had he paſſed only for a plain man. Diſcretion is the perfection of reaſon; and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of inſtinct, that only looks out after our immediate intereſt and welfare. Diſcretion is only found in men of ſtrong ſenſe and good underſtandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themſelves; and in perſons who are but the feweſt removes from them. In ſhort, cunning is only the mimic of diſcretion; and it may paſs upon weak men, in the ſame manner as vivacity is often miſtaken for wit, and gravity, for wiſdom.

The caſt of mind which is natural to a diſcreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and conſider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at preſent. He knows that the miſery or happineſs which is reſerved for him in another world, loſes nothing of its reality by being placed at ſo great a diſtance from him. The objects do not appear little to him becauſe they are remote. He conſiders, that thoſe pleaſures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment; and will be preſent with him in their full weight and meaſure, as much as thoſe pains and pleaſures which he feels at this very inſtant. For this reaſon, he is careful to ſecure to himſelf that which is the proper happineſs of his nature, and the ultimate deſign of his being. He carries his thoughts to the

end of every action; and conſiders the moſt diſtant, as well as the moſt immediate effects of it. He ſuperſedes every little proſpect of gain and advantage which offers itſelf here, if he does not find it conſiſtent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality; his ſchemes are large and glorious; and his conduct ſuitable to one who knows his true intereſt, and how to purſue it by proper methods.

ADDISON.

## SECTION V.

### *On the government of our Thoughts.*

A MULTITUDE of caſes occur, in which we are no leſs accountable for what we think, than for what we do.

As, firſt, when the introduction of any train of thought depends upon ourſelves, and is our voluntary act; by turning our attention towards ſuch objects, awakening ſuch paſsions, or engaging in ſuch employments, as we know muſt give a peculiar determination to our thoughts. Next, when thoughts, by whatever accident they may have been originally ſuggeſted, are indulged with deliberation and complacency. Though the mind has been paſsive in their reception, and, therefore, free from blame; yet, if it be active in their continuance, the guilt becomes its own. They may have intruded at firſt, like unbidden gueſts; but if when entered, they are made welcome, and kindly entertained, the caſe is the ſame as if they had been invited from the beginning. If we be thus accountable to God for thoughts either voluntarily introduced, or deliberately indulged,

we are no leſs ſo, in the laſt place, for thoſe which find admittance into our hearts from ſupine negligence, from total relaxation of attention, from allowing our imagination to rove with entire licence, "like the eyes "of the fool, towards the ends of the earth." Our minds are, in this caſe, thrown open to folly and vanity. They are proſtituted to every evil thing which pleaſes to take poſſeſſion. The conſequences muſt all be charged to our account; and in vain we plead excuſe from human infirmity. Hence it appears, that the great object at which we are to aim in governing our thoughts, is, to take the moſt effectual meaſures for preventing the introduction of ſuch as are ſinful, and for haſtening their expulſion, if they ſhall have introduced themſelves without conſent of the will.

But when we deſcend into our breaſts, and examine how far we have ſtudied to keep this object in view, who can tell, "how oft he hath offended?" In no article of religion or morals are men more culpably remiſs, than in the unreſtrained indulgence they give to fancy; and that too, for the moſt part, without remorſe. Since the time that Reaſon began to exert her powers, Thought, during our waking hours, has been active in every breaſt, without a moment's ſuſpenſion or pauſe. The current of ideas has been always flowing. The wheels of the ſpiritual engine have circulated with perpetual motion. Let me aſk, what has been the fruit of this inceſſant activity with the greater part of mankind? Of the innumerable hours that have been employed in thought, how few are marked with any permanent or uſeful effect? How many have either paſſed away in idle dreams; or have been abandoned to anxious diſcontented muſings, to unſocial and ma-

lignant paſsions, or to irregular and criminal deſires? Had I power to lay open that ſtorehouſe of iniquity which the hearts of too many conceal; could I draw out and read to them a liſt of all the imaginations they have deviſed, and all the paſsions they have indulged in ſecret; what a picture of men ſhould I preſent to themſelves! What crimes would they appear to have perpetrated in ſecrecy, which to their moſt intimate companions they durſt not reveal!

Even when men imagine their thoughts to be innocently employed, they too commonly ſuffer them to run out into extravagant imaginations, and chimerical plans of what they would wiſh to attain, or chooſe to be, if they could frame the courſe of things according to their deſire. Though ſuch employments of fancy come not under the ſame deſcription with thoſe which are plainly criminal, yet wholly unblamable they ſeldom are. Beſides the waſte of time which they occaſion, and the miſapplication which they indicate of thoſe intellectual powers that were given to us for much nobler purpoſes, ſuch romantic ſpeculations lead us always into the neighbourhood of forbidden regions. They place us on dangerous ground. They are for the moſt part connected with ſome one bad paſsion; and they always nouriſh a giddy and frivolous turn of thought. They unfit the mind for applying with vigour to rational purſuits, or for acquieſcing in ſober plans of conduct. From that ideal world in which it allows itſelf to dwell, it returns to the commerce of men, unbent and relaxed, ſickly and tainted, averſe from diſcharging the duties, and ſometimes diſqualified even for reliſhing the pleaſures, of ordinary life.

BLAIR.

## SECTION VI.

### *On the Evils which flow from unreſtrained Paſsions.*

When man revolted from his Maker, his paſsions rebelled againſt himſelf; and, from being originally the miniſters of reaſon, have become the tyrants of the ſoul. Hence, in treating of this ſubject, two things may be aſsumed as principles: firſt, that through the preſent weakneſs of the underſtanding, our paſsions are often directed towards improper objects; and next, that even when their direction is juſt, and their objects are innocent, they perpetually tend to run into exceſs; they always hurry us towards their gratification, with a blind and dangerous impetuoſity. On theſe two points then turns the whole government of our paſsions: firſt, to aſcertain the proper objects of their purſuit; and next, to reſtrain them in that purſuit, when they would carry us beyond the bounds of reaſon. If there be any paſsion which intrudes itſelf unſeaſonably into our mind, which darkens and troubles our judgment, or habitually diſcompoſes our temper; which unfits us for properly diſcharging the duties, or diſqualifies us for cheerfully enjoying the comforts of life, we may certainly conclude it to have gained a dangerous aſcendant. The great object which we ought to propoſe to ourſelves is, to acquire a firm and ſtedfaſt mind, which the infatuation of paſſion ſhall not ſeduce, nor its violence ſhake; which, reſting on fixed principles, ſhall, in the midſt of contending emotions, remain free, and maſter of itſelf;

able to liſten calmly to the voice of conſcience, and prepared to obey its dictates without heſitation.

To obtain, if poſsible, ſuch command of paſsion, is one of the higheſt attainments of the rational nature. Arguments to ſhow its importance crowd upon us from every quarter. If there be any fertile ſource of miſchief to human life, it is, beyond doubt, the miſrule of paſsion. It is this which poiſons the enjoyment of individuals, overturns the order of ſociety, and ſtrews the path of life with ſo many miſeries, as to render it indeed the vale of tears. All thoſe great ſcenes of public calamity, which we behold with aſtoniſhment and horror, have originated from the ſource of violent paſsions. Theſe have overſpread the earth with bloodſhed. Theſe have pointed the aſsaſsin's dagger, and filled the poiſoned bowl. Theſe, in every age, have furniſhed too copious materials for the orator's pathetic declamation, and for the poet's tragical ſong.

When from public life we deſcend to private conduct, though paſsion operates not there in ſuch a wide and deſtructive ſphere, we ſhall find its influence to be no leſs baneful. I need not mention the black and fierce paſsions, ſuch as envy, jealouſy, and revenge, whoſe effects are obviouſly noxious, and whoſe agitations are immediate miſery. But take any of the licentious and ſenſual kind. Suppoſe it to have unlimited ſcope; trace it throughout its courſe; and we ſhall find that gradually, as it riſes, it taints the ſoundneſs, and troubles the peace of his mind over whom it reigns; that, in its progreſs, it engages him in purſuits which are marked either with danger or with ſhame; that, in the end, it waſtes his fortune, deſtroys his health, or debaſes his character; and aggravates all the miſeries

in which it has involved him, with the concluding pangs of bitter remorſe. Through all the ſtages of this fatal courſe, how many have heretofore run? What multitudes do we daily behold purſuing it, with blind and headlong ſteps? BLAIR.

## SECTION VII.

### *On the proper State of our Temper, with reſpect to one another.*

IT is evident, in the general, that if we conſult either public welfare or private happineſs, Chriſtian charity ought to regulate our diſpoſition in mutual intercourſe. But as this great principle admits of ſeveral diverſified appearances, let us conſider ſome of the chief forms under which it ought to ſhow itſelf in the uſual tenour of life.

What, firſt, preſents itſelf to be recommended, is a peaceable temper; a diſpoſition averſe to give offence, and deſirous of cultivating harmony, and amicable intercourſe in ſociety. This ſuppoſes yielding and condeſcending manners, unwillingneſs to contend with others about trifles, and, in conteſts that are unavoidable, proper moderation of ſpirit. Such a temper is the firſt principle of ſelf-enjoyment. It is the baſis of all order and happineſs among mankind. The poſitive and contentious, the rude and quarrelſome, are the bane of ſociety. They ſeem deſtined to blaſt the ſmall ſhare of comfort which nature has here allotted to man. But they cannot diſturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hurricane rages firſt in their own boſom, before it is let forth upon the

world. In the tempeſts which they raiſe, they are always toſt; and frequently it is their lot to periſh.

A peaceable temper muſt be ſupported by a candid one, or a diſpoſition to view the conduct of others with fairneſs and impartiality. This ſtands oppoſed to a jealous and ſuſpicious temper, which aſcribes every action to the worſt motive, and throws a black ſhade over every character. If we would be happy in ourſelves, or in our connexions with others, let us guard againſt this malignant ſpirit. Let us ſtudy that charity "which thinketh no evil;" that temper which, without degenerating into credulity, will diſpoſe us to be juſt; and which can allow us to obſerve an error, without imputing it as a crime. Thus we ſhall be kept free from that continual irritation, which imaginary injuries raiſe in a ſuſpicious breaſt; and ſhall walk among men as our brethren, not as our enemies.

But to be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He muſt cultivate a kind, generous, and ſympathizing temper, which feels for diſtreſs, wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourſe, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable appears ſuch a diſpoſition, when contraſted with a malicious or envious temper, which wraps itſelf up in its own narrow intereſt, looks with an evil eye on the ſucceſs of others, and, with an unnatural ſatisfaction, feeds on their diſappointments or miſeries! How little does he know of the true happineſs of life, who is a ſtranger to that intercourſe of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleaſing charm, attaches men to one another, and circu'ates joy from heart to heart!

We are not to imagine, that a benevolent temper finds no exercise, unless when opportunities offer of performing actions of high generosity, or of extensive utility. These may seldom occur. The condition of the greater part of mankind, in a good measure, precludes them. But, in the ordinary round of human affairs, many occasions daily present themselves of mitigating the vexations which others suffer; of soothing their minds; of aiding their interest; of promoting their cheerfulness, or ease. Such occasions may relate to the smaller incidents of life. But let us remember, that of small incidents the system of human life is chiefly composed. The attentions which respect these, when suggested by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happiness of those around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and splendour. No wise or good man ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard, which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Particularly amidst that familiar intercourse which belongs to domestic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themselves at liberty, to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passion and humour. Whereas there, on the contrary, more than any where, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to soften what is harsh in their manners. For there the temper is formed. There, the real character displays itself. The forms of the world disguise men when abroad. But within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is.—In all

our intercourſe then with others, particularly in that which is cloſeſt and moſt intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, a candid, a gentle and friendly temper. This is the temper to which, by repeated injunctions, our holy religion ſeeks to form us. This was the temper of Chriſt. This is the temper of Heaven.

BLAIR.

### SECTION VIII.

### *Excellence of the Chriſtian Religion.*

Is it bigotry to believe the ſublime truths of the goſpel, with full aſsurance of faith? I glory in ſuch bigotry. I would not part with it for a thouſand worlds. I congratulate the man who is poſseſsed of it: for, amidſt all the viciſsitudes and calamities of the preſent ſtate, that man enjoys an inexhauſtible fund of conſolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

There is not a book on earth, ſo favourable to all the kind, and all the ſublime affections; or ſo unfriendly to hatred and perſecution, to tyranny, injuſtice, and every ſort of malevolence, as the Goſpel. It breathes nothing throughout, but mercy, benevolence, and peace.

Poetry is ſublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety, or patriotiſm. This is one of the nobleſt effects of the heart. The Pſalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inſpiring devout emotions. But it is not in this reſpect only, that they are ſublime. Of the Divine nature, they contain the moſt magnificent

descriptions, that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is vain to look for in any human composition.

Such of the doctrines of the Gospel as are level to human capacity, appear to be agreeable to the purest truth, and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the Heathen world; all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and of man, as are to be found in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral and theological wisdom

Loses, discountenanc'd, and like folly shows.

BEATTIE.

## SECTION IX.

*Reflections occasioned by a Review of the Blessings, pronounced by Christ on his Disciples, in his Sermon on the Mount.*

What abundant reason have we to thank God, that this large and instructive discourse of our blessed Redeemer, is so particularly recorded by the sacred historian. Let every one that "hath ears to hear" attend to it: for surely no man ever spoke as our Lord did on this occasion. Let us fix our minds in a posture of humble attention, that we may "receive the law from his mouth."

He opened it with blessings, repeated and most important blessings. But on whom are they pro-

nounced? and whom are we taught to think the happieſt of mankind? The meek and the humble; the penitent and the merciful; the peaceful and the pure; thoſe that hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs; thoſe that labour, but faint not, under perſecution! Lord! how different are thy maxims from thoſe of the children of this world! They call the proud happy; and admire the gay, the rich, the powerful, and the victorious. But let a vain world take its gaudy trifles, and dreſs up the fooliſh creatures that purſue them. May our ſouls ſhare in that happineſs which the Son of God came to recommend and to procure! May we obtain mercy of the Lord; may we be owned as his children; enjoy his preſence; and inherit his kingdom! With theſe enjoyments, and theſe hopes, we will cheerfully welcome the loweſt, or the moſt painful circumſtances.

Let us be animated to cultivate thoſe amiable virtues, which are here recommended to us; this humility and meekneſs; this penitent ſenſe of ſin; this ardent deſire after righteouſneſs; this compaſsion and purity; this peacefulneſs and fortitude of ſoul; and, in a word, this univerſal goodneſs which becomes us, as we ſuſtain the character of "the ſalt of the earth," and "the light of the world."

Is there not reaſon to lament, that we anſwer the character no better? Is there not reaſon to exclaim, with a good man in former times, "Bleſsed Lord! either theſe are not thy words, or we are not Chriſtians!" Oh, ſeaſon our hearts more effectually with thy grace! Pour forth that divine oil on our lamps! Then ſhall the flame brighten; then ſhall the ancient honours of thy religion be revived; and multitudes b

awakened and animated, by the luſtre of it, "to glorify our Father in heaven."

DODDRIDGE.

## SECTION X.

### *Schemes of Life often illuſory.*

OMAR, the ſon of Huſsan, had paſsed ſeventy-five years, in honour and proſperity. The favour of three ſucceſsive califs had filled his houſe with gold and ſilver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his paſsage.

Terreſtrial happineſs is of ſhort continuance. The brightneſs of the flame is waſting its fuel; the fragrant flower is paſsing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; ſtrength departed from his hands; and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of truſt, and the ſeals of ſecrecy; and ſought no other pleaſure for the remains of life, than the converſe of the wiſe, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by viſitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the ſon of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent: Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. "Tell me," ſaid Caled, "thou to whoſe voice nations have liſtened, and whoſe wiſdom is known to the extremities of Aſia, tell me how I may reſemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou

haſt gained power and preſerved it, are to thee no longer neceſsary or uſeful: impart to me the ſecret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wiſdom has built thy fortune."

"Young man," ſaid Omar, "it is of little uſe to form plans of life. When I took my firſt ſurvey of the world, in my twentieth year, having conſidered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of ſolitude I ſaid thus to myſelf, leaning againſt a cedar, which ſpread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining. Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will paſs in foreign countries; I ſhall be learned, and therefore ſhall be honoured; every city will ſhout at my arrival, and every ſtudent will ſolicit my friendſhip. Twenty years thus paſsed, will ſtore my mind with images, which I ſhall be buſy, through the reſt of my life, in combining and comparing. I ſhall revel in inexhauſtible accumulations of intellectual riches; I ſhall find new pleaſures for every moment; and ſhall never more be weary of myſelf. I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wiſe as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years within the ſuburbs of Bagdat, in every pleaſure that wealth can purchaſe, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling; paſs my days in obſcurity and contemplation; and lie ſilently down on the bed of death. Through my life it ſhall be my ſettled reſolution, that I will never depend upon the ſmile of princes; that I will never ſtand expoſed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honours, nor diſturb my

quiet with the affairs of ſtate.' Such was my ſcheme of life, which I impreſsed indelibly upon my memory."

"The firſt part of my enſuing time was to be ſpent in ſearch of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my deſign. I had no viſible impediments without, nor any ungovernable paſsions within. I regarded knowledge as the higheſt honour, and the moſt engaging pleaſure; yet day ſtole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that ſeven years of the firſt ten had vaniſhed, and left nothing behind them. I now poſtponed my purpoſe of travelling; for why ſhould I go abroad, while ſo much remained to be learned at home? I immured myſelf for four years, and ſtudied the laws of the empire. The fame of my ſkill reached the judges; I was found able to ſpeak upon doubtful queſtions; and was commanded to ſtand at the footſtool of the calif. I was heard with attention; I was conſulted with confidence; and the love of praiſe faſtened on my heart."

"I ſtill wiſhed to ſee diſtant countries; liſtened with rapture to the relations of travellers; and reſolved ſome time to aſk my diſmiſsion, that I might feaſt my ſoul with novelty: but my preſence was always neceſſary; and the ſtream of buſineſs hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid leſt I ſhould be charged with ingratitude; but I ſtill propoſed to travel, and therefore would not confine myſelf by marriage."

"In my fiftieth year, I began to ſuſpect that the time of travelling was paſt; and thought it beſt to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myſelf in domeſtic pleaſures. But at fifty no man eaſily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wiſe as Zobeide.

I inquired and rejected, conſulted and deliberated, till the ſixty-ſecond year made me aſhamed of wiſhing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till diſeaſe forced me from public employment."

"Such was my ſcheme, and ſuch has been its conſequence. With an inſatiable thirſt for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a reſtleſs deſire of ſeeing different countries, I have always reſided in the ſame city; with the higheſt expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable reſolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat."

DR. JOHNSON.

## SECTION XI.

### *The Pleaſures of virtuous Senſibility.*

THE good effects of true ſenſibility on general virtue and happineſs, admit of no diſpute. Let us conſider its effect on the happineſs of him who poſſeſſes it, and the various pleaſures to which it gives him acceſs. If he is maſter of riches or influence, it affords him the means of increaſing his own enjoyment, by relieving the wants, or increaſing the comforts of others. If he commands not theſe advantages, yet all the comforts, which he ſees in the poſſeſſion of the deſerving, become in ſome ſort his, by his rejoicing in the good which they enjoy. Even the face of nature yields a ſatisfaction to him, which the inſenſible can never know. The profuſion of goodneſs which he beholds poured forth on the univerſe, dilates his heart with

the thought, that innumerable multitudes around him are bleſt and happy. When he ſees the labours of men appearing to proſper, and views a country flouriſhing in wealth and induſtry; when he beholds the ſpring coming forth in its beauty, and reviving the decayed face of nature; or in autumn beholds the fields loaded with plenty, and the year crowned with all its fruits; he lifts his affections with gratitude to the great Father of all, and rejoices in the general felicity and joy.

It may indeed be objected, that the ſame ſenſibility lays open the heart to be pierced with many wounds, from the diſtreſſes which abound in the world; expoſes us to frequent ſuffering from the participation which it communicates of the ſorrows, as well as of the joys, of friendſhip. But let it be conſidered, that the tender melancholy of ſympathy, is accompanied with a ſenſation, which they who feel it would not exchange for the gratifications of the ſelfiſh. When the heart is ſtrongly moved by any of the kind affections, even when it pours itſelf forth in virtuous ſorrow, a ſecret attractive charm mingles with the painful emotion; there is a joy in the midſt of grief. Let it be farther conſidered, that the griefs which ſenſibility introduces, are counterbalanced by pleaſures which flow from the ſame ſource. Senſibility heightens in general the human powers, and is connected with acuteneſs in all our feelings. If it makes us more alive to ſome painful ſenſations, in return, it renders the pleaſing ones more vivid and animated. The ſelfiſh man languiſhes in his narrow circle of pleaſures. They are confined to what affects his own intereſt. He is obliged to repeat the ſame gratifi-

cations, till they become inſipid. But the man of virtuous ſenſibility moves in a wider ſphere of felicity. His powers are much more frequently called forth into occupations of pleaſing activity. Numberleſs occaſions open to him of indulging his favourite taſte, by conveying ſatisfaction to others. Often it is in his power, in one way or other, to ſooth the afflicted heart; to carry ſome conſolation into the houſe of woe. In the ſcenes of ordinary life, in the domeſtic and ſocial intercourſes of men, the cordiality of his affections cheers and gladdens him. Every appearance, every deſcription of innocent happineſs, is enjoyed by him. Every native expreſsion of kindneſs and affection among others, is felt by him, even though he be not the object of it. Among a circle of friends, enjoying one another, he is as happy as the happieſt. In a word, he lives in a different ſort of world from what the ſelfiſh man inhabits. He poſſeſſes a new ſenſe that enables him to behold objects which the ſelfiſh cannot ſee. At the ſame time, his enjoyments are not of that kind which remain merely on the ſurface of the mind. They penetrate the heart. They enlarge and elevate, they refine and ennoble it. To all the pleaſing emotions of affection, they add the dignified conſciouſneſs of virtue.—Children of men! men formed by nature to live and to feel as brethren! how long will ye continue to eſtrange yourſelves from one another by competitions and jealouſies, when in cordial union ye might be ſo much more bleſt? How long will ye ſeek your happineſs in ſelfiſh gratifications alone, neglecting thoſe purer and better ſources of joy, which flow from the affections and the heart? BLAIR.

## SECTION XII.

### *On the true Honour of Man.*

THE proper honour of man ariſes not from ſome of thoſe ſplendid actions and abilities, which excite high admiration. Courage and proweſs, military renown, ſignal victories and conqueſts, may render the name of a man famous, without rendering his character truly honourable. To many brave men, to many heroes renowned in ſtory, we look up with wonder. Their exploits are recorded. Their praiſes are ſung. They ſtand as on an eminence above the reſt of mankind. Their eminence, nevertheleſs, may not be of that ſort, before which we bow with inward eſteem and reſpect. Something more is wanted for that purpoſe, than the conquering arm, and the intrepid mind. The laurels of the warrior muſt at all times be dyed in blood, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan. But if they have been ſtained by rapine and inhumanity; if ſordid avarice has marked his character; or low and groſs ſenſuality has degraded his life; the great hero ſinks into a little man. What at a diſtance, or on a ſuperficial view, we admired, becomes mean, perhaps odious, when we examine it more cloſely. It is like the Coloſſal ſtatue, whoſe immenſe ſize ſtruck the ſpectator afar off with aſtoniſhment; but when nearly viewed, it appears diſproportioned, unſhapely, and rude.

Obſervations of the ſame kind may be applied to all the reputation derived from civil accompliſhments; from the refined politics of the ſtateſman; or the lite-

rary efforts of genius and erudition. These bestow, and, within certain bounds, ought to bestow, eminence and distinction on men. They discover talents which in themselves are shining; and which become highly valuable, when employed in advancing the good of mankind. Hence, they frequently give rise to fame. But a distinction is to be made between fame and true honour. The statesman, the orator, or the poet, may be famous; while yet the man himself is far from being honoured. We envy his abilities. We wish to rival them. But we would not choose to be classed with him who possessed them. Instances of this sort are too often found in every record of ancient or modern history.

From all this it follows, that, in order to discern where man's true honour lies, we must look, not to any adventitious circumstance of fortune; not to any single sparkling quality; but to the whole of what forms a man; what entitles him, as such, to rank high among that class of beings to which he belongs; in a word, we must look to the mind and the soul.—A mind superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption; a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity; the same in prosperity and adversity; which no bribe can seduce, nor terror overawe; neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection: such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man.—One, who, in no situation of life, is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of man-

kind; faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compaſſion to the unfortunate; ſelf-denying to little private intereſts and pleaſures, but zealous for public intereſt and happineſs; magnanimous, without being proud; humble, without being mean; juſt, without being harſh; ſimple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; on whoſe word we can entirely rely; whoſe countenance never deceives us; whoſe profeſsions of kindneſs are the effuſions of his heart: one, in fine, whom, independent of any views of advantage, we would chooſe for a ſuperior, could truſt in as a friend, and could love as a brother:—This is the man, whom in our heart, above all others, we do, we muſt, honour. BLAIR.

## SECTION XIII.

### *The Influence of Devotion on the Happineſs of Life.*

WHATEVER promotes and ſtrengthens virtue, whatever calms and regulates the temper, is a ſource of happineſs. Devotion produces thoſe effects in a remarkable degree. It inſpires compoſure of ſpirit, mildneſs, and benignity; weakens the painful, and cheriſhes the pleaſing emotions; and, by theſe means, carries on the life of a pious man in a ſmooth and placid tenour.

Beſides exerting this habitual influence on the mind, devotion opens a field of enjoyments, to which the vicious are entire ſtrangers; enjoyments the more valuable, as they peculiarly belong to retirement, when the world leaves us; and to adverſity, when it

becomes our foe. These are the two seasons, for which every wise man would most wish to provide some hidden store of comfort. For let him be placed in the most favourable situation which the human state admits, the world can neither always amuse him, nor always shield him from distress. There will be many hours of vacuity, and many of dejection, in his life. If he be a stranger to God, and to devotion, how dreary will the gloom of solitude often prove! With what oppressive weight will sickness, disappointment, or old age, fall upon his spirits! But for those pensive periods, the pious man has a relief prepared. From the tiresome repetition of the common vanities of life, or from the painful corrosion of its cares and sorrows, devotion transports him into a new region; and surrounds him there with such objects, as are the most fitted to cheer the dejection, to calm the tumults, and to heal the wounds of his heart. If the world has been empty and delusive, it gladdens him with the prospect of a higher and better order of things, about to arise. If men have been ungrateful and base, it displays before him the faithfulness of that Supreme Being, who, though every other friend fail, will never forsake him. Let us consult our experience, and we shall find, that the two greatest sources of inward joy, are, the exercise of love directed towards a deserving object, and the exercise of hope terminating on some high and assured happiness. Both these are supplied by devotion; and therefore we have no reason to be surprised, if, on some occasions, it fills the hearts of good men with a satisfaction not to be expressed.

The refined pleaſures of a pious mind are, in many reſpects, ſuperior to the coarſe gratifications of ſenſe. They are pleaſures which belong to the higheſt powers and beſt affections of the ſoul; whereas the gratifications of ſenſe reſide in the loweſt region of our nature. To the latter, the ſoul ſtoops below its native dignity. The former, raiſe it above itſelf. The latter, leave always a comfortleſs, often a mortifying, remembrance behind them. The former, are reviewed with applauſe and delight. The pleaſures of ſenſe reſemble a foaming torrent, which, after a diſorderly courſe, ſpeedily runs out, and leaves an empty and offenſive channel. But the pleaſures of devotion reſemble the equable current of a pure river, which enlivens the fields through which it paſſes, and diffuſes verdure and fertility along its banks. To thee, O Devotion! we owe the higheſt improvement of our nature, and much of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the ſupport of our virtue, and the reſt of our ſouls, in this turbulent world. Thou compoſeſt the thoughts. Thou calmeſt the paſſions. Thou exalteſt the heart. Thy communications, and thine only, are imparted to the low, no leſs than to the high; to the poor, as well as to the rich. In thy preſence, worldly diſtinctions ceaſe; and under thy influence, worldly ſorrows are forgotten. Thou art the balm of the wounded mind. Thy ſanctuary is ever open to the miſerable; inacceſſible only to the unrighteous and impure. Thou beginneſt on earth the temper of heaven. In thee, the hoſts of angels and bleſſed ſpirits eternally rejoice.

BLAIR.

## SECTION XIV.

### *The planetary and terreſtrial Worlds comparatively conſidered.*

To us, who dwell on its ſurface, the earth is by far the moſt extenſive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is alſo clothed with verdure, diſtinguiſhed by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a ſpectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aſpect; looks all luminous; and no larger than a ſpot. To beings who dwell at ſtill greater diſtances, it entirely diſappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening ſtar, as in one part of the orbit ſhe rides foremoſt in the proceſsion of night, in the other uſhers in and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world, which, with the four others that ſo wonderfully vary their myſtic dance, are in themſelves dark bodies, and ſhine only by reflection; have fields and ſeas, and ſkies of their own; are furniſhed with all accommodations for animal ſubſiſtence, and are ſuppoſed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand diſpenſer of Divine munificence, the ſun; receive their light from the diſtribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The ſun, which ſeems to perform its daily ſtages through the ſky, is in this reſpect fixed and immoveable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more ſpacious orbs, wheel their ſtated courſes. The ſun, though ſeemingly ſmaller

than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which ſo many lofty mountains riſe, and ſuch vaſt oceans roll. A line extending from ſide to ſide through the centre of that reſplendent orb, would meaſure more than eight hundred thouſand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its ſolid contents to be eſtimated, the account would overwhelm our underſtanding, and be almoſt beyond the power of language to expreſs. Are we ſtartled at theſe reports of philoſophy? Are we ready to cry out in a tranſport of ſurpriſe, "How mighty is the Being who kindled ſuch a prodigious fire; and keeps alive, from age to age, ſuch an enormous maſs of flame!" let us attend our philoſophic guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with ſpeculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This ſun with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the univerſe; every ſtar, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vaſt globe, like the ſun in ſize and in glory; no leſs ſpacious, no leſs luminous, than the radiant ſource of day. So that every ſtar, is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent ſyſtem; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are loſt to our ſight in unmeaſurable wilds of ether. That the ſtars appear like ſo many diminutive, and ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable points, is owing to their immenſe and inconceivable diſtance. Immenſe and inconceivable indeed it is, ſince a ball, ſhot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, muſt travel, at this impetuous rate, almoſt

ſeven hundred thouſand years, before it could reach the neareſt of theſe twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vaſt expanſe, I learn my own extreme meanneſs, I would alſo diſcover the abject littleneſs of all terreſtrial things. What is the earth, with all her oſtentatious ſcenes, compared with this aſtoniſhing grand furniture of the ſkies? What, but a dim ſpeck, hardly perceivable in the map of the univerſe? It is obſerved by a very judicious writer, that if the ſun himſelf, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguiſhed, and all the hoſt of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be miſsed by an eye that can take in the whole compaſs of nature, any more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The bulk of which they conſiſt, and the ſpace which they occupy, are ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that their loſs would ſcarcely leave a blank in the immenſity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole ſyſtem, be ſo very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a county? What are a few lordſhips, or the ſo much admired patrimonies of thoſe who are ſtyled wealthy? When I meaſure them with my own little pittance, they ſwell into proud and bloated dimenſions: but when I take the univerſe for my ſtandard, how ſcanty is their ſize, how contemptible their figure! They ſhrink into pompous nothings.

ADDISON.

## SECTION XV.

### *On the Power of Cuſtom, and the Uſes to which it may be applied.*

THERE is not a common ſaying, which has a better turn of ſenſe in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that 'Cuſtom is a ſecond nature.' It is indeed able to form the man anew; and give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from thoſe he was born with. A perſon who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at firſt, by degrees contracts ſo ſtrong an inclination towards it, and gives himſelf up ſo entirely to it, that it ſeems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or buſy life will grow upon a man inſenſibly, as he is converſant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for reliſhing that to which he has been for ſome time diſuſed. Nay, a man may ſmoke, or drink, or take ſnuff, till he is unable to paſs away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular ſtudy, art, or ſcience, riſes and improves, in proportion to the application which we beſtow upon it. Thus, what was at firſt an exerciſe, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into diverſions. The mind grows fond of thoſe actions it is accuſtomed to; and is drawn with reluctancy from thoſe paths in which it has been uſed to walk.

If we attentively conſider this property of human nature, it may inſtruct us in very fine moralities. In the firſt place, I would have no man diſcouraged with

that kind of life, or ſeries of action, in which the choice of others, or his own neceſsities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very diſagreeable to him, at firſt; but uſe and application will certainly render it not only leſs painful, but pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

In the ſecond place, I would recommend to every one, the admirable precept, which Pythagoras is ſaid to have given to his diſciples, and which that philoſopher muſt have drawn from the obſervation I have enlarged upon: "Pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent, and cuſtom will render it the moſt delightful." Men, whoſe circumſtances will permit them to chooſe their own way of life, are inexcuſable if they do not purſue that which their judgment tells them is the moſt laudable. The voice of reaſon is more to be regarded, than the bent of any preſent inclination; ſince, by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reaſon, though we can never force reaſon to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this obſervation may teach the moſt ſenſual and irreligious man, to overlook thoſe hardſhips and difficulties, which are apt to diſcourage him from the proſecution of a virtuous life. "The Gods," ſaid Heſiod, "have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at firſt rough and difficult, but grows more ſmooth and eaſy the farther we advance in it." The man who proceeds in it with ſteadineſs and reſolution, will, in a little time, find that "her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and that all her paths are peace."

To enforce this conſideration, we may further obſerve, that the practice of religion will not only be

attended with that pleaſure, which naturally accompanies thoſe actions to which we are habituated, but with thoſe ſupernumerary joys of heart, that riſe from the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a pleaſure; from the ſatisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reaſon; and from the proſpect of a happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this obſervation, which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once ſettled in a regular courſe of life, how we too frequently indulge ourſelves in even the moſt innocent diverſions and entertainments; ſince the mind may inſenſibly fall off from the reliſh of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleaſure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much inferior and an unprofitable nature.

The laſt uſe which I ſhall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with thoſe actions to which it is accuſtomed, is, to ſhow how abſolutely neceſsary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleaſures of the next. The ſtate of bliſs, we call Heaven, will not be capable of affecting thoſe minds which are not thus qualified for it: we muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in it during this its preſent ſtate of probation. In ſhort, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect, of a religious life.

ADDISON.

## SECTION XVI.

### *The Pleaſures reſulting from a proper Uſe of our Faculties.*

HAPPY that man, who, unembarraſsed by vulgar cares, maſter of himſelf, his time, and fortune, ſpends his time in making himſelf wiſer; and his fortune, in making others (and therefore himſelf) happier: who, as the will and underſtanding are the two ennobling faculties of the ſoul, thinks himſelf not complete, till his underſtanding is beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue: who has furniſhed himſelf with all the advantages to reliſh ſolitude and enliven converſation; who when ſerious, is not ſullen; and when cheerful, not indiſcreetly gay; whoſe ambition is, not to be admired for a falſe glare of greatneſs, but to be beloved for the gentle and ſober luſtre of his wiſdom and goodneſs. The greateſt miniſter of ſtate has not more buſineſs to do, in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every other man, may find, in the retired and ſtill ſcenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is viſible convinces him there is preſent a Being inviſible. Aided by natural philoſophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: he ſees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moſes did in the burning buſh, though not in ſo glaring a manner: and when he ſees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart.

SEED.

## SECTION XVII.

### *Description of Candour.*

TRUE candour is altogether different from that guarded, inoffensive language, and that studied openness of behaviour, which we so frequently meet with among men of the world. Smiling, very often, is the aspect, and smooth are the words, of those who inwardly are the most ready to think evil of others. That candour which is a Christian virtue, consists, not in fairness of speech, but in fairness of heart. It may want the blandishment of external courtesy, but supplies its place with humane and generous liberality of sentiment. Its manners are unaffected, and its professions cordial. Exempt, on one hand, from the dark jealousy of a suspicious mind, it is no less removed, on the other, from that easy credulity which is imposed on by every specious pretence. It is perfectly consistent with extensive knowledge of the world, and with due attention to our own safety. In that various intercourse, which we are obliged to carry on with persons of every different character, suspicion, to a certain degree, is a necessary guard. It is only when it exceeds the bounds of prudent caution, that it degenerates into vice. There is a proper mean between undistinguishing credulity, and universal jealousy, which a sound understanding discerns, and which the man of candour studies to preserve.

He makes allowance for the mixture of evil with good, which is to be found in every human character. He expects none to be faultless; and he is unwilling

to believe that there is any without ſome commendable quality. In the midſt of many defects, he can diſcover a virtue. Under the influence of perſonal reſentment, he can be juſt to the merit of an enemy. He never lends an open ear to thoſe defamatory reports and dark ſuggeſtions, which, among the tribes of the cenſorious, circulate with ſo much rapidity, and meet with ſuch ready acceptance. He is not haſty to judge, and he requires full evidence before he will condemn. As long as an action can be aſcribed to different motives, he holds it as no mark of ſagacity to impute it always to the worſt. Where there is juſt ground for doubt, he keeps his judgment undecided; and, during the period of ſuſpenſe, leans to the moſt charitable conſtruction which an action can bear. When he muſt condemn, he condemns with regret; and without thoſe aggravations which the ſeverity of others adds to the crime. He liſtens calmly to the apology of the offender, and readily admits every extenuating circumſtance, which equity can ſuggeſt. How much ſoever he may blame the principles of any ſect or party, he never confounds, under one general cenſure, all who belong to that party or ſect. He charges them not with ſuch conſequences of their tenets, as they refuſe and diſavow. From one wrong opinion, he does not infer the ſubverſion of all ſound principles; nor from one bad action, conclude that all regard to conſcience is overthrown. When he "beholds the mote in his brother's eye," he remembers "the beam in his own." He commiſerates human frailty; and judges of others according to the principles, by which he would think it reaſonable that they ſhould judge of him. In a word, he views men and actions in the clear ſunſhine

of charity and good-nature; and not in that dark and ſullen ſhade which jealouſy and party-ſpirit throw over all characters. BLAIR.

## SECTION XVIII.

### *On the Imperfection of that Happineſs which reſts ſolely on worldly Pleaſures.*

THE vanity of human pleaſures is a topic which might be embelliſhed with the pomp of much deſcription. But I ſhall ſtudiouſly avoid exaggeration, and only point out a threefold vanity in human life, which every impartial obſerver cannot but admit; diſappointment in purſuit, diſsatisfaction in enjoyment, uncertainty in poſſeſsion.

Firſt, diſappointment in purſuit. When we look around us on the world, we every where behold a buſy multitude, intent on the proſecution of various deſigns, which their wants or deſires have ſuggeſted. We behold them employing every method which ingenuity can deviſe; ſome the patience of induſtry, ſome the boldneſs of enterprize, others the dexterity of ſtratagem, in order to compaſs their ends. Of this inceſsant ſtir and activity, what is the fruit? In compariſon of the crowd who have toiled in vain, how ſmall is the number of the ſucceſsful? Or rather where is the man who will declare, that in every point he has completed his plan, and attained his utmoſt wiſh? No extent of human abilities has been able to diſcover a path which, in any line of life, leads unerringly to ſucceſs. "The race is not always to the ſwift, nor the

battle to the ſtrong, nor riches to men of underſtanding." We may form our plans with the moſt profound ſagacity, and with the moſt vigilant caution may guard againſt dangers on every ſide. But ſome unforeſeen occurrence comes acroſs, which baffles our wiſdom, and lays our labours in the duſt.

Were ſuch diſappointments confined to thoſe who aſpire at engroſsing the higher departments of life, the misfortune would be leſs. The humiliation of the mighty, and the fall of ambition from its towering height, little concern the bulk of mankind. Theſe are objects on which, as on diſtant meteors, they gaze from afar, without drawing perſonal inſtruction from events ſo much above them. But, alas! when we deſcend into the regions of private life, we find diſappointment and blaſted hope equally prevalent there. Neither the moderation of our views, nor the juſtice of our pretenſions, can enſure ſucceſs. But "time and chance happen to all." Againſt the ſtream of events, both the worthy and the undeſerving are obliged to ſtruggle; and both are frequently overborn alike by the current.

Beſides diſappointment in purſuit, diſsatisfaction in enjoyment is a farther vanity, to which the human ſtate is ſubject. This is the ſevereſt of all mortifications, after having been ſucceſsful in the purſuit, to be baffled in the enjoyment itſelf. Yet this is found to be an evil ſtill more general than the former. Some may be ſo fortunate as to attain what they have purſued; but none are rendered completely happy by what they have attained. Diſappointed hope is miſery; and yet ſucceſsful hope is only imperfect bliſs. Look through all the ranks of mankind. Examine the

condition of thoſe who appear moſt proſperous; and you will find that they are never juſt what they deſire to be. If retired, they languiſh for action; if buſy, they complain of fatigue. If in middle life, they are impatient for diſtinction; if in high ſtations, they ſigh after freedom and eaſe. Something is ſtill wanting to that plenitude of ſatisfaction, which they expected to acquire. Together with every wiſh that is gratified, a new demand ariſes. One void opens in the heart, as another is filled. On wiſhes, wiſhes grow; and to the end, it is rather the expectation of what they have not, than the enjoyment of what they have, which occupies and intereſts the moſt ſucceſsful.

This diſsatisfaction in the midſt of human pleaſure, ſprings partly from the nature of our enjoyments themſelves, and partly from circumſtances which corrupt them. No worldly enjoyments are adequate to the high deſires and powers of an immortal ſpirit. Fancy paints them at a diſtance with ſplendid colours; but poſſeſsion unveils the fallacy. The eagerneſs of paſſion beſtows upon them, at firſt, a briſk and lively reliſh. But it is their fate always to pall by familiarity, and ſometimes to paſs from ſatiety into diſguſt. Happy would the poor man think himſelf, if he could enter on all the treaſures of the rich; and happy for a ſhort time he might be: but before he had long contemplated and admired his ſtate, his poſſeſsions would ſeem to leſsen, and his cares would grow.

Add to the unſatisfying nature of our pleaſures, the attending circumſtances which never fail to corrupt them. For, ſuch as they are, they are at no time poſſeſsed unmixed. To human lips it is not given to taſte the cup of pure joy. When external circum-

ſtances ſhow faireſt to the world, the envied man groans in private under his own burden. Some vexation diſquiets, ſome paſsion corrodes him; ſome diſtreſs, either felt or feared, gnaws, like a worm, the root of his felicity. When there is nothing from without to diſturb the proſperous, a ſecret poiſon operates within. For worldly happineſs ever tends to deſtroy itſelf, by corrupting the heart. It foſters the looſe and the violent paſsions. It engenders noxious habits; and taints the mind with falſe delicacy, which makes it feel a thouſand unreal evils.

But put the caſe in the moſt favourable light. Lay aſide from human pleaſures both diſappointment in purſuit, and deceitfulneſs in enjoyment; ſuppoſe them to be fully attainable, and completely ſatisfactory; ſtill there remains to be conſidered the vanity of uncertain poſſeſsion and ſhort duration. Were there in worldly things any fixed point of ſecurity which we could gain, the mind would then have ſome baſis on which to reſt. But our condition is ſuch, that every thing wavers and totters around us. "Boaſt not thyſelf of to-morrow; for thou knoweſt not what a day may bring forth." It is much if, during its courſe, thou heareſt not of ſomewhat to diſquiet or alarm thee. For life never proceeds long in a uniform train. It is continually varied by unexpected events. The ſeeds of alteration are every where ſown; and the ſunſhine of proſperity commonly accelerates their growth. If our enjoyments be numerous, we lie more open on different ſides to be wounded. If we have poſſeſsed them long, we have greater cauſe to dread an approaching change. By ſlow degrees pro-

ſperity riſes; but rapid is the progreſs of evil. It requires no preparation to bring it forward. The edifice which it coſt much time and labour to erect, one inauſpicious event, one ſudden blow, can level with the duſt. Even ſuppoſing the accidents of life to leave us untouched, human bliſs muſt ſtill be tranſitory; for man changes of himſelf. No courſe of enjoyment can delight us long. What amuſed our youth, loſes its charm in maturer age. As years advance, our powers are blunted, and our pleaſurable feelings decline. The ſilent lapſe of time is ever carrying ſomewhat from us, till at length the period comes, when all muſt be ſwept away. The proſpect of this termination of our labours and purſuits, is ſufficient to mark our ſtate with vanity. "Our days are a hand-breadth, and our age is as nothing." Within that little ſpace is all our enterpriſe bounded. We crowd it with toils and cares, with contention and ſtrife. We project great deſigns, entertain high hopes, and then leave our plans unfiniſhed, and ſink into oblivion.

This much let it ſuffice to have ſaid concerning the vanity of the world. That too much has not been ſaid, muſt appear to every one who conſiders how generally mankind lean to the oppoſite ſide; and how often, by undue attachment to the preſent ſtate, they both feed the moſt ſinful paſſions, and "pierce themſelves through with many ſorrows."

BLAIR.

## SECTION XIX.

### *What are the real and ſolid Enjoyments of Human Life.*

It muſt be admitted, that unmixed and complete happineſs is unknown on earth. No regulation of conduct can altogether prevent paſsions from diſturbing our peace, and misfortunes from wounding our heart. But after this conceſsion is made, will it follow, that there is no object on earth which deſerves our purſuit, or that all enjoyment becomes contemptible which is not perfect? Let us ſurvey our ſtate with an impartial eye, and be juſt to the various gifts of Heaven. How vain ſoever this life, conſidered in itſelf, may be, the comforts and hopes of religion are ſufficient to give ſolidity to the enjoyments of the righteous. In the exerciſe of good affections, and the teſtimony of an approving conſcience; in the ſenſe of peace and reconciliation with God, through the great Redeemer of mankind; in the firm confidence of being conducted through all the trials of life, by infinite wiſdom and goodneſs; and in the joyful proſpect of arriving, in the end, at immortal felicity, they poſseſs a happineſs which, deſcending from a purer and more perfect region than this world, partakes not of its vanity.

Beſides the enjoyments peculiar to religion, there are other pleaſures of our preſent ſtate, which, though of an inferior order, muſt not be overlooked in the eſtimate of human life. It is neceſsary to call attention to theſe, in order to check that repining and un-

thankful ſpirit to which man is always too prone. Some degree of importance muſt be allowed to the comforts of health, to the innocent gratifications of ſenſe, and to the entertainment afforded us by all the beautiful ſcenes of nature; ſome to the purſuits and harmleſs amuſements of ſocial life; and more to the internal enjoyments of thought and reflection, and to the pleaſures of affectionate intercourſe with thoſe whom we love. Theſe comforts are often held in too low eſtimation, merely becauſe they are ordinary and common; although that is the circumſtance which ought, in reaſon, to enhance their value. They lie open, in ſome degree, to all; extend through every rank of life, and fill up agreeably many of thoſe ſpaces in our preſent exiſtence, which are not occupied with higher objects, or with ſerious cares.

From this repreſentation it appears that, notwithſtanding the vanity of the world, a conſiderable degree of comfort is attainable in the preſent ſtate. Let the recollection of this ſerve to reconcile us to our condition, and to repreſs the arrogance of complaints and murmurs.—What art thou, O ſon of man! who, having ſprung but yeſterday out of the duſt, dareſt to lift up thy voice againſt thy Maker, and to arraign his providence, becauſe all things are not ordered according to thy wiſh? What title haſt thou to find fault with the order of the univerſe, whoſe lot is ſo much beyond what thy virtue or merit gave thee ground to claim? Is it nothing to thee to have been introduced into this magnificent world; to have been admitted as a ſpectator of the Divine wiſdom and works; and to have had acceſs to all the comforts which nature, with a bountiful hand, has poured

forth around thee? Are all the hours forgotten which thou haſt paſsed in eaſe, in complacency, or joy? Is it a ſmall favour in thy eyes, that the hand of Divine Mercy has been ſtretched forth to aid thee, and, if thou reject not its proffered aſsiſtance, is ready to conduct thee into a happier ſtate of exiſtence? When thou compareſt thy condition with thy deſert, bluſh, and be aſhamed of thy complaints. Be ſilent, be grateful, and adore. Receive with thankfulneſs the bleſsings which are allowed thee. Revere that government which at preſent refuſes thee more. Reſt in this concluſion, that though there are evils in the world, its Creator is wiſe and good, and has been bountiful to thee.

BLAIR.

## SECTION XX.

### *Scale of Beings.*

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleaſure in contemplating the material world; by which I mean, that ſyſtem of bodies, into which nature has ſo curiouſly wrought the maſs of dead matter, with the ſeveral relations that thoſe bodies bear to one another; there is ſtill, methinks, ſomething more wonderful and ſurpriſing, in contemplations on the world of life; by which I underſtand, all thoſe animals with which every part of the univerſe is furniſhed. The material world is only the ſhell of the univerſe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we conſider thoſe parts of the material world, which lie the neareſt to us, and are therefore ſubject

to our obſervations and inquiries, it is amazing to conſider the infinity of animals with which it is ſtocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf ſwarms with inhabitants. There is ſcarcely a ſingle humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glaſſes do not diſcover myriads of living creatures. We find, even in the moſt ſolid bodies, as in marble itſelf, innumerable cells and cavities, which are crowded with ſuch imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to diſcover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we ſee the ſeas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberleſs kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marſh, wilderneſs and wood, plentifully ſtocked with birds and beaſts; and every part of matter affording proper neceſſaries and conveniencies, for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of "the Plurality of Worlds," draws a very good argument from this conſideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it ſeems very probable, from the analogy of reaſon, that if no part of matter, with which we are acquainted, lies waſte and uſeleſs, thoſe great bodies, which are at ſuch a diſtance from us, are not deſert and unpeopled; but rather, that they are furniſhed with beings adapted to their reſpective ſituations.

Exiſtence is a bleſſing to thoſe beings only which are endowed with perception; and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is ſubſervient to beings which are conſcious of their exiſtence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our obſervation, that matter is only

made as the baſis and ſupport of animals; and that there is no more of the one than what is neceſsary for the exiſtence of the other.

Infinite Goodneſs is of ſo communicative a nature, that it ſeems to delight in conferring exiſtence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a ſpeculation, which I have often purſued with great pleaſure to myſelf, I ſhall enlarge farther upon it, by conſidering that part of the ſcale of beings, which comes within our knowledge.

There are ſome living creatures, which are raiſed but juſt above dead matter. To mention only that ſpecies of ſhell-fiſh, which is formed in the faſhion of a cone; that grows to the ſurface of ſeveral rocks; and immediately dies, on being ſevered from the place where it grew. There are many other creatures but one remove from theſe, which have no other ſenſe than that of feeling and taſte. Others have ſtill an additional one of hearing; others, of ſmell; and others, of ſight. It is wonderful to obſerve, by what a gradual progreſs the world of life advances, through a prodigious variety of ſpecies, before a creature is formed, that is complete in all its ſenſes: and even among theſe, there is ſuch a different degree of perfection, in the ſenſe which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the ſenſe in different animals is diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common denomination, it ſeems almoſt of a different nature. If, after this, we look into the ſeveral inward perfections, of cunning and ſagacity, or what we generally call inſtinct, we find them riſing, after the ſame manner, imperceptibly one above another; and receiving additional improvements, according to the ſpecies in

which they are implanted. This progreſs in nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior ſpecies, comes very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodneſs of the Supreme Being, whoſe mercy extends to all his works, is plainly ſeen, as I have before hinted, in his having made ſo very little matter, at leaſt what falls within our knowledge, that does not ſwarm with life. Nor is his goodneſs leſs ſeen in the diverſity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he made but one ſpecies of animals, none of the reſt would have enjoyed the happineſs of exiſtence: he has therefore, *ſpecified*, in his creation, every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chaſm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverſe kinds of creatures, riſing one after another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy aſcent, that the little tranſitions and deviations from one ſpecies to another, are almoſt inſenſible. This intermediate ſpace is ſo well huſbanded and managed, that there is ſcarcely a degree of perception, which does not appear in ſome one part of the world of life. Is the goodneſs, or the wiſdom of the Divine Being, more manifeſted in this his proceeding?

There is a conſequence, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, which ſeems very naturally deducible from the foregoing conſiderations. If the ſcale of being riſes by ſuch a regular progreſs, ſo high as man, we may, by parity of reaſon, ſuppoſe, that it ſtill proceeds gradually through thoſe beings which are of a ſuperior nature to him; ſince there is infinitely greater ſpace and room for different degrees

of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the moſt deſpicable inſect.

In this great ſyſtem of being, there is no creature ſo wonderful in its nature, and which ſo much deſerves our particular attention, as man; who fills up the middle ſpace between the animal and the intellectual nature, the viſible and the inviſible world; and who is that link in the chain of beings, which forms the connexion between both. So that he who, in one reſpect, is aſsociated with angels and archangels, and may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the higheſt order of ſpirits as his brethren, may, in another reſpect, ſay, to "corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter."

ADDISON.

## SECTION XXI.

### *Truſt in the care of Providence recommended.*

MAN, conſidered in himſelf, is a very helpleſs, and a very wretched being. He is ſubject every moment to the greateſt calamities and misfortunes. He is beſet with dangers on all ſides; and may become unhappy by numberleſs caſualties, which he could not foreſee, nor have prevented had he foreſeen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to ſo many accidents, that we are under the care of ONE who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the aſsiſtance we ſtand in

need of, and is always ready to beſtow it on thoſe who aſk it of him.

The natural homage, which ſuch a creature bears to ſo infinitely wiſe and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the bleſsings and conveniences of life; and an habitual truſt in him, for deliverance out of all ſuch dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this diſpoſition of mind, has not the ſame dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who conſiders himſelf abſtractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the ſame time that he reflects upon his own weakneſs and imperfection, he comforts himſelf with the contemplation of thoſe divine attributes, which are employed for his ſafety, and his welfare. He finds his want of foreſight made up, by the omniſcience of him who is his ſupport. He is not ſenſible of his own want of ſtrength, when he knows that his helper is almighty. In ſhort, the perſon who has a firm truſt on the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wiſe by his wiſdom, happy by his happineſs. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute; and loſes his own inſufficiency in the fulneſs of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more eaſy to us, we are commanded to put our truſt in him, who is thus able to relieve and ſuccour us; the Divine goodneſs having made ſuch a reliance a duty, notwithſtanding we ſhould have been miſerable, had it been forbidden us.

Among ſeveral motives, which might be made uſe of to recommend this duty to us, I ſhall only take notice of thoſe that follow.

The firſt and ſtrongeſt is, that we are promiſed, He will not fail thoſe who put their truſt in him.

But without conſidering the ſupernatural bleſsing, which accompanies this duty, we may obſerve, that it has a natural tendency to its own reward; or, in other words, that this firm truſt and confidence in the great Diſpoſer of all things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing of it manfully. A perſon who believes he has his ſuccour at hand, and that he acts in the ſight of his friend, often exerts himſelf beyond his abilities; and does wonders, that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with ſuch a confidence of ſucceſs. Truſt in the aſsiſtance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulneſs, and all other diſpoſitions of mind, which alleviate thoſe calamities that we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue adminiſters great comfort to the mind of man, in times of poverty and affliction; but moſt of all, in the hour of death. When the ſoul is hovering, in the laſt moments of its ſeparation; when it is juſt entering on another ſtate of exiſtence, to converſe with ſcenes, and objects, and companions, that are altogether new; what can ſupport her under ſuch tremblings of thought, ſuch fear, ſuch anxiety, ſuch apprehenſions, but the caſting of all her cares upon HIM, who firſt gave her being; who has conducted her through one ſtage of it; and who will be always preſent, to guide and comfort her in her progreſs through eternity?

ADDISON.

## SECTION XXII.

### *Piety and Gratitude enliven Prosperity.*

PIETY, and gratitude to God, contribute, in a high degree, to enliven prosperity. Gratitude is a pleasing emotion. The sense of being distinguished by the kindness of another, gladdens the heart, warms it with reciprocal affection, and gives to any possession which is agreeable in itself, a double relish, from its being the gift of a friend. Favours conferred by men, I acknowledge, may prove burdensome. For human virtue is never perfect; and sometimes unreasonable expectations on the one side, sometimes a mortifying sense of dependence on the other, corrode in secret the pleasure of benefits, and convert the obligations of friendship into grounds of jealousy. But nothing of this kind can affect the intercourse of gratitude with Heaven. Its favours are wholly disinterested; and with a gratitude the most cordial and unsuspicious, a good man looks up to that Almighty Benefactor, who aims at no end but the happiness of those whom he blesses, and who desires no return from them, but a devout and thankful heart. While others can trace their prosperity to no higher source than a concurrence of worldly causes; and, often, of mean or trifling incidents, which occasionally favoured their designs; with what superior satisfaction does the servant of God remark the hand of that Gracious Power which hath raised him up; which hath happily conducted him through the various steps of life, and crowned

him with the moſt favourable diſtinction beyond his equals?

Let us farther conſider, that not only gratitude for the paſt, but a cheering ſenſe of Divine favour at the preſent, enters into the pious emotion. They are only the virtuous, who in their proſperous days hear this voice addreſsed to them, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a cheerful heart; for God now accepteth thy works." He who is the Author of their proſperity, gives them a title to enjoy, with complacency, his own gift. While bad men ſnatch the pleaſures of the world as by ſtealth, without countenance from the Great Proprietor of the world; the righteous ſit openly down to the feaſt of life, under the ſmile of approving Heaven. No guilty fears damp their joys. The bleſsing of God reſts upon all that they poſſeſs; his protection ſurrounds them; and hence, "in the habitations of the righteous, is found the voice of rejoicing and ſalvation." A luſtre unknown to others, inveſts, in their ſight, the whole face of nature. Their piety reflects a ſunſhine from heaven upon the proſperity of the world; unites in one point of view, the ſmiling aſpect, both of the powers above, and of the objects below. Not only have they as full a reliſh as others, of the innocent pleaſures of life, but, moreover, in theſe they hold communion with their Divine Benefactor. In all that is good or fair, they trace his hand. From the beauties of nature, from the improvements of art, from the enjoyments of ſocial life, they raiſe their affection to the ſource of all the happineſs which ſurrounds them; and thus widen the ſphere of their pleaſures, by adding intellectual, and ſpiritual, to earthly joys.

For illuſtration of what I have ſaid on this head, remark that cheerful enjoyment of a proſperous ſtate, which King David had when he wrote the twenty-third pſalm; and compare the higheſt pleaſures of the riotous ſinner, with the happy and ſatisfied ſpirit which breathes throughout that pſalm.—In the midſt of the ſplendour of royalty, with what amiable ſimplicity of gratitude does he look up to the Lord as "his Shepherd;" happier in aſcribing all his ſucceſs to Divine favour, than to the policy of his councils, or to the force of his arms? How many inſtances of Divine goodneſs aroſe before him in pleaſing remembrance, when with ſuch reliſh he ſpeaks of the "green paſtures and ſtill waters, beſide which God had led him; of his cup which he had made to overflow; and of the table which he had prepared for him in the preſence of his enemies!" With what perfect tranquillity does he look forward to the time of his paſsing through "the valley of the ſhadow of death;" unappalled by that ſpectre, whoſe moſt diſtant appearance blaſts the proſperity of ſinners! He fears no evil, as long as "the rod and the ſtaff" of his Divine Shepherd are with him; and, through all the unknown periods of this and of future exiſtence, commits himſelf to his guidance with ſecure and triumphant hope: "Surely goodneſs and mercy will follow me all the days of my life; and I ſhall dwell in the houſe of the Lord for ever."—What a purified, ſentimental enjoyment of proſperity is here exhibited! How different from that groſs reliſh of worldly pleaſures, which belongs to thoſe who behold only the terreſtrial ſide of things; who raiſe their views to no higher objects than the ſucceſsion of human con-

tingencies, and the weak efforts of human ability; who have no protector or patron in the heavens, to enliven their prosperity, or to warm their hearts with gratitude and trust! BLAIR.

## SECTION XXIII.

### *Virtue, when deeply rooted, is not subject to the Influence of Fortune.*

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephestion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephestion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country, to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many, who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous, even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephestion, bear-

ing in their hands the enſigns of royalty, approached him, and ſaluted him king. They informed him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and required him immediately to exchange his ruſtic garb, and utenſils of huſbandry, for the regal robe and ſceptre. At the ſame time, they admoniſhed him, when he ſhould be ſeated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raiſed.

All this, at the firſt, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illuſion of the fancy, or an inſult offered to his poverty. He requeſted them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jeſts; and to find ſome other way of amuſing themſelves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obſcure habitation.—At length, however, they convinced him, that they were ſerious in their propoſal; and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No ſooner was he in poſſeſſion of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies; who whiſpered their murmurs in every place, till at laſt they reached the ear of Alexander. He commanded the new-elected prince to be ſent for; and required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for when I poſſeſſed little, I wanted nothing: theſe hands ſupplied me with whatever I deſired." From this anſwer, Alexander formed ſo high an idea of his wiſdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made; and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

## SECTION XXIV.

*The Speech of* FABRICIUS, *a Roman Ambaſsadour, to King* PYRRHUS, *who attempted to bribe him to his Intereſts, by the offer of a great Sum of Money.*

WITH regard to my poverty, the king has, indeed, been juſtly informed. My whole eſtate conſiſts in a houſe of but mean appearance, and a little ſpot of ground; from which, by my own labour, I draw my ſupport. But if, by any means, thou haſt been perſuaded to think that this poverty renders me of leſs conſequence in my own country, or in any degree unhappy, thou art greatly deceived. I have no reaſon to complain of fortune; ſhe ſupplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without ſuperfluities, I am alſo free from the deſire of them. With theſe, I confeſs I ſhould be more able to ſuccour the neceſſitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied; but ſmall as my poſſeſsions are, I can ſtill contribute ſomething to the ſupport of the ſtate, and the aſsiſtance of my friends. With reſpect to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richeſt: for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the moſt auguſt ceremonies of religion; ſhe intruſts me with the command of her armies; ſhe confides to my care the moſt important negociations. My poverty does not leſsen the weight and influence of my counſels in the ſenate. The Roman people honour me for that very poverty

which King Pyrrhus conſiders as a diſgrace. They know the many opportunities I have had to enrich myſelf, without cenſure; they are convinced of my diſintereſted zeal for their proſperity: and if I have any thing to complain of, in the return they make me, it is only the exceſs of their applauſe. What value, then, can I put upon thy gold and ſilver? What king can add any thing to my fortune? Always attentive to diſcharge the duties incumbent upon me, I have a mind free from ſelf-reproach; and I have an honeſt fame.

## SECTION XXV.

### *Character of James I. King of England.*

No PRINCE, ſo little enterpriſing and ſo inoffenſive, was ever ſo much expoſed to the oppoſite extremes of calumny and flattery, of ſatire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being ſtill continued, have made his character be as much diſputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it muſt be owned, he was poſſeſſed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generoſity bordered on profuſion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific diſpoſition on puſillanimity, his wiſdom on cunning, his friendſhip on light fancy, and boyiſh fondneſs. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be ſuſpected in ſome of his actions, and ſtill more of his pretenſions, to have encroached on the

liberties of his people. While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preſerve fully the eſteem and regard of none. His capacity was conſiderable, but fitter to diſcourſe on general maxims, than to conduct any intricate buſineſs.

His intentions were juſt, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his perſon, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command reſpect: partial and undiſcerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper, more than of a frugal judgment; expoſed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And, upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were ſullied with weakneſs, and embelliſhed by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the ſtrong prejudice, which prevails againſt his perſonal bravery: an inference, however, which muſt be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious. HUME.

## SECTION XXVI.

### *CHARLES V. Emperour of Germany, reſigns his Dominions, and retires from the World.*

THIS great Emperour, in the plenitude of his power, and in poſſeſſion of all the honours which can flatter the heart of man, took the extraordinary reſolution,

to reſign his kingdoms; and to withdraw entirely from any concern in buſineſs or the affairs of this world, in order that he might ſpend the remainder of his days in retirement and ſolitude. Though it requires neither deep reflection, nor extraordinary diſcernment, to diſcover that the ſtate of royalty is not exempt from cares and diſappointments; though moſt of thoſe who are exalted to a throne, find ſolicitude, and ſatiety, and diſguſt, to be their perpetual attendants, in that envied pre-eminence; yet, to deſcend voluntarily from the ſupreme to a ſubordinate ſtation, and to relinquiſh the poſſeſſion of power in order to attain the enjoyment of happineſs, ſeems to be an effort too great for the human mind. Several inſtances, indeed, occur in hiſtory, of monarchs who have quitted a throne, and have ended their days in retirement. But they were either weak princes, who took this reſolution raſhly, and repented of it as ſoon as it was taken; or unfortunate princes, from whoſe hands ſome ſtrong rival had wreſted their ſceptre, and compelled them to deſcend with reluctance into a private ſtation. Dioclefian is, perhaps, the only prince capable of holding the reins of government, who ever reſigned them from deliberate choice; and who continued, during many years, to enjoy the tranquillity of retirement, without fetching one penitent ſigh, or caſting back one look of deſire, towards the power or dignity which he had abandoned.

No wonder, then, that Charles's reſignation ſhould fill all Europe with aſtoniſhment; and give riſe, both among his contemporaries, and among the hiſtorians of that period, to various conjectures concerning the motives which determined a prince, whoſe ruling

paſsion had been uniformly the love of power, at the age of fifty-ſix, when objects of ambition operate with full force on the mind, and are purſued with the greateſt ardour, to take a reſolution ſo ſingular and unexpected.

The emperour, in purſuance of his determination, having aſsembled the ſtates of the Low Countries at Bruſsels, ſeated himſelf, for the laſt time, in the chair of ſtate; on one ſide of which was placed his ſon, and on the other, his ſiſter the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a ſplendid retinue of the grandees of Spain and princes of the empire ſtanding behind him. The preſident of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the ſtates. He then read the inſtrument of reſignation, by which Charles ſurrendered to his ſon Philip all his territories, juriſdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; abſolving his ſubjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir; and to ſerve him with the ſame loyalty and zeal that they had manifeſted, during ſo long a courſe of years, in ſupport of his government.

Charles then roſe from his ſeat, and leaning on the ſhoulder of the Prince of Orange, becauſe he was unable to ſtand without ſupport, he addreſsed himſelf to the audience; and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to aſsiſt his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without oſtentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, ſince the commencement of his adminiſtration. He obſerved, that from the ſeventeenth year of his age, he

had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure; that either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, Spain ſix times, France four times, Italy ſeven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea; that while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never ſhunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubjects, or to render them happy; that inſtead of a ſovereign worn out with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years; that if, during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed any material error in government, or if, under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs; that, for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward

for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kiſsed his father's hand, "If," ſays he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made ſuch large additions, ſome regard would have been juſtly due to my memory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily reſign to you what I might have ſtill retained, I may well expect the warmeſt expreſsions of thanks on your part. With theſe, however, I diſpenſe; and ſhall conſider your concern for the welfare of your ſubjects, and your love of them, as the beſt and moſt acceptable teſtimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wiſe and virtuous adminiſtration, to juſtify the extraordinary proof which I give this day of my paternal affection, and to demonſtrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repoſe in you. Preſerve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be ſacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time ſhall ever come, when you ſhall wiſh to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a ſon endowed with ſuch qualities, that you can reſign your ſceptre to him, with as much ſatisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome from

admiration of his magnanimity; others ſoftened by the expreſsions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

## SECTION XXVII.

### *Continuation of the Emperour* CHARLES V.

A FEW weeks after the reſignation of the Netherlands, Charles, in an aſsembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and in the new world. Of all theſe vaſt poſseſsions, he reſerved nothing for himſelf, but an annual penſion of an hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum for acts of beneficence and charity.

Nothing now remained to detain him from that retreat for which he languiſhed. Every thing having been prepared ſome time for his voyage, he ſet out for Zuitburg in Zealand, where the fleet had orders to rendezvous. In his way thither, he paſsed through Ghent; and after ſtopping there a few days, to indulge that tender and pleaſant melancholy, which ariſes in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on viſiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the ſcenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth, he purſued his journey, accompanied by his ſon Philip, his daughter the Arch-duchefs, his ſiſters the Dowager Queens of France and Hungary, Maximilian his ſon-in-

law, and a numerous retinue of the Flemiſh nobility. Before he went on board, he diſmiſsed them, with marks of his attention or regard; and taking leave of Philip with all the tenderneſs of a father who embraced his ſon for the laſt time, he ſet ſail under convoy of a large fleet of Spaniſh, Flemiſh, and Engliſh ſhips.

His voyage was proſperous and agreeable; and he arrived at Laredo in Biſcay, on the eleventh day after he left Zealand. As ſoon as he landed, he fell proſtrate on the ground; and conſidering himſelf now as dead to the world, he kiſsed the earth, and ſaid, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind." From Laredo he proceeded to Valladolid. There he took a laſt and tender leave of his two ſiſters; whom he would not permit to accompany him to his ſolitude, though they entreated it with tears; not only that they might have the conſolation of contributing, by their attendance and care, to mitigate or to ſooth his ſufferings, but that they might reap inſtruction and benefit, by joining with him in thoſe pious exerciſes, to which he had conſecrated the remainder of his days.

From Valladolid, he continued his journey to Plazencia in Eſtremadura. He had paſsed through that city a great many years before; and having been ſtruck at that time with the delightful ſituation of the monaſtery of St. Juſtus, belonging to the order of St. Jerome, not many miles diſtant from that place, he had then obſerved to ſome of his attendants, that this was a ſpot to which Dioclefian might have retired with pleaſure. The impreſsion had remained ſo

ſtrong on his mind, that he pitched upon it as the place of his retreat. It was ſeated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a ſmall brook, and ſurrounded by riſing grounds, covered with lofty trees: from the nature of the ſoil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was eſteemed the moſt healthful and delicious ſituation in Spain. Some months before his reſignation, he had ſent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monaſtery, for his accommodation; but he gave ſtrict orders, that the ſtyle of the building ſhould be ſuch as ſuited his preſent ſtation, rather than his former dignity. It conſiſted only of ſix rooms, four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet ſquare, were hung with brown cloth, and furniſhed in the moſt ſimple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one ſide into a garden, of which Charles himſelf had given the plan, and had filled it with various plants, which he propoſed to cultivate with his own hands. On the other ſide, they communicated with the chapel of the monaſtery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly ſufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domeſtics only. He buried there, in ſolitude and ſilence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all thoſe vaſt projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe; filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being ſubjected to his power.

In this retirement Charles formed ſuch a plan of life for himſelf, as would have ſuited the condition of

a private perſon of a moderate fortune. His table was neat but plain; his domeſtics few; his intercourſe with them familiar; all the cumberſome and ceremonious forms of attendance on his perſon were entirely aboliſhed, as deſtructive of that ſocial eaſe and tranquillity, which he courted, in order to ſooth the remainder of his days. As the mildneſs of the climate, together with his deliverance from the burdens and cares of government, procured him, at firſt, a conſiderable remiſsion from the acute pains with which he had been long tormented, he enjoyed, perhaps, more complete ſatisfaction in this humble ſolitude, than all his grandeur had ever yielded him. The ambitious thoughts and projects, which had ſo long engroſsed and diſquieted him, were quite effaced from his mind. Far from taking any part in the political tranſactions of the princes of Europe, he reſtrained his curioſity even from any inquiry concerning them; and he ſeemed to view the buſy ſcene which he had abandoned, with all the contempt and indifference ariſing from his thorough experience of its vanity, as well as from the pleaſing reflection of having diſentangled himſelf from its cares.

DR. ROBERTSON.

# PART II.

# PIECES IN POETRY.

## CHAPTER I.

### SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

#### SECTION I.

*Short and easy Sentences.*

*Education.*

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclin'd.

*Candour.*

With pleasure let us own our errors past;
And make each day a critic on the last.

*Reflection.*

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

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*Note.*

In the first chapter, the Compiler has exhibited a considerable variety of poetical construction, for the young reader's preparatory exercise.

*Secret virtue.*

The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of their lives.

*Neceſsary knowledge eaſily attained.*

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.

*Diſappointment.*

Diſappointment lurks in many a prize,
As bees in flow'rs; and ſtings us with ſucceſs.

*Virtuous elevation.*

The mind that would be happy, muſt be great;
Great in its wiſhes; great in its ſurveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend.

*Natural and fanciful life.*

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor:
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.

*Charity.*

In faith and hope the world will diſagree;
But all mankind's concern is charity.

*The prize of virtue.*

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

*Senſe and modeſty connected.*

Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks;
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full volleys breaks.

*Moral diſcipline ſalutary.*

Heav'n gives us friends to bleſs the preſent ſcene;
Reſumes them to prepare us for the next.

All evils natural are moral goods;
All diſcipline, indulgence, on the whole.

*Preſent bleſsings undervalued.*

Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their gloſsy plumes
Expanded ſhine with azure, green, and gold,
How bleſsings brighten as they take their flight!

*Hope.*

Hope, of all paſsions moſt befriends us here:
Paſsions of prouder name befriend us leſs.
Joy has her tears, and Tranſport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though ſtrong,
Man's heart, at once, inſpirits and ſerenes.

*Happineſs modeſt and tranquil.*

————Never man was truly bleſt,
But it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a caſt
As folly might miſtake for want of joy:
A caſt unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modeſt aſpect, and a ſmile at heart.

*True greatneſs.*

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

*The tear of ſympathy.*

No radiant pearl, which creſted Fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Nor the bright ſtars, which Night's blue arch adorn,
Nor riſing ſuns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with ſuch luſtre, as the tear that breaks,
For others' woe, down Virtue's manly cheeks.

## SECTION II.

### *Verses in which the lines are of different Length.*

*Bliſs of celeſtial origin.*

RESTLESS mortals toil for nought;
Bliſs in vain from earth is ſought;
Bliſs, a native of the ſky,
Never wanders. Mortals, try;
There you cannot ſeek in vain;
For to ſeek her is to gain.

*The paſsions.*

The paſsions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, poſitive, and loud.
Curb theſe licentious ſons of ſtrife;
Hence chiefly riſe the ſtorms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy maſters, thou their ſlave.

*Truſt in Providence recommended.*

'Tis Providence alone ſecures,
In ev'ry change, both mine and yours.
Safety conſiſts not in eſcape
From dangers of a frightful ſhape:
An earthquake may be bid to ſpare
The man that's ſtrangled by a hair.
Fate ſteals along with ſilent tread,
Found oft'neſt in what leaſt we dread;
Frowns in the ſtorm with angry brow,
But in the ſunſhine ſtrikes the blow.

*Epitaph.*

How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be.

*Fame.*

All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.

*Virtue the guardian of youth.*

Down the ſmooth ſtream of life the ſtripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſky,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſsion ſteers his courſe.
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore,
Where Virtue takes her ſtand: but if too far
He launches forth beyond Diſcretion's mark,
Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

*Sunriſe.*

But yonder comes the pow'rful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſs'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all
Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring ſtreams,
High gleaming from afar.

*Self-government.*

May I govern my paſsions with abſolute ſway;
And grow wiſer and better as life wears away.

*Shepherd.*

On a mountain, ſtretch'd beneath a hoary willow,
Lay a ſhepherd ſwain, and view'd the rolling billow.

## SECTION III.

### *Verſes containing Exclamations, Interrogations, and Parentheſes.*

*Competence.*

A COMPETENCE is all we can enjoy:
Oh! be content, where Heav'n can give no more!

*Reflection eſſential to happineſs.*

Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt, can reflection live?

*Friendſhip.*

Can gold gain friendſhip? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay:
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.

*Patience.*

Beware of deſp'rate ſteps. The darkeſt day
(Live till to-morrow) will have paſs'd away.

*Luxury.*

——————————O Luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine!
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave,
How doſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction!

*Virtuous activity.*

Seize, mortals! ſeize the tranſient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies:
Life 's a ſhort ſummer—man a flow'r;
He dies—Alas! how ſoon he dies!

*The ſources of happineſs.*

Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence:
But health conſiſts with temperance alone;
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.

*Placid emotion.*

Who can forbear to ſmile with nature? Can
The ſtormy paſsions in the boſom roll,
While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove
Is melody?

*Solitude *.*

O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth,) are Innocence and Peace.
There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with bus'neſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the next.

*Preſume not on to-morrow.*

In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?

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* By ſolitude here is meant, a temporary ſecluſion from the world.

Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none.

**Dum vivimus vivamus.**

*Whilſt we live, let us live.*

"Live, while you live," the epicure would ſay,
"And ſeize the pleaſures of the preſent day."
"Live, while you live," the ſacred preacher cries;
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord! in my views, let both united be;
I live in pleaſure, when I live to thee!

DODDRIDGE.

## SECTION IV.

### *Verſes in various forms.*

*The ſecurity of virtue.*

Let coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the ſky.

Protected by that hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

*Reſignation.*

And O! by Error's force ſubdued,
Since oft my ſtubborn will
Prepoſt'rous ſhuns the latent good,
And graſps the ſpecious ill,

Not to my wiſh, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;

Unaſk'd, what good thou knoweſt grant;
What ill, though aſk'd, deny.

*Compaſsion.*

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear!
She will ſay, 'tis a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er can be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who can rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

*Epitaph.*

Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere;
Heav'n did a recompenſe as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

*Joy and ſorrow connected.*

Still, where roſy Pleaſure leads,
See a kindred grief purſue;
Behind the ſteps that Mis'ry treads,
Approaching comforts view.
The hues of bliſs more brightly glow,
Chaſtis'd by ſable tints of woe;

And blended form, with artful ſtrife,
The ſtrength and harmony of life.

*The golden mean.*

He that holds faſt the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his ſtate.

The talleſt pines feel moſt the pow'r
Of wintry blaſt; the loftieſt tow'r
Comes heavieſt to the ground.
The bolts that ſpare the mountain's ſide,
His cloud-capt eminence divide;
And ſpread the ruin round.

*Moderate views and aims recommended.*

With paſsions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reaſon my life let me ſquare:
The wants of my nature are cheaply ſupplied;
And the reſt are but folly and care.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and ſtrife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they pleaſe, may enjoy.

*Attachment to life.*

The tree of deepeſt root is found
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore ſaid, by ancient ſages,
That love of life increas'd with years,
So much, that in our later ſtages,
When pains grow ſharp, and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears.

*Virtue's addreſs to Pleaſure* *.

Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth of follies, an old age of cares;
Young yet enervate, old yet never wiſe,
Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Reſerving woes for age, their prime they ſpend;
All wretched, hopeleſs, in the evil days,
With ſorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the preſent, of the paſt aſham'd,
They live and are deſpis'd; they die, nor more are nam'd.

## SECTION V.

### *Verſes in which ſound corresponds to ſignification.*

*Smooth and rough verſe.*

Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows.
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.

*Slow motion imitated.*

When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow.

*Swift and eaſy motion.*

Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

*Felling trees in a wood.*

Loud ſounds the axe, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks

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* Senſual pleaſure.

Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.

*Sound of a Bow-ſtring.*

——————————The ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.

*The Pheaſant.*

See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.

*Scylla and Charybdis.*

Dire Scylla there a ſcene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with ſtorms.
When the tide ruſhes from her rumbling caves,
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves.

*Boiſterous and gentle ſounds.*

Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring winds tempeſtuous rage reſtrain:
Within, the waves in ſofter murmurs glide;
And ſhips ſecure without their haulſers ride.

*Laborious and impetuous motion.*

With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone:
The huge round ſtone reſulting, with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and ſmokes along the ground.

*Regular and ſlow movement.*

Firſt march the heavy mules ſecurely ſlow;
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go.

*Motion ſlow and difficult.*

A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong;
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.

*A rock torn from the brow of a mountain.*

Still gath'ring force, it ſmokes, and urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain.

*Extent and violence of the waves.*

The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore.

*Penſive numbers.*

In thoſe deep ſolitudes, and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns.

*Battle.*

——————Arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord; and the madding wheels
Of brazen fury rag'd.

*Sound imitating reluctance.*

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

## SECTION VI.

## *Paragraphs of greater length.*

*Connubial affection.*

The love that cheers life's lateſt ſtage,
Proof againſt ſickneſs and old age,
Preſerv'd by virtue from declenſion,
Becomes not weary of attention:
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which firſt inſpir'd the flame, decays.

'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compaſsionate, or blind;
And will with ſympathy endure
Thoſe evils it would gladly cure.
But angry, coarſe, and harſh expreſsion,
Shows love to be a mere profeſsion;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or ſoon expels him if it is.

*Swarms of flying inſects.*

Thick in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd
The quiv'ring nations ſport: till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n ſo, luxurious men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer life, in Fortune's ſhine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on,
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

*Beneficence its own reward.*

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is ſmall;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my ſtore,
And Want goes ſmiling from my door.
Will forty ſhillings warm the breaſt
Of worth or induſtry diſtreſs'd?
This ſum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourſcore pleaſures to my heart:
And you may make, by means like theſe,
Five talents ten, whene'er you pleaſe.
'Tis true, my little purſe grows light;
But then I ſleep ſo ſweet at night!

This grand ſpecific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

*Virtue the beſt treaſure.*

Virtue, the ſtrength and beau y of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of Heav'n: a happineſs,
That, even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers; nor to baſer hands
Can be transferr'd. It is the only good
Man juſtly boaſts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd.
But for one end, one much neglected uſe,
Are riches worth our care; (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupplied;)
This noble end is to produce the ſoul;
To ſhow the virtues in their faireſt light;
And make humanity the miniſter
Of bounteous Providence.

*Contemplation.*

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſsociate with the ſerious Night,
And Contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſick'ning thought! And yet deluded man,

A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new fluſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

*Pleaſures of Piety.*

A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inſpires:
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er Death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, let's down a ſtream
Of glory, on the conſecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity.

# CHAPTER II.

## NARRATIVE PIECES.

### SECTION I.

### *The Bears and the Bees.*

AS two young Bears, in wanton mood,
Forth iſsuing from a neighbouring wood,
Came where th' induſtrious Bees had ſtor'd,
In artful cells, their luſcious hoard;
O'erjoy'd they ſeiz'd, with eager haſte,
Luxurious on the rich repaſt.
Alarm'd at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beaſts, unable to ſuſtain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
Half-blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native ſhelter they regain;
There ſit, and now, diſcreeter grown,
Too late their raſhneſs they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain,
That pleaſure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haſte we ſnatch our fill,
And ſwallow down the latent ill;

But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancy'd pleaſure flies.
It flies, but oh! too late we find,
It leaves a real ſting behind. MERRICK.

## SECTION II.

### *The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.*

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his ſong,
Nor yet at eve his note ſuſpended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He ſpied far off, upon the ground,
A ſomething ſhining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his ſpark.
So, ſtooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minſtrelſy,
"You would abhor to do me wrong,
"As much as I to ſpoil your ſong;
"For 'twas the ſelf-ſame Pow'r Divine
"Taught you to ſing, and me to ſhine;
"That you with muſic, I with light,
"Might beautify and cheer the night."
The ſongſter heard his ſhort oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,

Releas'd him, as my ſtory tells,
And found a ſupper ſomewhere elſe.
Hence, jarring ſectaries may learn
Their real int'reſt to diſcern;
That brother ſhould not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other:
But ſing and ſhine by ſweet conſent,
Till life's poor tranſient night is ſpent;
Reſpecting, in each other's caſe,
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Thoſe Chriſtians beſt deſerve the name,
Who ſtudiouſly make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

COWPER.

## SECTION III.

### *The Trials of Virtue.*

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's op'ning ſcene ſurvey'd:
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That Virtue's path incloſe:
My heart the wiſe purſuit approv'd;
But O, what toils oppoſe!

For ſee, ah ſee! while yet her ways
With doubtful ſtep I tread,
A hoſtile world its terrors raiſe
Its ſnares deluſive ſpread,

O how ſhall I, with heart prepar'd,
Thoſe terrors learn to meet?
How, from the thouſand ſnares to guard
My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd, oppreſsive ſleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
An object ſtrange and new

Before me roſe: on the wide ſhore
Obſervant as I ſtood,
The gathering ſtorms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows riſe;
Ev'n now my ſteps they lave;
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat!
Each nerve at once unſtrung;
Chill fear had fetter'd faſt my feet,
And chain'd my ſpeechleſs tongue.

I felt my heart within me die;
When ſudden to mine ear
A voice, deſcending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fear.

" What tho' the ſwelling ſurge thou ſee
" Impatient to devour;
" Reſt, mortal, reſt on God's decree,
" And thankful own his pow'r.

" Know, when he bade the deep appear,
" ' Thus far,' th' Almighty ſaid,
" ' Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
" ' Let thy proud waves be ſtay'd.' "

I heard; and lo! at once controll'd,
The waves in wild retreat
Back on themſelves reluctant roll'd,
And murm'ring left my feet.

Deeps to aſsembling deeps in vain
Once more the ſignal gave:
The ſhores the ruſhing weight ſuſtain,
And check th' uſurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wiſe
The imag'd truth I read;
And ſudden from my waking eyes
Th' inſtructive viſion fled.

" Then why thus heavy, O my ſoul!
" Say why, diſtruſtful ſtill,
" Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
" O'er ſcenes of future ill?

" Let faith ſuppreſs each riſing fear,
" Each anxious doubt exclude;
" Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
" A Maker wiſe and good!

" He to thy ev'ry trial knows
" Its juſt reſtraint to give;
" Attentive to behold thy woes,
" And faithful to relieve.

" Then why thus heavy, O my ſoul!
" Say why, diſtruſtful ſtill,
" Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
" O'er ſcenes of future ill?

" Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
" Still in thy God confide,
" Whoſe finger marks the ſeas their bound,
" And curbs the headlong tide."

MERRICK.

## SECTION IV.

### *The Youth and the Philoſopher.*

A GRECIAN youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel;
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſs'd,
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.

At length, quite vain, he needs would ſhow
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtarted at the ſight;
The Muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire.

Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car.
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
And ſhouts, purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again,
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy;
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye,
" Alas! unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" Expect no praiſe from me," (and ſigh'd).
" With indignation I ſurvey
" Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
" The time profuſely ſquander'd there,
" On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
" If well employ'd, at leſs expenſe,
" Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe;
" And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
" To govern men, and guide the ſtate."

WHITEHEAD.

## SECTION V.

### *Diſcourſe between* ADAM *and* EVE, *retiring to reſt.*

Now came ſtill Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſsy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung:
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
With living ſapphires: Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the Moon,
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retired to reſt,
Mind us of like repoſe; ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night, to men
Succeſsive; and the timely dew of ſleep,
Now falling with ſoft ſlumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere freſh Morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our pleaſant labour; to reform

Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Thoſe bloſsoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown, unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe.
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
" My author and diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargu'd I obey: ſo God ordains.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?"
To whom our gen'ral anceſtor reply'd:
" Daughter of God and man, accompliſh'd Eve,

Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning; and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſt'ring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things; which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but, with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh; or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe:
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep.
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold,
Both day and night. How often, from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others' note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n."

Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r. ——— ———
——— ——— There arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd; and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,

Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole. "Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee; and this deliçious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race,
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep."

MILTON.

## SECTION VI.

### *Religion and Death.*

Lo! a form divinely bright
Deſcends, and burſts upon my ſight;
A ſeraph of illuſtrious birth!
(Religion was her name on earth;)
Supremely ſweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celeſtial grace!
Three ſhining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain:
Faith, with ſublime and piercing eye,
And pinions flutt'ring for the ſky;
Here Hope, that ſmiling angel ſtands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There Charity in robes of white,
Faireſt and fav'rite maid of light!

The ſeraph ſpoke—" 'Tis Reaſon's part
To govern and to guard the heart;
To lull the wayward ſoul to reſt,
When hopes and fears diſtract the breaſt.
Reaſon may calm this doubtful ſtrife,
And ſteer thy bark through various life:
But when the ſtorms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkneſs veils the ſky,
Shall Reaſon then direct thy ſail,
Diſperſe the clouds, or ſink the gale?
Stranger, this ſkill alone is mine,
Skill that tranſcends his ſcanty line."

" Revere thyſelf—thou'rt near allied
To angels on thy better ſide.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds:
When the partition-walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.
Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The ſoul aſſerts her kindred ſkies.
But minds, though ſprung from heav'nly race,
Muſt firſt be tutor'd for the place:
The joys above are underſtood,
And reliſh'd only by the good.
Who ſhall aſſume this guardian care;
Who ſhall ſecure their birth-right there?
Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
To train them for their native heav'n."

" Know then—who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me;
Who wiſely, when Temptation waits,
Elude her frauds, and ſpurn her baits;

Who dare to own my injur'd cauſe,
Though fools deride my ſacred laws;
Or ſcorn to deviate to the wrong,
Though Perſecution lifts her thong;
Though all the ſons of hell conſpire
To raiſe the ſtake and light the fire;
Know, that for ſuch ſuperior ſouls,
There lies a bliſs beyond the poles;
Where ſpirits ſhine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day;
Where love, where boundleſs friendſhip rules;
(No friends that change, no love that cools;)
Where riſing floods of knowledge roll,
And pour, and pour upon the ſoul!"

"But where's the paſsage to the ſkies?—
The road through Death's black valley lies.
Nay, do not ſhudder at my tale;
Tho' dark the ſhades, yet ſafe the vale.
This path the beſt of men have trod;
And who'd decline the road to God?
Oh! tis a glorious boon to die!
This favour can't be priz'd too high."

While thus ſhe ſpoke, my looks expreſs'd
The raptures kindling in my breaſt;
My ſoul a fix'd attention gave;
When the ſtern Monarch of the Grave
With haughty ſtrides approach'd—amaz'd
I ſtood and trembled as I gaz'd.
The ſeraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
Then haſten'd with expanded wing
To meet the pale, terrific king.

But now what milder ſcenes ariſe!
The tyrant drops his hoſtile guiſe;
He ſeems a youth divinely fair,
His graceful ringlets wave his hair;
His wings their whit'ning plumes diſplay,
His burniſh'd plumes reflect the day;
Light flows his ſhining azure veſt,
And all the angel ſtands confeſs'd.

I view'd the change with ſweet ſurpriſe;
And, Oh! I panted for the ſkies;
Thank'd Heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath;
And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

COTTON.

# CHAPTER III.

## DIDACTIC PIECES.

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### SECTION I.

### *The Vanity of Wealth.*

No MORE thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Av'rice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the preſent ſtore,
Still endleſs ſighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the ſhadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treaſure buys!
To purchaſe heav'n has gold the pow'r?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are Friendſhip's pleaſures to be ſold?
No—all that's worth a wiſh—a thought,
Fair Virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Ceaſe then on traſh thy hopes to bind;
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

DR. JOHNSON.

### SECTION II.

### *Nothing formed in Vain.*

LET no preſuming impious railer tax
Creative wiſdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.

Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if, upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the man, whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfault'ring accent to conclude,
That This availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſs'ning down
From infinite perfection, to the brink
Of dreary nothing, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd Thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely in our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant-ſun.

THOMSON.

### SECTION III.

### *On Pride.*

Of all the cauſes, which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd
She gives in large recruits of needleſs pride!
For, as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind.

Pride, where wit fails, ſteps into our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right Reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but, your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain;
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But, more advanc'd, behold, with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky;
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe.

POPE.

## *SECTION IV.*

### *Cruelty to Brutes cenſured.*

I WOULD not enter on my liſt of friends,
(Though grac'd with poliſh'd manners and fine ſenſe,
Yet wanting ſenſibility,) the man
Who needleſsly ſets foot upon a worm.

An inadvertent ſtep may cruſh the ſnail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aſide, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermine, loathſome to the ſight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A viſiter unwelcome into ſcenes
Sacred to neatneſs and repoſe, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.
A neceſsary act incurs no blame.
Not ſo, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltleſs of offence, they range the air,
Or take their paſtime in the ſpacious field:
There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Diſturbs th' œconomy of Nature's realm,
Who when ſhe form'd, deſign'd them an abode.
The ſum is this; if man's convenience, health,
Or ſafety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and muſt extinguiſh theirs.
Elſe they are all—the meaneſt things that are,
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the firſt,
Who, in his ſov'reign wiſdom, made them all.
Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your ſons
To love it too. The ſpring-time of our years
Is ſoon diſhonour'd and defil'd, in moſt,
By budding ills, that aſk a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none ſooner ſhoots,
If unreſtrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, moſt dev'liſh of them all.
Mercy to him that ſhows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,

By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man:
And he that ſhows none, being ripe in years,
And conſcious of the outrage he commits,
Shall ſeek it, and not find it in his turn.

COWPER.

## SECTION V.

*A Paraphraſe on the latter Part of the 6th Chapter of Matthew.*

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſsive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſsions are at ſtrife,
Oh! let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
"Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford,
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempeſt bears;
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor ſtores, nor granaries, belong;
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong;
Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing, when ſpring renews the plain;
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic, nor their plaint in vain:

He hears the gay, and the diſtreſsful call;
And with unſparing bounty fills them all."

"Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace;
Obſerve the various vegetable race:
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow;
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!"

"If ceaſeleſs, thus, the fowls of heav'n he feeds;
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?"

THOMSON.

## SECTION VI.

### *The death of a good Man a ſtrong Incentive to Virtue.*

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſsing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Betheſda your diſeaſe:
If unreſtor'd by this, deſpair your cure.
For, here, reſiſtleſs Demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd Diſsimulation drops her maſk,
Thro' life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here real, and apparent, are the ſame.
You ſee the man; you ſee his hold on heav'n,
If ſound his virtue, as Philander's ſound.
Heav'n waits not the laſt moment; owns her friends

On this ſide death; and points them out to men;
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death;
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.

YOUNG.

## SECTION VII.

### *Reflections on a Future State, from a Review of Winter.*

'Tis done! dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: paſs ſome few years,
Thy flow'ring ſpring, thy ſummer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heav'n, and earth! awak'ning Nature hears
The new-creating word; and ſtarts to life,

In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal ſcheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To Reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! Ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that Power,
And Wiſdom oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe
Why unaſſuming Worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd neglected: why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heav'n-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſs'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of wintry time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded ſpring encircle all.

THOMSON.

## SECTION VIII.

### *Adam's Advice to Eve, to avoid Temptation.*

"O WOMAN, beſt are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand

Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much leſs man,
Or ought that might his happy ſtate ſecure,
Secure from outward force. Within himſelf
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r:
Againſt his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reaſon, is free, and Reaſon he made right;
But bid her well beware, and ſtill erect,
Leſt, by ſome fair appearing good ſurpris'd,
She dictate falſe, and miſinform the will
To do what God expreſsly hath forbid.
Not then miſtruſt, but tender love, injoins
That I ſhould mind thee oft; and mind thou me.
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſsible to ſwerve,
Since Reaſon not impoſsibly may meet
Some ſpecious object by the foe ſuborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and moſt likely if from me
Thou ſever not; trial will come unſought.
Would'ſt thou approve thy conſtancy? approve
Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted, who atteſt?
But if thou think, trial unſought may find
Us both ſecurer than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt,
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more:
Go in thy native innocence; rely
On what thou haſt of virtue, ſummon all;
For God towards thee hath done his part; do thine."

MILTON.

## SECTION IX.

### *On Procraſtination.*

Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time.
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled;
And, to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live;"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think,
They, one day, ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their future ſelves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wiſdom they conſign;
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone.
'Tis not in Folly, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human Wiſdom to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man;
And that thro' ev'ry ſtage. When young, indeed,
In full content, we ſometimes nobly reſt,
Unanxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.
At thirty, man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay;
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to reſolve;

In all the magnanimity of thought,
Reſolves, and re-reſolves, then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where, paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

## SECTION X.

*That Philoſophy, which ſtops at ſecondary Cauſes, reproved.*

HAPPY the man who ſees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checker life!
Reſolving all events, with their effects
And manifold reſults, into the will
And arbitration wiſe of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The leaſt of our concerns; (ſince from the leaſt
The greateſt oft originate;) could chance
Find place in his dominion, or diſpoſe
One lawleſs particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be ſurpris'd, and unforeſeen
Contingence might alarm him, and diſturb
The ſmooth and equal courſe of his affairs.

This truth, Philoſophy, though eagle-eyed
In Nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And having found his inſtrument, forgets
Or diſregards, or, more preſumptuous ſtill,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot diſpleaſure againſt fooliſh men
That live an atheiſt life; involves the heav'n
In tempeſts; quits his graſp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the ſkin,
And putrify the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his ſhrivel'd lips,
And taints the golden ear; he ſprings his mines,
And deſolates a nation at a blaſt:
Forth ſteps the ſpruce philoſopher, and tells
Of homogenial and diſcordant ſprings
And principles; of cauſes, how they work
By neceſsary laws their ſure effects,
Of action and re-action. He has found
The ſource of the diſeaſe that Nature feels;
And bids the world take heart and baniſh fear.
Thou fool! will thy diſcov'ry of the cauſe
Suſpend th' effect or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means ſince firſt he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation leſs
Than a capacious reſervoir of means,
Form'd for his uſe, and ready at his will?
Go, dreſs thine eyes with eye-ſalve; aſk of him,
Or aſk of whomſoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cauſe of all.

## SECTION XI.

### *Indignant Sentiments on National Prejudices and Hatred; and on Slavery.*

Oh for a lodge in ſome vaſt wilderneſs,
Some boundleſs contiguity of ſhade,
Where rumour of oppreſsion and deceit,
Of unſucceſsful or ſucceſsful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My ſoul is ſick with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no fleſh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is ſever'd, as the flax
That falls aſunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a ſkin
Not colour'd like his own; and having pow'r
T' inforce the wrong, for ſuch a worthy cauſe
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands interſected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd,
Make enemies of nations, who had elſe,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and deſtroys;
And worſe than all, and moſt to be deplor'd,
As Human Nature's broadeſt, foulеſt blot,
Chains him, and taſks him, and exacts his ſweat
With ſtripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when ſhe ſees inflicted on a beaſt.
Then what is man! And what man ſeeing this,

And having human feelings, does not bluſh
And hang his head, to think himſelf a man?
I would not have a ſlave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I ſleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That ſinews bought and ſold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Juſt eſtimation priz'd above all price;
I had much rather be myſelf the ſlave,
And wear the bonds, than faſten them on him.
We have no ſlaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themſelves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their ſhackles fall.
That 's noble, and beſpeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the bleſsing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire. That where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

COWPER.

# CHAPTER IV.

## DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

### SECTION I.

### *The Morning in Summer.*

THE meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint gleaming in the dappled eaſt;
Till far o'er ether ſpreads the wid'ning glow;
And from before the luſtre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quickened ſtep
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top,
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the duſk, the ſmoaking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſsenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſsembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſsy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock to taſte the verdure of the Morn.

Falſely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?

For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life;
Total extinction of th' enlightened ſoul!
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive,
Wildered, and toſsing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would, in ſuch a gloomy ſtate, remain
Longer than Nature craves; when ev'ry Muſe
And ev'ry blooming pleaſure waits without,
To bleſs the wildly devious morning walk?

THOMSON.

## SECTION II.

### *Rural Sounds, as well as Rural Sights, delightful.*

Nor rural ſights alone, but rural ſounds
Exhilarate the ſpirit, and reſtore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That ſweep the ſkirt of ſome far ſpreading wood
Of ancient growth, make Muſic, not unlike
The daſh of Ocean on his winding ſhore,
And lull the ſpirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blaſt,
And all their leaves faſt flutt'ring all at once.
Nor leſs compoſure waits upon the roar
Of diſtant floods; or on the ſofter voice
Of neighb'ring fountain; or of rills that ſlip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon looſe pebbles, loſe themſelves at length
In matted graſs, that, with a livelier green,
Betrays the ſecret of their ſilent courſe.
Nature inanimate employs ſweet ſounds,
But animated Nature ſweeter ſtill,
To ſooth and ſatisfy the human ear.

Ten thouſand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night. Nor theſe alone, whoſe notes
Nice-finger'd Art muſt emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that ſwim ſublime,
In ſtill repeated circles, ſcreaming loud,
The jay, the pye, and ev'n the boding owl
That hails the riſing moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themſelves, and harſh,
Yet heard in ſcenes where Peace for ever reigns,
And only there, pleaſe highly for their ſake.

COWPER.

### SECTION III.

### *The Roſe.*

THE roſe had been waſh'd, juſt waſh'd in a ſhower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it ſeem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a noſegay, ſo dripping and drown'd;
And ſwinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I ſnapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And ſuch, I exclaim'd, is the pitileſs part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardleſs of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to ſorrow reſign'd.

This elegant roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
Might have bloom'd with its owner a-while;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
May be follow'd perhaps by a ſmile. COWPER.

## SECTION IV.

### *Care of Birds for their Young.*

As THUS the patient dam aſsiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſened Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing partner takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour. O what paſsions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of gen'rous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot amid the diſtant woods,

Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

THOMSON.

## SECTION V.

*Liberty and Slavery contraſted. Part of a Letter written from Italy by* ADDISON.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſsings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppreſsion in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the ſwelling grain;
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines.
Oh, Liberty, thou pow'r ſupremely bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Perpetual pleaſures in thy preſence reign;
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train.
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light;
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy ſight.
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay;
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.

On foreign mountains, may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil:

We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies;
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:
'Tis Liberty that rowns Britannia's iſle,
And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains ſmile.

## SECTION VI.

### *Charity. A Paraphraſe on the 13th Chapter of the Firſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians.*

Did ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel ſung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;
And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw,
When Moſes gave them miracles, and law:
Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breaſt;
Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded pray'r;
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair;
A cymbal's ſound were better than my voice;
My faith were form; my eloquence were noiſe.
Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with juſt reins, and gentle hand, to guide
Betwixt vile ſhame, and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes.

Soft peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe arrives;
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even;
And opens in each heart a little heav'n.
Each other gift, which God on man beſtows,
Its proper bounds, and due reſtriction knows;
To one fixt purpoſe dedicates its pow'r;
And finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe;
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live;
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.
As through the artiſt's intervening glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs;
A little we diſcover; but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than Art can ſhow;
So whilſt our mind its knowledge wou'd improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may, we lift our reaſon up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope;
Yet are we able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of beams, and promiſes of day;
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd;
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant Faith, and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:

Whilſt thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive——
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of heav'n confeſt,
For ever bleſsing, and for ever bleſt. PRIOR.

## SECTION VII.

### *Picture of a good Man.*

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips at ſea, while in, above the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of Senſe, and Paſsion's ſtorm:
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he ſees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! What higher praiſe?
What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?
The preſent all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varniſh nature; his exalt.
Mankind's eſteem they court; and he his own.
Theirs the wild chaſe of falſe felicities;

His, the compos'd poſſeſsion of the true.
Alike throughout is his conſiſtent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and ſhows their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than theirs: Where they
Behold a ſun, he ſpies a Deity;
What makes them only ſmile, makes him adore.
Where they ſee mountains, he but atoms ſees;
An empire in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terreſtrial worſhip, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs, in infinite, to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught beſides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipſe:
Himſelf too much he prizes to be proud;
And nothing thinks ſo great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'reſt, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'reſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
Wrong he ſuſtains with temper, looks on heav'r
Nor ſtoops to think his injurer his foe:
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praiſe.
With nakedneſs his innocence agrees!

While their broad foliage teſtifies their fall!
Their no joys end, where his full feaſt begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliſs.
To triumph in exiſtence, his alone;
And his alone triumphantly to think
His true exiſtence is not yet begun.
His glorious courſe was, yeſterday, complete:
Death, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.

YOUNG.

## SECTION VIII.

### *The Pleaſures of Retirement.*

O KNEW he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd!
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glitt'ring robe,
Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,
Or floated looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools, oppreſs him not?
What tho' from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds
Oft of gay Care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;

A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life eſtrang'd
To diſappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams:
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd and fattens with the richeſt ſap;
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells ſimple Truth; plain Innocence;
Unſullied Beauty; ſound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil;
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Eaſe.

THOMSON.

## SECTION IX.

### *The Pleaſure and Benefit of an improved and well-directed Imagination.*

Oh! bleſt of Heaven, who not the languid ſongs
Of Luxury, the ſiren! not the bribes
Of ſordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant Honour, can ſeduce to leave

Thoſe ever blooming ſweets, which, from the ſtore
Of Nature, fair Imagination culls,
To charm th' enliven'd ſoul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envy'd life: tho' only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures, or imperial ſtate;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures, and an ampler ſtate,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him, the Spring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow; not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence; not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends; but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only; for th' attentive Mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home,
To find a kindred order; to exert

Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair inſpir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and ev'ry paſsion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
Theſe leſser graces, ſhe aſsumes the port
Of that Eternal Majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the Mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile Cuſtom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would ſordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of Ignorance and Rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear;
Lo! ſhe appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what th' eternal MAKER has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like Him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works inſtruct, with GOD himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

AKENSIDE.

# CHAPTER V.

## PATHETIC PIECES.

### SECTION I.

### *The Hermit.*

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe;
"Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
"For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
"And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
"But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
"Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
"O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
"Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
"The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
"But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
"She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
"Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
"The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
"But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
"Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

" 'Tis night, and the landſchape is lovely no more:
" I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
" For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
" Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
" Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
" Kind nature the embryo bloſsom will ſave:
" But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mould'ring urn!
" O when ſhall day dawn on the night of the grave!

' 'Twas thus, by the glare of falſe ſcience betray'd,
' That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
' My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade,
' Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.
" O pity, great father of light, then I cry'd,
" Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!
" Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride;
" From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free.

' And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away;
' No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
' So breaks on the traveller, faint, and aſtray,
' The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
' See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph deſcending,
' And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom!
' On the cold cheek of death ſmiles and roſes are blending,
' And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

BEATTIE.

## SECTION II.

### *The Beggar's Petition.*

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have born him to your door;
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

Theſe tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a reſidence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in a humbler ſhed.

Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſsage to the friendly tomb;
For I am poor, and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſt.

Heav'n ſends misfortunes, why ſhould we repine?
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of Sorrow and of Miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! Oppreſsion forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair;
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have born him to your door;
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

ANON.

### SECTION III.

### *Unhappy Cloſe of Life.*

How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O Death!
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions!
Who counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for the world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help;
But ſhrieks in vain! How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer; yet a little longer;
O might ſhe ſtay to waſh away her ſtains;
And fit her for her paſſage! Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a ſtaunch murd'rer, ſteady to his purpoſe,

Purſues her cloſe thro' ev'ry lane of life;
Nor miſses once the track, but preſses on,
Till, forc'd at laſt to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.

BLAIR.

## SECTION IV.

### *Elegy to Pity.*

HAIL, lovely pow'r! whoſe boſom heaves the ſigh,
When Fancy paints the ſcene of deep diſtreſs;
Whoſe tears ſpontaneous cryſtallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bleſs.

Not all the ſweets Arabia's gales convey
From flowery meads, can with that ſigh compare;
Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem near ſo beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-ſtain'd traces mark thy blameleſs way;
Beneath thy feet no hapleſs inſect dies.

Come, lovely nymph, and range the mead with me,
To ſpring the partridge from the guileful foe;
From ſecret ſnares the ſtruggling bird to free;
And ſtop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conqu'ring gleam,
Let us, ſlow wandering where the current flows,
Save ſinking flies that float along the ſtream.

Or turn to nobler, greater taſks thy care,
To me thy ſympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in Friendſhip's griefs to bear a ſhare,
And juſtly boaſt the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to ſooth the helpleſs orphan's grief;
With timely aid the widow's woes aſsuage;
To Mis'ry's moving cries to yield relief;
And be the ſure reſource of drooping Age.

So when the genial ſpring of life ſhall fade,
And ſinking Nature own the dread decay,
Some ſoul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the cloſe of Life's eventful day.

## SECTION V.

*Verſes, ſuppoſed to be written by* ALEXANDER SELKIRK, *during his ſolitary Abode in the Iſland of Juan Fernandez.*

I AM monarch of all I ſurvey,
My right there is none to diſpute;
From the centre all round to the ſea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh Solitude! where are the charms,
That ſages have ſeen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midſt of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

am out of Humanity's reach,
I muſt finiſh my journey alone;
Never hear the ſweet muſic of ſpeech;
I ſtart at the ſound of my own.

The beaſts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference ſee:
They are ſo unacquainted with man,
Their tameneſs is ſhocking to me.

Society, friendſhip, and love,
Divinely beſtow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How ſoon wou'd I taſte you again!
My ſorrows I then might aſsuage
In the ways of Religion and Truth;
Might learn from the wiſdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the ſallies of youth.

Religion! what treaſure untold
Reſides in that heav'nly word!
More precious than ſilver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the ſound of the church-going bell
Theſe vallies and rocks never heard;
Ne'er ſigh'd at the ſound of a knell,
Or ſmil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your ſport,
Convey to this deſolate ſhore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I ſhall viſit no more.
My friends, do they now and then ſend
A wiſh or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to ſee.

How fleet is a glance of the Mind!
Compar'd with the ſpeed of its flight,
The tempeſt itſelf lags behind,
And the ſwift-wing'd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I ſeem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to deſpair.

But the ſea-fowl is gone to her neſt,
The beaſt is laid down in his lair;
Ev'n here is a ſeaſon of reſt,
And I to my cabin repair.
There 's mercy in every place;
And mercy—encouraging thought!
Gives even Affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

## SECTION VI.

### *Gratitude.*

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

O how ſhall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy Mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

When, in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps, I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou,
With health, renew'd my face,
And, when in ſins and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliſs,
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt, a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And, after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For O! eternity 's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

ADDISON.

## SECTION VII.

*A Man periſhing in the Snow; from whence Reflections are raiſed on the Miſeries of Life.*

As THUS the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on

From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fill his heart!
When, for the duſky ſpot, which Fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing through the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And ev'ry tempeſt howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent, beyond the pow'r of froſt!
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh nature ſhoots
Through the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingled ſtorm, demand their ſire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold;

Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On ev'ry nerve
The deadly winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe,
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blaſt.
Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, pow'r, and affluence ſurround;
They who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot, waſte;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs Poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe.
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;

The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial Paſsions work.

THOMSON.

## SECTION VIII.

### *A Morning Hymn.*

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe heavens
To us, inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, Him laſt, Him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world, both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance, not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great MAKER ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great AUTHOR riſe!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That ſinging up to heav'n's gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail, UNIVERSAL LORD! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Has gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

MILTON.

# CHAPTER VI.

## PROMISCUOUS AND MIXED PIECES.

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### *SECTION I.*

### *Ode to Content.*

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
O ſeldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole
Can e'er diſturb thy halcyon ſoul,
And ſmooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in ſimpleſt veſt array'd,
With all thy ſober cheer diſplay'd,
To bleſs my longing ſight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaſte ſubdu'd delight.

No more by varying paſsions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in ſome pure and equal ſky,
Beneath thy ſoft indulgent eye,
The modeſt Virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic veſt,
And Innocence, with candid breaſt,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to diſtant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
A viſta to the ſky.

There Health, thro' whoſe calm boſom glide
The temperate Joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild, unvarying cheek,
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A tyrant maſter's wanton rage,
With ſettled ſmiles, to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſs'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, Oh Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy tender tale;
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe and violet bloſsom round,
And lily of the vale.

O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chooſe to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle ſway!
When Autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder day?

When Eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
Thy balmy ſpirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry ſtorm is laid?
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy ſoothing voice,
Low whiſp'ring through the ſhade.

BARBAULD.

## SECTION II.

### *The Shepherd and the Philoſopher.*

REMOTE from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The ſhepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,

Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?"
The ſhepherd modeſtly reply'd,
" I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes.
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow?
By that ourſelves we never know.
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
" From Nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In converſation overbear.

Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right:
Rapacious animals we hate;
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And, from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

"Thy fame is juſt," the ſage replies;
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe."

GAY.

## SECTION III.

### *The road to Happineſs open to all Men.*

Oh Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name;

That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe;
Plant of celeſtial ſeed, if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſsian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil.
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free;
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

Aſk of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind:
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe:
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to gods, confeſs ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.

Remember, man, " the Univerſal Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;"
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all. POPE.

## SECTION IV.

### *The Goodneſs of Providence.*

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care ;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant ;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill ;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,

With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around. ADDISON.

## SECTION V.

### *The CREATOR's Works atteſt his Greatneſs.*

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to th' liſt'ning earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

ADDISON.

## SECTION VI.

### *An Addreſs to the* DEITY.

O THOU! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh;
Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey;
Whoſe breath can turn thoſe wat'ry worlds to flame,
That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.

O! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep.
Thy pow'r, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee.
Reign o'er my will; my paſsions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!
If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
Oh may my underſtanding ever read
This glorious volume which thy wiſdom made!
May ſea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul!
When earth 's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
Adore, my heart, the Majeſty divine!

Grant I may ever at the morning-ray,
Open with pray'r the conſecrated day;
Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,

And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
And Oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night,
To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world 's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
And ſhow all Nature in a milder light;
How ev'ry boiſt'rous thought in calm ſubſides!
How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
O how divine! to tread the milky way,
To the bright palace of the Lord of Day;
His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
Pleas'd to look down and ſee the world aſleep;
While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
Can'ſt thou not ſhake the centre? Oh control,
Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul;
Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
Alluring Pleaſure, and aſſaulting Pain.
O may I pant for thee in each deſire!
And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
Which in Eternity's deep boſom lies!
At the great day of recompenſe behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
From age to age my grateful ſong repeat;
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour ſee,
And rival angels in the praiſe of thee! YOUNG.

## SECTION VII.

### *The purſuit of Happineſs often ill-directed.*

THE midnight moon ſerenely ſmiles
O'er Nature's ſoft repoſe;
No low'ring cloud obſcures the ſky,
Nor ruffling tempeſt blows.

Now ev'ry paſsion ſinks to reſt,
The throbbing heart lies ſtill;
And varying ſchemes of life no more
Diſtract the lab'ring will.

In ſilence huſh'd to Reaſon's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r:
Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come; while the peaceful ſcene invites,
Let's ſearch this ample round,
Where ſhall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happineſs be found?

Does it amidſt the frolic mirth
Of gay aſsemblies dwell;
Or hide beneath the ſolemn gloom,
That ſhades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of Joy
A ſick'ning heart conceals!
And, through the cloiſters deep receſs,
Invading Sorrow ſteals.

In vain, through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithleſs ſmile
That brightens Clodia's face.

Perhaps the joy to theſe deny'd,
The heart in friendſhip finds:
Ah! dear deluſion, gay conceit
Of viſionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in ſome ſtate,
At diſtance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of pow'r ſupremely wiſe,
Who fancy Happineſs in aught
The hand of Heav'n denies!

Vain is alike the joy we ſeek,
And vain what we poſſeſs,
Unleſs harmonious Reaſon tunes
The paſſions into peace.

To temper'd wiſhes, juſt deſires,
Is Happineſs confin'd;
And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
The muſic of the mind. CARTER.

## SECTION VIII.

### *The Fire-Side.*

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Tho' ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world, we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow;
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

Tho' fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradiſe below.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a ſpring
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds, with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate;
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For Nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore reliſh, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor looſe the preſent hour.

To be reſign'd, when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part;
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heav'n.

We'll aſk no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is ſeldom ſweet;
But, when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our ſtore.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious ſteps, we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of Death. COTTON.

## SECTION IX.

*Providence vindicated in the preſent State of Man.*

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate;
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know,
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;

Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall;
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſsing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never IS, but always TO BE bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte;
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To BE, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire:
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancieſt ſuch,
Say here he gives too little, there too much.——
In pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Aſpiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' ETERNAL CAUSE.

POPE.

## SECTION X.

### *Selfiſhneſs reproved.*

HAS God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer.
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe.
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole

Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay, the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride.
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſsing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt;
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, nor feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er! POPE.

## SECTION XI.

### *Human Frailty.*

WEAK and irreſolute is man;
The purpoſe of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and ſmart the ſpring,
Vice ſeems already ſlain;
But Paſsion rudely ſnaps the ſtring,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his aſsent,
But pleaſure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wiſe,
Through all his art, we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conſcience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A ſtranger to ſuperior ſtrength,
Man vainly truſts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the diſtant coaſt;
The breath of heav'n muſt ſwell the ſail,
Or all the toil is loſt. COWPER.

## SECTION XII.

### *Ode to Peace.*

COME, Peace of Mind, delightful gueſt!
Return, and make thy downy neſt
Once more in this ſad heart:
Nor riches I, nor pow'r purſue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From Av'rice and Ambition free,
And Pleaſure's fatal wiles;
For whom, alas! doſt thou prepare
The ſweets that I was wont to ſhare,
The banquet of thy ſmiles?

The great, the gay, ſhall they partake
The heav'n that thou alone canſt make;
And wilt thou quit the ſtream,
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the ſequeſter'd ſhade,
To be a gueſt with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly ſacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And ſhall I ſee thee ſtart away,
And helpleſs, hopeleſs, hear thee ſay——
Farewel! we meet no more? COWPER.

## SECTION XIII.

### *Ode to Adverſity.*

DAUGHTER of Heav'n, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly grown
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd;
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore.
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know;
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others' wo.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe; and with them go
The ſummer-friend, the flatt'ring foe.
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom, in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend;
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Juſtice, to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread Power, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art ſeen,)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, propitious, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philoſophic train be there,
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to ſcan;
What others are to feel; and know myſelf a man.

GRAY.

## *SECTION XIV.*

### *The Creation required to praiſe its Author.*

BEGIN, my ſoul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praiſe th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and ſeas and ſkies,
In one melodious concert riſe,
To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celeſtial plains,
Where gay tranſporting Beauty reigns,
Ye ſcenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your ſhining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling ſound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundleſs mercy ſing:
Let ev'ry liſt'ning ſaint above
Wake all the tuneful ſoul of Love,
And touch the ſweeteſt ſtring.

Join, ye loud ſpheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, Moon, protract the melting ſtrain,
And praiſe him in the ſhade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vaſt abode;
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye ſhades, diſpel!"—th' Eternal ſaid;
At once th' involving darkneſs fled,
And Nature ſprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that ſkims the plains,
United praiſe beſtow:
Ye dragons, ſound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye ſwelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burſt with awful voice
To HIM who bids you roll:
His praiſe in ſofter notes declare,
Each whiſp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the ſoul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted Nature ſhook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
Ye inſects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourſe riſe;
Crop the gay roſe's vermeil bloom,
And waft its ſpoils, a ſweet perfume,
In incenſe to the ſkies.

Wake all ye mounting tribes, and ſing;
Ye plumy warblers of the ſpring,
Harmonious anthems raiſe
To HIM who ſhap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.

Let man, by nobler paſsions ſway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praiſe employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the ſound,
The gen'ral burſt of joy.
Ye whom the charms of grandeur pleaſe,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of Eaſe,
Fall proſtrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praiſe him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.
Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praiſe th' eternal SOURCE OF LOVE,
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bleſs'd name—then ſoar away,
And aſk an angel's lyre. OGILVIE.

## SECTION XV.

### *The Univerſal Prayer.*

FATHER OF ALL! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
Thou GREAT FIRST CAUSE, leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;
Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the human will;

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſsings thy free bounty gives
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid, when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, Oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe!
All Nature's incenſe riſe. POPE.

## SECTION XVI.

### *Conſcience.*

O treach'rous Conſcience! while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On roſe and myrtle, lull'd with ſyren ſong;
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong Appetite the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—ſee, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs act alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable ſpy,
Liſt'ning, o'erhears the whiſpers of our camp;
Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomſday-book from all-conſuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs,
Writes our whole hiſtory; which Death ſhall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;

And judgment publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.

YOUNG.

## SECTION XVII.

### *On an Infant.*

To THE dark and ſilent tomb,
Soon I haſted from the womb:
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I meaſur'd out my ſpan.

I no ſmiling pleaſures knew;
I no gay delights could view:
Joyleſs ſojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.——

Happy infant, early bleſs'd!
Reſt, in peaceful ſlumber, reſt;
Early reſcu'd from the cares,
Which increaſe with growing years.

No delights are worth thy ſtay,
Smiling as they ſeem, and gay;
Short and ſickly are they all,
Hardly taſted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Laſting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

## SECTION XVIII.

### *The Cuckoo.*

HAIL, beauteous ſtranger of the wood,
Attendant on the Spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural ſeat,
And woods thy welcome ſing.

Soon as the daiſy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Haſt thou a ſtar to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful viſitant! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heaven is fill'd with muſic ſweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

The ſchool-boy, wand'ring in the wood,
To pull the flow'rs ſo gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'ſt thy vocal vale,
An annual gueſt, in other lands,
Another ſpring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy ſky is ever clear;
Thou haſt no ſorrow in thy ſong,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with ſocial wing,
Our annual viſit o'er the globe,
Companions of the ſpring.

## SECTION XIX.

### *Day. A Paſtoral in three Parts.*

#### MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Cloſe to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briſkly crows, (the ſhepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly, from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire;
And the peeping ſun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village ſpire.

Philomel forſakes the thorn,
Plaintive where ſhe prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the ſhepherd's ſight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring ſwallow ſpring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick ſhe dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale;
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daiſies, on the dewy dale.

From the balmy ſweets, uncloy'd,
(Reſtleſs till her taſk be done,)
Now the buſy bee's employ'd,
Sipping dew before the ſun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid ſtream diſtils,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock,
When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

Colin 's for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious;—whilſt the huntſman's horn,
Boldly ſounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet—O ſweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblooſom'd ſpray!
ture's univerſal ſong
choes to the riſing day.

## NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop 's left the roſe.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat,
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his graſsy ſeat.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the ſun-beams fall,
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings;
Fearful leſt the noontide beam
Scorch its ſoft, it's ſilken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature 's lull'd—ſerene—and ſtill!
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh deſcending ſhow'r,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes ev'ry fainting flow'r.

Now the hill—the hedge—are green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune;
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

## EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free—(the furrow'd taſk is done;)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

Now he ſets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky:
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the ſmoaking hamlet bound,)
Giant like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with vary'd tune,
Carols to the ev'ning loud;
Mark the mild reſplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twiſted brake;
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

As the trout in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from it's boſom ſprings;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſsive rings.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs
With her well-pois'd milking pail!

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo-bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu. CUNNINGHAM.

## SECTION XX.

### *The Order of Nature.*

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high progreſsive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Nature ethereal, human; angel, man;
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale 's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th' amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let earth, unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! Oh madneſs! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul:
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph that adores and burns:
To him no high no low, no great no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Ceaſe then, nor ORDER imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear,—WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

POPE.

### SECTION XXI.

*Hymn compoſed during Sickneſs.*

How are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd every ſoil,
Made ev'ry region pleaſe;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene ſeas.

Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors riſe!

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My ſoul took hold on thee.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

In midſt of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore;
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to thee. ADDISON.

## SECTION XXII.

### *Hymn, on a Review of the Seaſons.*

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flufh the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;

Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſp'ring gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around Thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, Thou bidſt the world adore;
And humbleſt Nature with Thy northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoft'ning into ſhade,
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wand'ring oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring;
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature, attend! join ev'ry living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join! and, ardent, raiſe

One general ſong!——————
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn!
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſsom blows; the ſummer ray
Ruſsets the plain; inſpiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should Fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where HE vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When ev'n at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new pow'rs,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſuns;
From ſeeming evil ſtill educing good,
And better thence again, and better ſtill,
In infinite progreſsion. But I loſe
Myſelf in HIM, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expreſſive Silence, muſe His praiſe.

THOMSON.

THE END.

*By the ſame Author.*

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